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UNREPENTANT GERMANY

The points I desire to set out in this article are two: the complicity of the German people in the methods by which the War was carried on; and their utter indifference to the guilt in which that complicity has involved them. When I speak of the German people of every class, every profession, every industry down to the meanest, it is with no wish to relieve the German Emperor or the German High Command of any part of the burden which rests on them. Their power was so unlimited that a single word from them would at once have stopped the outrages that have covered the War and its authors with such unparalleled infamy. That word was not spoken, and their silence was of itself enough to fix the responsibility on their shoulders. But the condemnation of the chief instruments does not mean the acquittal of the nation. The deliberate destruction of civilian life and civilian property which marked every movement of the advancing armies called forth no protest from citizens at home. It was accepted as a necessary element in a war which was to make Germany the mistress of Europe. Captured villages might be burnt, captured soldiers might be tortured, without arousing any feeling in the population at home except a glow of patriotic satis-

faction. This was especially true in the case of the prisoners. Of the Allied armies the Germans at home saw nothing; of the Allied prisoners they saw a great deal. Prisoners' camps were set up in all parts of the country, and their inmates were naturally objects—sometimes of simple curiosity, far more often of active dislike. The severities practised on them by the soldiers who guarded them were copied at a respectful distance by the spectators. No form of ill-usage seems to have been left untried. The worst of all, probably, was the work in the salt mines. The labour was exceptionally exhausting, the prisoners were new to their task, and in many instances they could only be kept working by means of the lash. Even the most ordinary kinds of labour can be turned to account when the object aimed at is the infliction of suffering. To a soldier, for example, a longer march than usual means nothing. But if he is just out of hospital, if his wounds are very imperfectly healed, and if the desired quickness of step is enforced by any weapon that comes to hand or in its absence by a shower of kicks, every added mile means added torture. There is also an immense reserve of possible wretchedness in what may be called the passive horrors of captivity—the foul prisons, the verminous beds, the cells which stifle the inmates in summer and freeze them in winter, the scanty portion of nauseous food on which life can be just sustained. These have the additional merit in the eyes of those who inflict them that they can be applied to women, and in their case can be made specially odious by the publicity which they have to endure when soldiers constantly enter their cells, without notice or at regular but very short intervals, or are even quartered in them. Every one of these forms of cruelty and scores of others have been inflicted on the men and women of the Allied countries without, so far as is known, a single word of indignation or even remonstrance being uttered by a German man or a German woman. For once it has been found possible to draw an indictment against a nation.

There is one feature in the German character that has remained unaltered during the sporadic revolutions that are going on in what till yesterday was the German Empire. The people now seem to be furious against their late ruler. But this is solely on the ground that he has been defeated. They show no shame for the atrocities of the War. They take it for granted that they have all been wiped out by the change in the government of Germany. The Republic at Berlin and the various Soldiers and Workmen's Councils which have been dotted over the country have now a clean slate on which to write their political history. They tried to alter the conditions of the Armistice almost as soon as it was signed. They have even complained that it did not include the abandonment of the blockade—and thus deprive us of one of our

most effective weapons. The conclusion of an Armistice does not necessarily imply equal sacrifices on both sides. It may stand, and in this case did stand, for the complete surrender of one of them. The apparent conversion of the German Empire into a nest of small Republics does not bring the Peace any nearer; it is rather calculated to delay it indefinitely. But if it were concluded to-morrow, it would leave the incidence of the war-guilt unchanged. The German notion that when the Kaiser sought a temporary refuge in Holland he carried with him his people's responsibilities as well as his own, has not a fraction of truth in it. He bears the weight of conceiving and designing the War; his late subjects bear the weight of carrying the War into action. So long as it went on prosperously they were enraptured with it. It was only when they found that it has brought them very near to ruin that they took to describing it, not as the crime which it was, but as the blunder which it was not. And even now their enlightenment is very imperfect. They see that the creditor is at the door; they do not see that he is asking for nothing less than the whole amount of the debt.

The liabilities of the nation, as distinct from those of the Kaiser, of the High Command, and of the subordinate officers, have as yet been little considered in this country, except as part of the question whether Germany shall be compelled to repay England all that the War has cost her. This question is not disposed of by a mere estimate of Germany's resources. The claim of this country to such an indemnity must be read in conjunction with the stipulation made last November, that the term 'restoration of invaded territories' should cover 'all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and to their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air.' This phrase covers a very large field, but it does not include the repayment of all that the War has cost us. Even if this last claim were conceded to the full, there would still be other countries whose demands are far more urgent. The sums that England has spent on the War, huge as they have been, are only a fraction of the claims that Germany will have to meet. Belgium, France and Serbia have not only the same rights against Germany that we have, they have other and more urgent rights as well. Their civilian populations have been despoiled, deported and imprisoned; their territories have been ravaged; the wealth above the surface has been levelled with the ground; the wealth below the surface has been blown up or drowned. If the reparation of these wanton wrongs were postponed, the work of industrial and architectural reconstruction could not be begun. Consequently this must be the first penalty inflicted on Germany. Next—if indeed the two processes should not rather be carried on together—will come

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another act of reparation—the provision of an adequate livelihood for the permanently disabled soldiers of the Allied armies and for the destitute widows and orphans of those who have fallen. I devoutly hope that when these primary obligations have been met, Germany will still have enough to meet all the other demands to which she is liable. The unprovoked immersion of three continents in four years of destructive warfare is not an act to be encouraged by the waiver of a single claim. I only plead that these two ought to be satisfied first of all. The true policy of indemnities cannot be better stated than it was by the Prime Minister at Bristol. Germany will be made to pay them 'up to the limit of capacity.' If we try to go beyond that limit, we may have on our hands a nation of paupers whom we shall have to feed, or of bankrupts whom we shall have to start again in business.

But for the Prime Minister's speech at Bristol on the 11th of December I should have assumed, as a matter of course, that one of the essential terms of Peace will be the maintenance in Germany, as security for the full performance of the terms dictated to her, of a sufficient army of occupation. I hope that I may assume this still. But in this speech he says: 'There must not be a large army of occupation kept in Germany indefinitely in order to hold the country down. That simply means keeping hundreds of thousands of young men from this country occupying Germany, maybe for a generation, maybe for more, withdrawing them from industry.' Unfortunately, a section of the Labour Party is certain to oppose the maintenance of any army of occupation in Germany and to oppose it on this very ground. The soldiers serving in it, they will say, would be much more usefully employed at home. But has anyone ever proposed to keep such an army in Germany, 'maybe for a generation, maybe for more'? Or has anyone ever described the object of such an occupation as being 'to keep the country down'? All that is necessary is to keep an Allied army long enough in Germany to ensure the performance of the conditions to which she has agreed. If that army is ever actively employed it will possibly be in helping the Government which has accepted our terms to suppress the Socialist attacks to which for that very reason it may be exposed.

In connexion with this question I wish to say something about certain claims which France will have upon Germany over and above those which she has in common with her Allies. There is an earlier injury, less in amount but similar in kind, which still rankles in the hearts of her people. The invasion of 1914 was mainly prompted by the desire to complete an earlier victory. In 1870 Bismarck had meant to strike France out of the list of Great Powers. A few years later he realised that his design was

still but half-accomplished, but the intervention of Russia stood in the way of its immediate completion. At once he began to make preparations for a second and greater effort. After his dismissal his designs were taken over by the ex-Emperor, though they were prosecuted with less caution and less secrecy. Frenchmen have long memories, and they have not forgotten the march of German troops down the Champs Elysées or the presence of a German army of occupation as security for what Bismarck thought would be a crushing indemnity. This last expectation was soon disappointed. Never, perhaps, was money more gladly offered and less cheerfully accepted than when the final instalment of this burden was paid off in advance, and the last German soldier had to take his departure before the date originally fixed for it. Paris, indeed, suffered more from the mistaken compassion of unwise well-wishers than she would have done if Bismarck's plans had been carried out to the letter. His fears of possible intervention, stimulated by the knowledge that the Austrian Government was constantly pressing upon England and the other neutral Powers the importance of referring the questions at issue to a European congress, made the saving of time very important and, had he been given his own way, he would have bombarded Paris as early in the war as the siege guns could be got into position. But Queen Augusta and other royal ladies urged the superior humanity of reducing the city by starvation, and in the end the King yielded. Famine, as it turned out, inflicted far greater suffering on the inhabitants than bombardment, while the prolonged disorder and degradation, moral as well as physical, caused by it, probably, as Bismarck himself believed, contributed greatly to the horrors of the Commune. But though in 1871 some of the worst enemies of France were Frenchmen, it is on the foreign invader that the hatred of the nation still centres, and I have little doubt that among the demands made by the Republic on the German Government, when it comes into being, will be some differing in kind and origin from those put forward by the other Entente Powers. I doubt whether France will be content in 1919 with anything less than a replica of the treatment meted out to her in 1871. These demands will of course be quite distinct from those which France, in common with her Allies, will make for such reparation as is possible for the injuries due to the greed, the cruelty, and the lust of the invading armies. The deliberate wrong-doing of the earlier Franco-German War stands by itself, and the French nation will know how to insist on its appropriate punishment. They will be demanding no more than their due, and in the interests alike of international justice and European peace it is expedient that no part of that due shall be withheld. It is not the French alone that will be the gainers by the exaction

of this penalty. It is of real moment to all the Allied nations that every inhabitant of Germany should realise to the full the disgrace which the acts of his rulers and his countrymen have brought upon him. He will not have this feeling if he can say 'The French have beaten us; but even in the hour of victory they have not dared to insult Berlin as we insulted Paris.' All that has happened since the conclusion of the Armistice goes to show the eagerness of the Germans to belittle the overthrow they have suffered, and the care with which they watch for any sign of weakness on the part of the Allies.

I have told this old story once more because it shows very clearly how early the preparation for Germany's later crimes was started. The temper in which Bismarck began the war of 1870 was identical with that in which William the Second entered upon the war of 1914. I do not mean that the atrocities of the last four years and a half had an exact parallel in the earlier conflict. There were enough of them to give France a foretaste of what awaited her not quite half a century later. As this was all that was essential to the purpose the invader then had in view there was no need to do anything more. But the spirit which animated the three men who dined together on the 13th of July 1870 would not have shrunk from the acts of August 1914, had they thought that the situation demanded them.

The scene has been described with evident delight by Bismarck himself. In that month the negotiations with France had not been going as he desired. The king was taking the waters at Ems and was giving daily audience to the French Ambassador, whereas he ought, in Bismarck's opinion, to have referred him to the Foreign Office at Berlin. With each interview he seemed less disposed to see in the negotiations in progress between the two countries any occasion for war. To Bismarck this one circumstance seemed enough to make his own position intolerable, and he invited Roon and Moltke to dine with him in order to tell them of his intended resignation. During the evening the famous telegram from Ems was received. 'I read it out to my guests,' says Bismarck, 'whose dejection was so great that they turned away from food and drink.' Happily for his purpose the telegram left it to him to decide whether the contents should not at once be communicated to the Press and to the Prussian Ambassadors at foreign courts. He at once set to work, not to make the words stronger but to alter the form of the sentences. As it reached Bismarck, it 'would only have been regarded as a fragment of a negotiation still pending, and to be continued at Berlin'; as 'abbreviated' for the use of Paris, it made this same announcement 'appear decisive.' It would have, he told his guests, 'the effect of a red rag upon the Gallic

bull.' This explanation brought about in the two Generals a revulsion to a more joyous mood. They had suddenly recovered their pleasure in eating and drinking, and Roon said 'Our God of old lives still, and will not let us perish in disgrace.'[1] The morality of the whole procedure is quite on a level with the conduct of the present War. It is not so brutal in its methods, because neither murder nor torture was needed for the end in view. But the statesman who could deliberately 'abbreviate' his Sovereign's message, so as to make it serve a directly opposite purpose, would not, I think, have stopped short of any other act, however immoral, if he had been satisfied that it would minister to the strength and glory of Prussia. The destruction of this spirit is one of the great ends that the Peace Conference has to secure.

The confidence with which the Germans entered upon the War, their conviction that France would be conquered in four weeks, and that England was only formidable at sea, has been rudely shaken. But the temper in which that confidence had its origin is unaltered. There is not a trace of any sorrow either for their wanton determination to master Europe in war, or for the brutal fashion in which they have attempted to carry it out. Their conception of a belligerent's duty is no cleaner and no less cruel at the end of the War than it was at the beginning. The new spirit, the advent of which our English 'pacifists' have so confidently predicted, is not yet above the horizon. Some of the worst outrages in France and Belgium were committed when the German army was in full retreat, as if to show that their commanders were deaf even to the plain counsels of self-interest. A standard of morality which has been carefully nurtured for generations is not to be uprooted by a single defeat, however decisive. In no section of German opinion is there as yet any feeling of repulsion towards their record in the War, or any sense of the position in what that record has landed them. They do not understand that in the estimation of the Allied nations they are nothing better than a band of prisoners awaiting sentence.

But what is this sentence to be, and by whom is it to be pronounced? As regards the ex-Kaiser, the first part of this question has been quickly answered by the mass of the English people. He is to be tried by some court yet to be created, and then to receive the sentence due to his crimes. Is this court to be a Civil or a Military Court? If the former is chosen, have the difficulties of this more than exceptional case been allowed their full weight? Has any adequate answer yet been given to Sir Herbert Stephen's objections to such a course? Impartiality has hitherto been esteemed the most essential attribute

[1] *Reflections and Reminiscences of Otto, Prince Von Bismarck.* English Translation, vol. ii. pp. 95-8.

of such a tribunal. The judges must have no bias for or against the prisoner. Every plea that his Counsel urges on his behalf must have its exact value assigned to it. Every flaw that can be discovered in the evidence, every doubt that may be suggested as to the credibility of an important witness, must be thoroughly sifted. I suspect that among the eminent judges who will be asked to take part in the trial of the ex-Emperor some, perhaps many, will decline the honour. They will feel that their minds are already made up, and that this fact will be fatal to their acceptance of the offer. But to a Military Court these objections do not apply. It is not a court of law—it is rather a Committee of Experts. The crimes charged against the ex-Kaiser have been committed in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the German armies. He is accused of having deliberately and persistently broken all the received laws of honourable, or commonly human, fighting. He should be brought, therefore, before a Court which knows what the laws of civilised warfare are and can easily determine when they have been obeyed and when violated. A Court-Martial composed, say, of Marshals Foch and Joffre, Sir Douglas Haig, and Generals Pétain and Pershing, would pronounce a sentence which would command the assent of all the Allied nations, because it would be pronounced by men familiar with the best military traditions. The German High Command might be tried by the same Court, and the many officers whose names and offences are known might be brought before similar tribunals according to their degree.

Meanwhile, the New Year dawns upon a Peace as confusing as the War which it succeeds. The military power of Germany has been broken, and so far the end which the Allies have from the first had in view has been attained. But they now find themselves faced by a task almost as difficult—the task of making peace with no Government to make it with. It has been possible to conclude an Armistice, because the German army has had enough of fighting. But to conclude a Peace requires, as its first condition, the presence on the other side of some person or body armed with authority to accept and power to carry out the terms agreed to. In Germany at this moment nothing of the kind exists. Most of the attempts at creating one that have yet been made are seemingly founded on the exclusion from the management of public affairs of everyone who has anything in his pocket except his weekly wage and, in some exceptional cases, the yield of a recent loot. A Government with such an origin can have no representative value, and its acceptance of the Allied terms would give no assurance of ability to make good its promises. What seemed at one time to be the last act of the old Government in Berlin was to arrange an imposing display of soldiers and

police in the streets of the city. But on the arrival from the suburbs of a great procession of workmen on strike, the police disappeared, the soldiers laid down their arms, and a little later enrolled themselves in a Soldiers and Workmen's Council. There is only one way in which a Government thus formed can claim to represent the nation in which it has unexpectedly appeared. It must at once declare that it has only a provisional existence and that its sole function, beyond the maintenance of order in the meantime, is the creation of a Constituent Assembly. The Government of the new Bavarian Republic showed some appreciation of this necessity at starting. Herr Eisner, the Prime Minister, declared in his first speech that he only held office until a Constituent Assembly elected by universal suffrage could be brought together. With this exception, the idea of a really representative legislature showed for some time no sign of taking root in Germany. The soldiers and the workmen have at least this desire in common—that no other class in the community shall have a share in a German Government. If this Berlin Council had been left to go on its way unassisted, it might well have broken down under the task. But the German bureaucracy has one merit. It is quite willing to place its great working power at the disposal of any *de facto* Government that will accept its help. According to the most intelligible account of this first Berlin Revolution that has appeared—that by Maximilian Harden—the system which died on the 9th of November was in full activity on the previous evening. The military authorities had worked out their plans for suppressing any rebellion in the city down to the smallest detail. But at the last moment Prince Max of Baden compelled or persuaded General von Linsingen, the Commander-in-Chief, to resign his post, and there was no one to take his place. 'At once,' says Harden, 'a hundred *bourgeois* clubs sing their support of the new Government. Every day their manifestoes and messages of devoted love pour in, and among those who "place themselves at the disposal" of the new order are legions of those who were the pillars and the heralds of the Monarchy and of militarism.' But what else had these unfortunate people to do? Their army had mutinied, and their sovereign had deserted them. The flight of the Kaiser was a proclamation that his personal safety was dearer to him than his Empire or his people. If he had remained in his capital, had made Hindenburg Commander-in-Chief, and gathered the remnant of his army round him, Berlin would probably have seen no revolution. When a people accustomed to be drilled and controlled in every detail of its life finds itself deserted by the master who has landed it in ruin, it cannot hope to have the power of dealing with such a situation that only long familiarity with the idea of self-government can give.

Berlin, however, was perfectly ready to try a series of political experiments. Besides the Soldiers and Workmen's Council there has been one government of the Majority Socialists headed by Herr Ebert, another of the Minority Socialists headed by Herr Haase, and a third which carries the Red flag would, if it had but the weapons, organise a Red Guard, and looks to Liebknecht for leadership. For some time the first of these bodies made steady progress, in spite of its poverty in the matter of political ideas. Ebert was even offered the headship of a proposed new Republic, and, while treating this proposal as premature, has been strong enough to put down a very serious riot. A little later the old Imperial Government began to show unexpected signs of life. Notices have been issued for the election of a National Assembly by universal suffrage, in which women are to take part, and the old Reichstag was summoned in the hope that even a Rump Parliament might have some vigour left. Meanwhile the formation of Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils was going on in various places and by the middle of December an 'Imperial Conference' of these bodies drawn from all parts of Germany assembled at Berlin and sat for five days. To this Liebknecht and his supporters were refused admission and had to content themselves with denouncing the Ebert Government as the real nest of the Counter-revolution. A National Assembly of both sexes elected by universal suffrage is expected to meet next month and seems likely to keep Herr Ebert and the Majority Socialists in power. But none of these various candidates for office has given the faintest sign of any repentance for the German past.

A far more important question, however, demands the immediate attention of the Allied Powers. Some of the older school of German politicians are again insisting that all will not be lost if the creation of a strong Poland can be prevented. The defeat in the West has closed the great object of German ambition in the past, but it has left another still open. If Poland remains as she is now, German intrigue and even German arms will still have a field open to them. The Allies have not yet been able to give the Poles any effective aid in founding that barrier State between Germany and the East which would finally turn the key upon these revived German designs. Now that they have some leisure for the study of this still unsolved problem, it is to be hoped that they will approach it in a new and more vigorous temper.

D. C. LATHBURY.

THE LEAGUE OF DREAMS

NEARLY eighty years ago the late Lord Tennyson published his popular prophecy of which the physical half is practically fulfilled. The nations' airy navies have grappled in the central blue, and the heavens will, in the summer of this year, be sufficiently filled with commerce to reduce materially those pleasures of quiet and retirement which have hitherto been available for the luxuriously disposed in many of the rural parts of England. The fulfilment of the moral—or political—half of the prediction lingers. Our politicians almost unanimously insist that the great object of the approaching peace is to prevent the war-drum from ever throbbing again, and to move at any rate in the direction of 'the parliament of man, the federation of the world'; but they all admit that half of the poetic speculation to be still an ideal a long way from realisation. All those who have spoken in public unite in expressing the wish to advance towards that ideal, and the step towards it which they profess to regard as practically possible, and therefore desirable, is the establishment of what they agree in calling the League of Nations. Not only so, but they are so much impressed with the difficulty of establishing a working League of Nations that they regard this very establishment as, so to speak, an ideal within an ideal. They have ceased to hope that the League of Nations will spring fully armed from the head of the Peace Conference, but are none the less in favour of making its production—Palladian or otherwise—the pole-star in the direction of which they ask that the activities of all civilised men should tend.

It must be trying for the enthusiastically faithful, and it is certainly entertaining for the sceptically disposed, to notice how far the aspirations of those who most loudly demand the League of Nations stop short of practical suggestion. The late Lord Parker, shortly before his lamented death, filled nearly a column of *The Times* with a brief statement of the practical difficulties that stand in the way, and concluded his observations somewhat paradoxically by declaring that the problem, insoluble as it might seem, was well worth working at. It was almost as if a Professor of Ballistics had appended to a trenchant summary of the facts which make it difficult to go to the moon, unrelieved by a

single suggestion as to how they might be overcome, a bald adjuration to go on trying to get there. Since then the most serious attempt that I can discover to have been made to support the view that the League of Nations as an ideal has any practical value, is the address delivered by Lord Robert Cecil to the University of Birmingham, on the occasion of his installation as Chancellor, the day after the signature of the armistice with Germany. It is reported in *The Times* of November 13, and its importance has been officially recognised by the nomination of its author to take charge of the 'Section of the British Peace Conference Organisation' which is to 'deal with the League of Nations.' The following four paragraphs contain as fair a summary as I can make of Lord Robert's argument and anticipations. Most of the words and sentences of which they consist are his.

The object of the League of Nations is to prevent war, and in default of absolute prevention to make the beginning of war as difficult, and therefore as unlikely, as may be. It seems impossible to attain this object by any League which does not comprise every nation having any claim to be called civilised. The Holy Alliance was the result of a serious endeavour to put an end to war. It failed, and its main defect was that by its nature it became restricted to a certain group of nations. The new League of Nations must not be a group, however large and important. It will, in fact, be ineffective unless every civilised nation joins it. If there are civilised nations that are unwilling to join it, it may be advisable to compel them to do so. Economic pressure seems likely to supply the best means of exercising such compulsion.

The League of Nations must be a law-giver, and it necessarily follows that it must have power to enforce the laws it makes. Civilised nations rely, for the enforcement of their laws amongst the individuals to whom those laws apply, on two great agencies. These are courts of law, and public opinion. The decrees of courts of law are ultimately executed by physical force, those of public opinion by moral sanctions. These two agencies are in reality quite distinct. Some things effectively forbidden by public opinion are not forbidden by courts of law; and there are on the other hand actions which the law condemns but public opinion condones. On the whole [I think, but am not perfectly sure, that this is Lord Robert's meaning] public opinion is the more powerful agency of the two. Courts of law, however strong, are by no means universally obeyed unless also supported by public opinion. A great difficulty in supplying the League of Nations with courts of law, or their equivalent, is that if the judges of such courts were drawn from countries now belligerents they would not be

supported by universal public opinion, and if they were drawn exclusively from countries now neutral the tribunal would be obviously unsatisfactory. A still greater difficulty is that of providing any such international court with a really satisfactory means of enforcing its decrees. All the devices that have been proposed for this purpose consist ultimately of some form of international armed force. The creation of such a force involves a very serious inroad on national sovereignty. These objections to courts of law as the means of enforcing the decrees of the League of Nations compel us to look rather to the alternative method, that of deciding international differences by organised and concentrated international public opinion, which, if rightly organised and concentrated, may, it is to be hoped, prove an instrument of far greater authority than an international court of law.

When international trouble arises, discussion and delay must always make for peace. If after the receipt of the Serbian reply to the Austrian ultimatum the Central Powers had been compelled to submit the matter to an international conference, and it had been clearly established that the Serbian concessions had not left a shadow of excuse for warlike action, it seems doubtful whether the Germanic Powers could have declared war. I [Lord Robert] am convinced, therefore, that the most important step we can now take is to devise machinery which, in case of international dispute, will, at the least, delay the outbreak of war, and secure full and open discussion of the causes of quarrel. All that would be necessary for that purpose is a treaty binding the signatories never to wage war themselves, or permit others to wage war, till a formal conference of nations has been held to inquire into, and, if possible, decide on the dispute. It may be difficult to obtain such a decision, because such decisions have to be unanimous to be binding, but this is not a serious objection to the proposal, because the essential thing is delay. International coercion would be necessary only to the extent that the treaty would require each of its signatories to use its whole force, economic as well as military, against any nation that forced on war before a conference had been held.

Inasmuch as there can be no complete security against future war unless there is disarmament, it is earnestly to be wished that some really effective and trustworthy means may be found drastically to limit the armed forces of every State. I [Lord Robert] have not come upon any plan for this purpose which seems safe and practicable. Failing such a plan, we must trust that the nations will gradually disarm as and when the necessity for national armament disappears.

The preceding four paragraphs indicate, and I believe contain, the whole substance of what the head of the League of Nations Section of the British Peace Conference Organisation had to say on the second day of the Armistice in justification of the League of Nations as an ideal to be aimed at by sensible politicians. I have not yet encountered any proposals to this effect more definite, more detailed, or more plausible, and I do not believe that any such have been made public. Let us see what these proposals amount to. To begin with, I will indicate the four paragraphs in their order by what a lawyer would call head-notes or a journalist head-lines:

1. The League of Nations must consist of all nations worth mentioning.

2. The League of Nations must enforce its views primarily by public opinion, and as much as it can by the decisions of something like a court of law.

3. The most it can do to prevent war will probably be to ensure delay before any war begins.

4. We must hope for gradual disarmament.

1. Those of Lord Robert's observations which I have put under this head clearly show it to be his opinion that the League of Nations will not be established in working order until it includes, besides ourselves, our Allies, and the States which, whether belligerent or neutral, have been friendly to us during the War, Germany, some nation or nations equivalent to what has hitherto been Austria-Hungary, and some nation or nations which will occupy the place previously held in the world's economy by Russia. If it falls short of this it will be what Lord Robert calls a group. That group will in reality be a combination of France, the British Empire, the United States, Italy, Japan, and such other nations as are or profess to be at one with us in our design to prevent war for the future. It will therefore, as he justly suggests, bear a close superficial resemblance to the combination which, under the style of the Holy Alliance, made a serious but unsuccessful endeavour to put an end to war. The main defect of that endeavour was that by its nature it became restricted to a certain group of nations. The combination of ourselves and our friends, minus Germany, Austria, and Russia, shares that main defect. It inevitably follows that we shall have to wait a long time for the League of Nations. It is quite uncertain whether a year hence, or two, or ten years hence, Germany will be a nation. It may be one, or two, or more, or the whole or some of it may be united with German Austria. The future of the former Austrian and Russian Empires is more dubious still, and no reasonable man can expect it to be definitely ascertained for some considerable number of years. The establishment of

the League of Nations will come after, though not necessarily immediately after, that period, whatever it may turn out to be. The prospect is distant: I should suppose that to those enthusiasts who long, or say they long, for the setting up of the League, it is also dreary.

2. In those portions of his address which I condensed into my second paragraph Lord Robert dealt with the question which is the very essence of his idea, the question how, when any particular nation wants war, the League is going to prevent it. He answers that question by saying that the means of prevention of war must be of two kinds—the organisation of public opinion and the administration of a court (or courts) of law. And he asserts that 'these two agencies are in reality quite distinct.' Here I join issue with him absolutely. I hold them to be mutually indispensable, and therefore for all purposes of practical usefulness inseparably united. If public opinion is to prevail it must have a court of law somewhere behind it. The court of law may be ever so far in the background, but if it is not there at all, public opinion cannot be more than a wavering and indefinite influence. On the other hand a court of law is powerless in the long run—and not always such a very long run—unless public opinion considers it worthy of support. As I have to use the phrase public opinion, I must observe parenthetically that I have never been able to form a clear idea of what public opinion is, in whose minds it exists, or how it produces its effects, but I am perfectly convinced of its existence and of its irresistible strength. To give a single example of my feeling about it, it is my firm belief that from the time, about a week before our declaration of war, when it became obvious that a European war was impending, it was never doubtful for one instant, or in the smallest possible degree, that we should take part in it either within a few days or at the furthest within a few weeks, or that it would go on until either Germany or England had ceased to be a first-class Power. In the same way, many of us feel profound confidence, which we might or might not be able to justify by argument, that there will be no Bolshevik revolution in England, and that the institution of private property, and respect for the law, will endure for our time and longer. I maintain firmly that the power of our English law courts, though overwhelming within its limitations, is strictly and completely limited by public opinion, which is something that I cannot explain. There are several sections of Acts of Parliament, which the law courts are bound to enforce, and would enforce to the best of their ability if the occasion arose. They never do so, and the parts of the Statute Roll upon which those sections are written are scraps of paper and nothing more, because public opinion has decided

that those sections are not wanted, although in some instances their precise form is the result of prolonged and conscientious discussion in one House of Parliament or both, and that since the beginning of the present century. But while courts of law are of no use unless supported by public opinion, it is equally certain that public opinion cannot be relied upon to produce a definite and immediate result unless there is a court of law to give effect to it. If public opinion is the directing mind, the court of law is the absolutely indispensable hand. You must have both in order to do anything. I deny that the decrees of public opinion are 'ultimately' executed by moral sanctions. If an offender against the decrees of public opinion is sufficiently stout-hearted, the moral sanctions fail, and in that case either the decrees are executed, lawfully or unlawfully, by the exercise or the exhibition of physical force, or they remain unexecuted. The resort to physical force is the 'ultimate sanction' of the decrees alike of law and of public opinion.

If so much is admitted, we come next to the essential, and I think insuperable difficulty of the League of Nations. Grant that you have the wisest and most dignified court of law imaginable, supported to the utmost by public opinion of the most enlightened kind. They are powerless unless the decrees of the court can be carried out if necessary by physical force. A court of law decides that somebody owes somebody twenty-five shillings. Suppose that the debtor—actually, and not as a mere figure of speech—would rather die, and be disgraced, and ruin his family, and dishonour his country, than pay the money. In that case he will not pay it. In that case, ultimately, a policeman will come, and carry off by physical force something belonging to the debtor, and sell it and pay the creditor. If the debtor is strong enough to prevent the policeman—by physical force—from doing this, there will come more policemen, and if necessary soldiers, and artillery, and aeroplanes, and super-Dreadnoughts. If the debtor is strong enough to defeat all these, the nation to which he belongs will be broken up, and the stability of every nation consists in the fact that he never is strong enough. In the long run physical force is the ultimate and essential foundation of every civilised institution whatever, and not less essential than the mental determination by which it must be directed. As Lord Robert says of the devices which have been proposed for enforcing the decrees of an effective international court, 'ultimately they all come down to some form of international armed force.' Of course they do, and however much the supporters of a League of Nations for the prevention of war may twist and turn the topic, they most certainly always will.

I need not labour my agreement with Lord Robert's next

point. The creation of the necessary international armed force 'involves a very serious inroad on national sovereignty.' It does indeed. It involves, to put it in plain English, that some part of the British Navy should be in the hands of a committee upon which British representation would necessarily be a rather small minority, and should be used by that committee not for British but for international purposes. 'It seems' to Lord Robert, and I respectfully agree with him, 'very doubtful whether any sovereign State would agree that its armies should be put in motion, its blood and treasure poured out, to enforce a decree, perhaps of doubtful justice and either unimportant to its interests or even opposed to them.' It is this unattractive prospect which induces Lord Robert to distinguish so definitely—and, I submit, so unsoundly—between his court of law and his public opinion, and declare that for the effective value of the League of Nations we must acknowledge their court of law to be essentially no better than 'a tribunal of arbitration, or perhaps even a commission of inquiry,' and fall back on their 'organised and concentrated international public opinion.' The international court of law is not a real court of law : the mind of the League of Nations has got to do without a hand.

3. We have arrived, so far, at a negative result. The League of Nations cannot, according to Lord Robert Cecil's argument, enforce peace by creating and administering a law court. What then can it do? The answer given to this question in the Birmingham address is that it can delay war : '. . . the most important step we can now take is to devise' not a court of law, but 'machinery which, in case of international dispute, will, at the least, delay the outbreak of war, and secure full and open discussion of the cause of quarrel.' The use of the word machinery suggests something really effective. We know what machinery is. We have profited by the invention of machinery which enables men to carry themselves from one place to another through the air, of other machinery which enables our sailors to drop depth-charges close by hostile submarines, of other machinery whereby messages are disseminated through the ether (whatever the ether is). Machinery is co-ordinated, and efficient, and up-to-date, and inspires much faith. Lord Robert's audience must have felt that now he really was coming to the critical point. The address proceeds—'For that purpose no very elaborate machinery would be required. All that would be necessary would be a treaty binding the signatories never to wage war themselves, or permit others to wage war, till a formal conference of nations had been held to inquire into and if possible decide on the dispute.' A treaty! A treaty binding the signatories! How Lord Robert can have read this passage, or his

audience listened to it, with becoming gravity, I do not find it easy to imagine. Has he really never heard the expression 'scrap of paper'? The most solid suggestion made by the first person appointed to an official position in connexion with the League of Nations is that a treaty will be machinery which will delay the outbreak of war by binding its signatories to attend a conference first! Lord Robert had regretfully abandoned as impracticable the substitution for war of litigation in an international court of law. The *pis-aller* upon which he declines is a treaty undertaking neither to make war nor allow others to make war until there has been a conference with a view to the peaceful settlement of the dispute. It may be in order to disguise, but it might almost be in order to emphasise the profundity of the bathos that he offers a concrete example of how such a treaty might have worked. He points out that just before the war the Germanic Powers steadily refused to face an international conference, and they certainly did so. 'But suppose,' he goes on, 'that after the receipt of the Serbian reply to the Austrian ultimatum the Central Powers had been compelled to submit the matter to an international conference, and it had been clearly established that the Serbian concessions had not left a shadow of excuse for warlike action? If that had occurred it seems doubtful whether the Germanic Powers could have declared war.' If a treaty to which they were signatories could have compelled the Central Powers to submit to a conference, why was a treaty signed by Prussia unable to compel Germany to respect the neutrality of Belgium? Everyone who knows Lord Robert Cecil has the highest respect for his character and ability, but the best and cleverest of us may be reduced to talking nonsense in support of a wrong cause, and it is essentially nonsense to say that a treaty can 'compel' a nation which is a party to it to do anything to the doing of which it prefers going to war. And even if Germany and Austria had consented—they could not have been compelled—to take part in a conference upon the Serbian question, nothing would have been easier for them than to come to some absolute disagreement, break off the conference, and go to war at the moment which suited them best. The 'delay' which Lord Robert hopes that the League of Nations may be able to interpose between the culmination of disputes and the outbreak of war, can never be an hour longer than the nation determined on war chooses to allow it to be. The League of Nations will in reality be as unable to delay the outbreak of wars by the holding of conferences, as Lord Robert admits that it will be to prevent their occurrence by the action of a court of law.

4. A pious wish for disarmament appears to me not to be relevant to a discussion of the proposal to create a League of Nations. We are indubitably going to disarm very considerably. At the end of a fight people always do. Professional boxers do not live in boxing-gloves, and no one proposes, for instance, that our Navy, Army, Air Force, and munition and other subsidiary Services shall be maintained on their war footing. On the other hand we are not going to abandon the possession of arms or the training of men in their use. If the strongest of the nations thinks fit, while most carefully retaining the organisation which would enable it in case of sudden necessity to arm itself quickly, to make a reduction in its armed services sufficient to indicate a sturdy confidence that peace will last for some time, I think it might request its friends—and strong nations are apt to have friends—to follow its example, and might reasonably hope to see its request complied with. And I see no reason why, after the events of the last four years, we should not, for this purpose, assume the part of the strongest of the nations. I believe that such a thing as a general reduction of armed services fit for immediate use is more likely to be brought about by the gentle setting of an example, coupled with a friendly suggestion that the example ought to be followed, than by making it a matter of hard and fast bargaining. Further than that I have no quarrel with what Lord Robert says on the subject.

I have now examined, I think completely, the theories and proposals on which, it must be presumed, the activities of the League of Nations Section of our Peace Conference Organisation will be originally based. They show, in my opinion, that the demand for a League of Nations is based on the misunderstanding and ignoring of incontrovertible facts. Human nature being what it is, and the department of human thought known as jurisprudence being what it is, I think that there ought to be no League of Nations. I think that if there ever is one it will bitterly disappoint the hopes of its votaries. I think it will be totally inadequate to its intended purpose, and therefore not only will not promote but will positively retard the achievement of that purpose. If you buy a new kind of coat to keep out the rain, and it entirely fails to keep out the rain, you will be wetter than if you had eschewed the new coat and relied on your previous precautions, whatever they were. If we construct a League of Nations we shall rely on it, not on our own good behaviour, foresight, and courage, to keep us out of war. When it fails to do so, we shall in any case feel extremely ill-used and angry, and may not improbably be caught at a horrible disadvantage. Here is a particular instance of the general truth which I am now asserting. Twice in recent years we took part, most un-

wisely in my opinion, though it was originally on the invitation of the late Czar, in the Hague Conferences, at which a number of plenipotentiaries or delegates did their best to achieve the obviously futile task of deciding how wars should be conducted in future with weapons and resources, and under conditions, of which they were necessarily ignorant. These assemblies took upon themselves, in the light of past experience—the only possible light, manifestly—to 'prohibit' fighting in various ways. As long as war was confined, on one side or both, to weak nations not of great importance, the decisions of the gentlemen at the Hague probably produced little or no effect, and in any case it mattered very little whether they did or not. But when the great war came, the prohibitions were, generally speaking, ignored wherever the combatants felt an imperious necessity to the 'prohibited' acts. The Germans took, and threatened to shoot, and I suppose in some cases shot, 'hostages,' and sank hospital ships which had been marked as the Hague had directed. We modified the practice—mis-called 'law'—of contraband just as it suited us. We mutually vituperated each other for disregard of the Hague prohibitions, and the embitterment of war—for which the losers will have to pay—was unnecessarily increased. We and our Allies and our enemies all strove most earnestly to excel in the new art of 'launching projectiles or explosives' from aeroplanes, and some of us are exceedingly and justly proud of our success. Nevertheless the practice is 'prohibited' in those words in one of the Hague Conventions, which I suppose we all signed. At the Hague we made promises which we have broken. It is not a solid breach of faith, because there was no consideration except the mutual promises which have been mutually broken, but breaking promises of any sort is a bad thing in itself, and always involves some loss of credit. It would have been better never to make the promises.

Lord Robert Cecil makes a clear and apparently essential distinction between a League of Nations comprising if possible all nations, and certainly all of any importance, and a group of nations from which some that are of importance are omitted. The latter, he says, cannot possibly effect the desired object—although the desired object which he contemplates as practicable is no more than the effective interposition, by means of a compelling treaty, of delay before war. He must have all serious nations in his League, I surmise in order to enable the treaty to exercise compulsory influence. He seems to me to exaggerate the importance of the distinction. The group of some nations, in his opinion, would not be able, by a treaty or otherwise, to compel delay before war, and the League of all Nations would. I agree that the group would be an extremely poor instrument

for the purpose, but I see no reason to suppose that the League would be at all more effective.

Let us consider what might have been the probable results of the existence of a League of Nations in the past. Suppose it had existed in 1870. In that year the object of the Prussians was to demonstrate the fact that Prussia was the strongest military Power in Europe, and to create a German empire. The object of France was to demonstrate that Prussia was not and that France was the strongest military Power in Europe. Both decided that the candidature of a Hohenzollern prince for the throne of Spain was a suitable opportunity for a quarrel in which one of these objects might be attained. Therefore the League of Nations, had it existed, would have been called upon to decide whether France or Prussia had behaved worse in reference to the Hohenzollern candidature. France and Prussia, or, one may say with not less accuracy, Napoleon the Third and Bismarck, would have done their best to make the League decide against Prussia and France respectively. One of them would have succeeded, and it would have been an extraordinary reversal of what may be described in the language used in many kinds of sport as the diplomatic 'form' of the disputants, if the successful one had been France. It would then have become the duty of all the other nations of the world, unless France (or Prussia) accepted their decision, to prevent a war by standing by with such naval and military resources as they had, in order if necessary to help Prussia (or France). The League might of course have split up, and part taken each side, and if they had done so we might have had forty-eight years ago what we now call a world-war. It would have been far more likely to confine itself to moral adjurations to both sides, and especially France (or Prussia), not to be so wicked as to fight. The war might have been made more destructive than it was, but I cannot think it possible that it would have been prevented, or the least likely that it would have been delayed beyond the time when both combatants were determined on the struggle and believed themselves to be fully prepared for it. It may be that both France and Prussia would have recognised that war must be preceded by some weeks or months of discussion. If they had, it would have been perfectly easy to discover the ostensible cause of quarrel some weeks or months earlier than they did.

A more promising opportunity for the prevention of a war by a League of Nations might have been found in the war between Spain and the United States in 1898. I suppose here the chief questions for the League would have been whether Spain should be allowed to retain the island of Cuba in a state of chronic rebellion or civil war, and perhaps whether Spain was in any way

responsible for the sinking of the *Maine*. It seems possible that a decision might have been arrived at and acquiesced in, but inasmuch as it was and is notorious that Germany took one view of the matter and England another, and that the relations between England and France were just then far from cordial, it is not difficult to imagine that a decision might have been arrived at which would have given such serious dissatisfaction as might have led to the disruption of the League, and possibly to the anticipation by twenty years of the present war. The war which actually occurred was less calamitous. The total loss, in officers and men killed, of the United States, was 487.

I do not suppose any sober-minded person believes that the present war could have been prevented by any amount of leagues, treaties, conventions, or quasi-legal arrangements. The cause of war was the tremendous fact that the Central Powers had determined to demolish the military strength of France and Russia, with a view to the attainment by Germany of the mastery of the whole world, and they had persuaded themselves that the United Kingdom and the United States would not fight to prevent them from doing so, or at any rate that the risk of their fighting—or of either of them fighting—was a gambler's risk which might be wisely incurred by determined and unscrupulous politicians. And the Central Powers, with the friends they would have known how to secure, might well have been more than half of the League of Nations. Lord Robert Cecil has not suggested that in circumstances like these a League of Nations could prevent war. His argument is that it would delay war. That would be of no use in itself, but he urges that delay would result in prevention because the peoples concerned, if they had time to think over the matter and see what was just and fair (I take these words from a newspaper summary of a later speech of Lord Robert's), would not allow themselves to be involved in war. Does he really think that a conference held in July 1914 upon the complaint of Austria against Serbia would have weaned the German people from their desire for war? If he does, I can only say that I totally disagree with him, and think he completely misunderstands the nature of the overwhelming public opinion in favour of war which at that time animated the entire German nation.

If the League of Nations would have failed entirely, as I think it would, to prevent the actual wars of the past, how is it likely to act in future? Suppose there was a grave quarrel, each nation firmly believing itself to be in the right, between France and the United States. I purposely select an example as violently improbable as I can make it. That which has seemed violently improbable sometimes happens, and no wise man can

leave its possibility out of account. Suppose someone had in 1914 expressed himself as follows: 'Two years and a half of war in close alliance with France and England will destroy Russia as an effective military Power; and three-quarters of a year of military impotence, following two years and a half of war, will strike Russia off the list of Powers sufficiently civilised to be represented at a peace conference.' Hardly anyone would have thought such a prophecy worth discussing, but the prophet would now be able to recall it with considerable complacency. If, then, the French people and the American people were profoundly hostile to each other and both sufficiently confident of success to wish to determine their difference by war, how would the League of Nations help the situation? This country would almost certainly be in the main strongly on one side or the other. I suppose the League of Nations would have to decide by some sort of majority whatever question might be submitted to it. We might be able to secure that majority, and in that case the nation against which the award went might feel unequal to the immediate vindication of its *ex hypothesi* just claims by war, and then there would be delay—the sort of delay you get by sitting on the safety-valve. Or the majority might decide against our view, and in that case, supposing our feelings and our honour to be deeply involved in accordance with those of the nation we favoured, I do not think the delay would be considerable. When two great nations mean to fight, as in 1870, I do not believe any amount of argument or adjudication will prevent them. When one great nation means to fight, as in 1914, it may compel its chosen opponents to mean to fight for their existence. To delay wars is not necessarily wise from the point of view of those who desire peace. The proposition that it is so involves the proposition that nations, or populations, or those in whose minds public opinion resides, will always favour peace. The latter proposition has, in my opinion, often and recently been contrary to the fact, and it seems to me an exceedingly rash assumption that it will always be accurate in the future.

The more sober advocates of the League of Nations, and in particular Lord Robert Cecil, its British official advocate, recognise fully the distinction between a group of nations, preponderant in strength, and earnestly desirous of a prolonged period of peace, and a League of all Nations desirous of establishing constitutional arrangements which will prevent our descendants from ever going to war again. We have the group now. A good many years must elapse before we can have the League. In order to have the League we must share with foreign nations the control of the British Navy, which, under our own control, has saved the civilised world from the domination of a single state

four several times in five different centuries. There is every reason to think that, unless mankind and their most profound emotions change into something quite different from what they have hitherto been, the League of Nations, if it ever exists, will fail to prevent the occurrence of war. We are asked to sacrifice the best things we have in order to obtain a remote and exceedingly improbable advantage. Our only wise course is to recognise the truth at once, and destroy an insane project by plainly and openly refusing to have anything to do with it.

HERBERT STEPHEN.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN CABINET GOVERNMENT AND PRESIDENTIAL GOVERNMENT

THIS article treats of three questions: What is the essential difference between Cabinet government as it exists in England, and Presidential government as it exists in the United States?—What are the merits and the demerits of each kind of government?—Is it desirable to introduce some of the qualities of Presidential government into the Monarchical and Parliamentary Constitution of modern England? My aim is to answer these inquiries as a constitutionalist rather than as a politician.

(A) *What is the essential difference between Cabinet government and Presidential government?*

As to Cabinet government—

By the Cabinet, writes Bagehot:

> We mean a committee of the legislative body [*i.e.* Parliament] selected to be the executive body. The legislature has many committees, but this is its greatest. It chooses for this, its main committee, the men in whom it has most confidence. It does not, it is true, choose them directly; but it is nearly omnipotent in choosing them indirectly.[1]

This Cabinet, including the Prime Minister himself, who is the head thereof, is in theory chosen by the King, but it is in fact selected by the Prime Minister from among the leading members of the party of which the Prime Minister is the head. The members of the Cabinet are of course technically the King's servants. The reigning monarch had, according to Bagehot, as indeed he still has, though now more rarely than fifty years ago, the power of actually deciding who shall be invited to be the Prime Minister among the leaders of the party which commands a majority in the House of Commons. The Prime Minister again has to choose his associates, but he only chooses from among a charmed circle. The position of most men in Parliament forbids their being invited to the Cabinet. Between the compulsory list whom he must take, and the impossible list whom he cannot take, a Prime Minister's independent choice in the formation of a Cabinet is not very large. The Cabinet is made up, or at any rate was made up in Bagehot's time, of the parliamentary heads[2] of the chief departments through which the executive government of

[1] Bagehot, *English Constitution*, new ed. 1878, p. 11.

[2] As contrasted with the permanent heads of a government office, who do not sit in Parliament and do not change with a change of the Ministry.

the country is carried on. It exhibits the characteristics on which it is the main object of Bagehot to insist. The Cabinet thus indirectly chosen by and from the members of the two Houses of Parliament, or rather one might say indirectly chosen by the House of Commons from among the members of either House of Parliament, is

> a combining committee—a *hyphen* which joins, a *buckle* which fastens the legislative part of the State to the executive part of the State. In its origin it belongs to the one, in its functions it belongs to the other.[3]

The truth of this doctrine has now been absolutely accepted by every author who can speak with authority on English constitutional history. A modern student can only with difficulty recognise the originality of teaching which some fifty years ago seemed a startling paradox. Bagehot's analysis of Cabinet government at once dispelled two misconceptions which in 1865 more or less perplexed the study of English constitutionalism and rendered abortive the attempts to imitate in foreign countries the then renowned Constitution of England. The one of these delusions, due in the main to Montesquieu, was that the secret of parliamentary government lay in the 'separation of powers,' that is in the keeping apart from one another the executive, the legislative, and the judicial authority. The other, more or less countenanced by Blackstone, was that the King continued personally to exercise many or most of the powers technically exercised in his name. If this were the place in which to vindicate Bagehot's extraordinary originality, it would be right to trace out in detail the immense amount of light which in different directions he threw upon the actual working of Cabinet government in England.[4] Here it will suffice to insist that he for the first time emphasised the undoubted fact that Cabinet government, as it was developed after the revolution of 1688, had come to mean not the separation but the fusion of at any rate the executive and the legislative authority of the State. A second leading characteristic of Cabinet government in England is the power generally possessed by a Cabinet to dissolve the Parliament by which it has been created or supported. This cannot be better described than in Bagehot's own words. The Cabinet, he writes:

> Is a committee which can dissolve the assembly which appointed it; it is a committee with a suspensive veto—a committee with a power of appeal.

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[3] Bagehot, p. 14.

[4] Another discovery made by Bagehot is that Cabinet government, though it had grown up and been developed under the English monarchy, might well exist under a Constitution which did not recognise an hereditary King. The truth of this statement has been proved by the successful creation of Cabinet government under the Constitution of the Third French Republic, a Constitution by the way which has lasted for at least double the time for which any one French Constitution formed since 1789 has ever before endured.

Though appointed by one Parliament, it can appeal if it chooses to the next. . . . But neglecting . . . small and dubious exceptions, the Cabinet which was chosen by one House of Commons has an appeal to the next House of Commons. The chief committee of the legislature has the power of dissolving the predominant part of that legislature—that which at a crisis is the supreme legislature. The English system, therefore, is not an absorption of the executive power by the legislative power; it is a fusion of the two. Either the Cabinet legislates and acts, or else it can dissolve. It is a creature, but it has the power of destroying its creators. It is an executive which can annihilate the legislature, as well as an executive which is the nominee of the legislature. It *was* made, but it *can* unmake; it was derivative in its origin, but it is destructive in its action.[5]

If we fully master these two leading characteristics of the English Cabinet, viz. that it links or fuses together the English executive and the English legislature, and next that it can in general dissolve the legislature, we shall be able to carry our author's main doctrine with regard to Cabinet government somewhat further than he does himself. It really links together the main political parts of the whole English Constitution. Take, for instance, a distinction framed by Bagehot himself between the ornamental part of the Constitution, mainly represented by the Crown, and the efficient part of the Constitution, mainly represented by the Cabinet. These are curiously linked together in a way which is not at first perceived. The existence of the Cabinet protects the King from responsibility for his acts, and on the other hand the vagueness of the King's powers, most of which are exercised through the Cabinet, increases the moral and even the legal authority of the Cabinet. So again the power of the Cabinet to exercise the King's right to dissolve Parliament really ensures the permanent harmony between the Cabinet or executive power, and the electorate.[6] It links again the electorate and Parliament, or in popular language the legislature and the people. In the time at any rate when Bagehot wrote it was hardly possible that a dissolution either through lapse of time or at the will of the Cabinet should not, in regard at least to law-making, produce harmony between the will of Parliament and the will of the people. One may carry the matter one step further. The rule of law, or the real independence of the judiciary, is an admitted characteristic of English constitutionalism; we may hope that the time may never come when the

[5] Bagehot, p. 15.

[6] A defect in the Constitution of the French Republic is that the President, who occupies the position of a constitutional King, cannot dissolve Parliament without the assent of the Senate, and further that partly from historical causes a dissolution has become unpopular in France. Hence a Prime Minister cannot insist upon a dissolution, and only one dissolution has taken place since the foundation of the Republic. Hence it is quite possible that a Minister unpopular in the French Parliament but popular in the country may be unable to retain his power by an appeal to the electors.

Cabinet or the Parliament can interfere with the right and the duty of our judges to decide every case before them in accordance with the law of the land. Yet instances may certainly arise where a right judicial decision, that is a decision strictly in accordance with the existing laws of England, may work great public injury. In these instances, though they obviously must be extremely rare, the Cabinet which controls legislation may occasionally cause the passing of a law which averts the public evil arising from the right decision of a particular case.[7] The Defence of the Realm Acts also are a standing illustration of the way in which Parliament guided by a Cabinet may rightly interfere with the most ordinary rights of English citizens. In truth there is not a sphere throughout the whole public law of England in which this fusion of executive authority and legal authority characteristic of an English Cabinet may not be so used as to harmonise the action of every part of the Constitution.

As to Presidential government—

The President for the time being constitutes the executive of the United States[8]: the founders of the United States felt strongly the necessity for having a vigorous executive.

> They therefore made an enlarged copy of the State Governor, or, to put the same thing differently, a reduced and improved copy of the English King. He is George the Third shorn of a part of his prerogative by the intervention of the Senate in treaties and appointments, of another part by the restriction of his action to Federal affairs, while his dignity as well as his influence are diminished by his holding office for four years instead of for life. His salary is too small to permit him either to maintain a court or to corrupt the legislature; nor can he seduce the virtue of the citizens by the gift of titles of nobility, for such titles are altogether forbidden. Subject to these precautions, he was meant by the Constitution-framers to resemble the State Governor and the British King, not only in being the head of the executive, but in standing apart from and above political parties. He was to represent the nation as a whole, as the Governor represented the State Commonwealth. The independence of his position, with nothing to gain or to fear from Congress, would, it was hoped, set him free to think only of the welfare of the people.[9]

This description of the President's office given by Bryce reveals at least half the secret of the real difference between Presidential government and Cabinet government. The government of the President in the United States means the real administration of affairs by an executive officer who may, when occasion requires, exert considerable power, but is an official

[7] See for an example of such a case the Act by which Parliament modified the effect of the decision of the House of Lords in *Macalister* v. *Young* [1904] A.C. 515.

[8] 'The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of four years, and . . . be elected . . . .' See Constitution of U.S., Art. II, s. 1.

[9] Bryce, *The American Commonwealth*, third ed. i. 39, 40.

whose authority is under the Constitution definitely restricted so that he may misuse it as, in the eyes of American constitutionalists, George the Third misused the power of an English King.

The other half of the same secret is the immense influence exerted by Montesquieu's *L'Esprit des Lois* in 1787 on the members of a convention who created the Constitution of the United States. It was to them a Bible of political philosophy, and no doctrine to be found therein met with more complete acceptance than the dogma that the separation of the three powers—namely, the executive, the legislative, and the judicial power—formed the distinguishing characteristic of a free government.[10] Hence the attempt, to a great extent made with success under the Constitution of the United States, to mark out for the President (the executive), for Congress (the legislature), and for the Supreme Court (the judicature) of the American Commonwealth separate and independent powers. Add to these considerations that the very scheme of a Federal government requires separation between the authority of the Federal, or national, government, and the authority of each of the different States which make up the Federation. This moreover was a practical necessity, for none of the thirteen Colonies which had acquired independence of England would have assented to any Federal Constitution which had not left to each of them very considerable power of self-government. From the very nature of things however this separation of powers could not be rendered absolutely complete. The President, for example, ought strictly to have no legislative power, and on the other hand he ought, in the legitimate use of his executive power, to be absolutely uncontrolled by the Houses of Congress. Yet the Constitution bestows upon the President not only a suspensive but in effect an absolute veto on Bills passed by both Houses of Congress, provided only that the President's veto is in either House of Congress supported by more than one third of that House.[11] Hence too, though no resolution of either House of Congress can in strictness interfere with the exercise by the President of authority given to him by the Constitution, the Houses of Congress, and especially the Senate, have in certain respects in practice encroached upon the Presidential powers. But, if the matter be looked upon from a general point of view, Presidential government as it exists in America, and Cabinet government as it exists in England, are two forms of executive government each whereof may be directly contrasted with the other.

[10] See Bryce, i. 282. The doctrine has in fact received one interpretation in France and another in the United States. See Dicey, *Law of the Constitution* (8th ed.), p. 333.

[11] See Constitution of U.S., Art. I, s. 7, for further details.

This contrast may be thus stated. The President is the real American executive, but his executive powers are limited by his being elected only for four years, by his being through unbroken custom not re-eligible for more than once; by the vast amount of power left to each of the States of the Union; by his having no right to dissolve Congress; by his having no legislative authority whatever, except that of vetoing any Bill when his objection thereto is supported by a minority of over one third of either House of Congress. Cabinet government, on the other hand, means at bottom, and as practised in England, the fusion of the executive and of the legislative authority, and the power of the Cabinet in many circumstances to dissolve the Parliament which has created or supported it. A Cabinet, in short, supported by the House of Commons which can also count upon the support of the electorate, has as much authority as can well fall to any government. It is however a kind of government which can never be secure of its existence unless it continues to have the support of the House of Commons, and this in modern circumstances cannot long be relied upon by any Cabinet which has definitely lost the support of the electors.

(B) *What are the respective merits and demerits of Cabinet and of Presidential government?*

To find an answer to this question it will be convenient and instructive to test the virtues and the defects of each kind of government, first in times of peace, and next in times of war.

As to Cabinet government—

(1) *In time of peace*—The merits of this kind of government, assuredly, in England at least, become most visible in times of peace, and Bagehot's admirable apology for or eulogy of Cabinet government, as it existed in his day, is suggested, and to a great extent justified, by his knowledge of English parliamentary history, and also of English public life, during a great part of the years which divide 1826 from 1866. He was eight years of age at the time of the passing of the great Reform Bill; he lived among the echoes of the all but revolutionary conflict between the Peers and the people which marked the popular triumph of 1832. His writings show that he well remembered the time when Lord Althorpe's greatness as a statesman, which was far more dubious than his kindliness and conscientiousness as a man, was deemed to be established by the one statement, 'Althorpe passed the Bill,' and when 'the Bill' could mean nothing but the Reform Bill. The years moreover between 1832 and 1867, which were always before Bagehot's mind when treating of parliamentary government, were emphatically years of peace. Neither the Crimean War, which lasted for only about two years, nor the more terrible Indian Mutiny, which was put down in not more than the same

time, disturbed the continuity of English public or private life. The era in which Bagehot formed his view of English political institutions was a time when Englishmen not only kept at peace with almost every European Power, but also when the mass of Englishmen thought peacefully and believed, not without reason, that the paths of peace coincided with the paths of reasonable progress. It is worth while then to sum up the grounds on which Bagehot held, for the most part quite truly, that Cabinet government was, at any rate during a peaceful era, of immense benefit to England.

First—A Cabinet government ensures the presence in the Cabinet of men of ability. This is so partly because the Prime Minister is almost of necessity one of the few leading men in Parliament; and such leadership can rarely be obtained except by ability of some kind above the ordinary level, and by ability which is known to the Houses of Parliament. The Prime Minister again is, from the desire to carry on his government with success, almost compelled to choose colleagues of parliamentary capacity, and who will be approved of by the Prime Minister's supporters in Parliament. The Houses of Parliament moreover are better electing bodies than would be the electors,"[12] and it may be added, indirect election through the Prime Minister is more likely to produce the choice of able men than would the direct choice of members of the Cabinet by Parliament. The system of direct election is apt often to favour the choice not of the men most desired by any electoral body, but of the men who give least offence to the majority of the persons who elect them.[13]

Second—Cabinet government educates the nation.[14] The debates in Parliament are full of interest; they not only deal with important matters but they also determine what is far more interesting to the mass of electors, whether a party to which a man belongs shall or shall not retain or lose office, and, what is most interesting of all, decide the personal question whether the leader an elector follows, say Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George, shall take or retain office. And to listen (even through newspapers) to parliamentary discussion and debate is, or was when Bagehot wrote, a valuable education for the nation.

Third—Cabinet government possesses a special kind of

[12] See Bagehot, pp. 26, 27.

[13] It is instructive in this matter to compare the character of modern French Presidents of the Republic, chosen as they are by the two Houses of the French Parliament, sitting together, with the list of English Premiers during the last hundred years, and with the list of English Speakers of the House of Commons. A French President performs something like the constitutional duties of an English King. A President, chosen as he is by the two Houses of the French Legislature sitting together, is generally the kind of man who would be chosen as Speaker of the English House of Commons.

[14] Bagehot, pp. 19-23.

flexibility which at times may be of extreme advantage to England. This quality is shown in various different ways: It is displayed, for example, by the power of Parliament suddenly to remove from office a Premier of ability and highly respected and to put in his place another leader who possesses, or is supposed to possess, special qualities, e.g. superabundance of vigour and even of combativeness, which fit him to meet some crisis, e.g. the conduct of a war, and were not very prominent in the character of the Premier whom he succeeds. Bagehot certainly was very much impressed by the effect in the conduct of the Crimean War of substituting a Cabinet in which Palmerston was Premier for a Cabinet of which Lord Aberdeen was the head. He quotes, in obvious reference to this change, a saying of the time that 'We turned out the Quaker, and put in the pugilist.' This flexibility of Cabinet government has shown itself again during the present war, and in a different form. The Cabinet, from its blending together executive and legislative powers, is capable, without anything like a revolution, or at any rate without any proceeding which the mass of Englishmen feel revolutionary, of extending the authority and changing the form of the executive itself. The Defence of the Realm Acts have bestowed upon the Government of England powers such as no English executive has ever before possessed; they might be called despotic, were it not that Englishmen living in England have felt that they themselves were not really subject to a tyranny. The creation again during the War of first the War Committee, and finally the War Cabinet, has in effect created something closely resembling a new kind of executive for the government of England.

Here however it should be noted that Bagehot's high estimate of Cabinet government cannot be appreciated at its full worth by any critic who does not bear in mind more than one important consideration. There is latent, in the first place, in Bagehot's whole speculations on the English Constitution the assumption that good government, at any rate in what is called a free country, is promoted and secured by the maintenance in office of men of marked ability and high character, by the prevalence throughout the whole country of real debate and free discussion, and by the general recognition of the fact that legislation and, above all, the carrying out by legal means of great reforms, is one of the most difficult tasks which any man, or body of men, can undertake. At the present moment this faith in freedom of discussion, and in laborious forethought as the necessary means for obtaining good legislation, has gone out of fashion. Every politician, whatever his party, is ready to pledge himself to obtain at a moment's notice, for every man or woman who is an elector, any blessing which he or she may desire, whether it be a permanent living

wage for every wage-earner throughout the kingdom or the rapid creation of a federated British Empire which shall grant Home Rule to every part of the Empire, and yet retain all the concentrated power of the Imperial Parliament which has brought England and the Dominions triumphantly through the most terrible war of which Englishmen have ever had experience. Of these hopes or dreams Bagehot knew nothing.. He believed above all things in freedom of discussion and in statesmanship grounded on thought and wisdom. And it was because of this belief that he trusted in English Cabinet government as the best means of ensuring to a free people the rule of men of intelligence and character who themselves trusted in political progress guided by thoughtfulness. Even persons, in the second place, who sympathise with Bagehot's political principles of action, must admit that since he wrote his *English Constitution* many changes have taken place which have seriously invalidated some part of his claim for the superiority of Cabinet government even in times of peace.

The main changes which affect his arguments in favour of Cabinet government as it existed in England may be brought under two heads: Since 1866 England has become more and more of a democracy. A certain kind of unchangeableness in form, and even in feeling, which is characteristic of English constitutionalism, still conceals an immense revolution which has been effected, or rather which has grown up, without the use of violence, and with very little breach of law. George the Fifth is, and most deservedly is, more popular than any King who has preceded him. Of anti-monarchical feeling there is little or no sign in England, but the Constitution has become democratic. I purposely use popular language because it is most intelligible and establishes the point I wish to press home. The first Reform Act gave predominant power, it was said, to the 10*l*. householders, and they, as Bagehot has pointed out, were or represented the middle classes who were much inclined to pay deference to the great landowners and the men of wealth who were certainly richer, and many of them far more versed in politics and in public life than the average 10*l*. householder. The Reform Act of 1867 transferred power from the middle classes to all householders, including in that number a good many lodgers. There was thus created an electoral constituency for the United Kingdom of about 6,300,000 men. What may be our present parliamentary constitution, and what may be the exact number of the electorate under the Representation of the People Act 1918, no one can venture confidently to assert. The Act changes our whole electoral system from top to bottom. It creates an electoral body which it is said will exceed 17,000,000 of electors, among whom

are contained for the first time women who, it is also said, will number 6,000,000 of the whole electoral body. Another change at least equally important is one of opinion. From 1832 till towards the end of the nineteenth century the men who guided the legislative action of England did in general, subject of course to some considerable exceptions, deprecate the action of the State in matters which most persons, as it was then imagined, could best discharge for themselves.[15] We all adhered, or professed to adhere, to the principle of *laissez-faire*. This state of feeling has in public life at any rate become a matter of the past. One illustration of this change of opinion will establish my point. Persons whose political memory reaches back to fifty years ago were taught the folly of any State which attempts to fix by law the rate of wages. During 1918 our Parliament has fixed by law the rate of wages for class after class.

These two changes—the one in the constitution of our electoral body, the other in national opinion with regard to the proper sphere of State intervention—explain or emphasise qualifications which now must be introduced into Bagehot's picture of Cabinet government. The Prime Minister himself is no longer elected wholly by Parliament. A statesman known to the country is often now in practice designated as worthy to be appointed, or to be retained, as Prime Minister not by the voice of the House of Commons, but by the voice of the electors expressed at a general election. The general election will have decided before this article appears in print whether Lloyd George shall remain or Asquith become Prime Minister. A Prime Minister too is now elected more or less for a fixed period, namely the time which will expire with the dissolution of a particular Parliament, and which cannot legally exceed five years. And he in turn may appoint his colleagues much less with a view to gaining the approval of the House of Commons than to satisfying the claims of different parties throughout the United Kingdom to be duly represented in his Cabinet. The party system lastly has become within the last thirty years a great deal more organised. The old two-party system has all but vanished. We have still a party of Ministerialists who support the Government and an Opposition who attack it. But during the Parliament just dissolved there were represented in the House of Commons at least four different parties, and in the next Parliament the number of them may probably be increased.[16] In any case Bagehot's picture of Cabinet government which represented truly enough its general character

[15] Compare Dicey, *Law and Opinion*, Lectures vi., vii.

[16] And some of these parties will no doubt decline, in case the Government is defeated, to take any part in the administration of affairs, or according to an expression gone quite out of date 'to see that the King's Government is carried on.'

in 1865-6 needs a good deal of modification before it can be treated as a completely accurate account of Cabinet government in 1918. A censor might say that the Cabinets of to-day had approached more nearly than fifty years ago to Presidential government without obtaining the merits which can be ascribed to that form of Government.

(2) *In time of war*—Whilst the virtues of Cabinet government are obvious during a peaceful period, such as was for the most part the reign of Queen Victoria, its defects become more obvious in a time either of foreign or of civil war. They may, for our present purpose, be thus summed up:

(i) Cabinet government is government by a council, and from that very circumstance is likely to be deficient in the energy, promptness, and decisiveness which may mark the action of a wise ruler of men who, whether he be a despot or an American President, is at any rate entrusted even for a time with real power, that is to say, can if he chooses carry out the policy which he himself thinks advisable and likely to benefit the country of which he is more or less the ruler. Councils of war are, just because they are councils, proverbially discredited. One man of real ability as a General is proverbially more likely to act with vigour than a council of five or six Generals.

(ii) Cabinet government as it exists in England has another defect of a more subtle character which has not received quite the attention which it deserves. In England the members of a Cabinet, from the Premier downwards, are party leaders. They have risen to power by partisanship; they are maintained in power by partisans, and they know that the defeat of their party, or anything which leads to the break up of their party, means to the Cabinet loss of office, to each of themselves loss of reputation, and also know—what to men of the very highest character tells for more than any other consideration—that loss of office means in general the failure to carry out the policy which they really believe to meet the wants of the country. The weakest part of Cabinet government is that it is based on partisanship, and it is all but impossible to transmute partisanship into patriotism. This assertion does not mean that public men are not public-spirited, but it does mean that the whole English parliamentary system, and the Cabinet government which is its outcome, makes it extremely difficult even for the best of citizens to avoid thinking and feeling as partisans.

(iii) Then again the quality of freedom of discussion which Bagehot rightly prizes so highly has its weak side. You may have, both in Parliament and in the Cabinet which represents the Parliament, discussion which wastes time and may lead to no result, or even to disaster.

That these defects and others like them should be of more consequence in time of warfare than in time of peace will be easily conceded.

As to Presidential government—

(1) *In time of peace*—Presidential government does not appear at all at its best in such a period.

In quiet times the power of the President is not great. He is hampered at every turn by the necessity of humouring his party. He is so much engrossed by the trivial and mechanical parts of his work as to have little leisure for framing large schemes of policy, while in carrying them out he needs the co-operation of Congress, which may be jealous, or indifferent, or hostile. He has less influence on legislation, that is to say, his individual volition makes less difference to the course legislation takes, than the Speaker of the House of Representatives. In troublous times it is otherwise.[17]

After all, too, a President need not be a man of brilliant intellectual gifts. His main duties are to be prompt and firm in securing the due execution of the laws and maintaining the public peace, careful and upright in the choice of the executive officials of the country. Eloquence, whose value is apt to be overrated in all free countries, imagination, profundity of thought or extent of knowledge, are all in so far a gain to him that they make him 'a bigger man,' and help him to gain over the nation an influence which, if he be a true patriot, he may use for its good. But they are not necessary for the due discharge in ordinary times of the duties of his post. Four-fifths of his work is the same in kind as that which devolves on the chairman of a commercial company or the manager of a railway, the work of choosing good subordinates, seeing that they attend to their business, and taking a sound practical view of such administrative questions as require his decision. Firmness, common sense, and most of all, honesty, an honesty above all suspicion of personal interest, are the qualities which the country chiefly needs in its chief magistrate.[18]

The utter insignificance of many Presidents is explained by Bryce's language. It does not at all wholly depend upon the character of the men themselves. The United States have not had till recently much to do with foreign policy. They were, except during the War of Secession, not much exposed to violent disturbance, and one must add that in ordinary times each State would be able to provide for the maintenance of order. Any extraordinary statesmanlike talent which a President possessed he might therefore have little opportunity of displaying, and on the other hand the fact that the possession of remarkable talents was not always required in a President at one time encouraged party managers and party conventions to put forward as candidates for the Presidentship men who, though by no means the most eminent of American politicians, might happen to have a fairer chance of election than some distinguished party leader.

(2) *In time of war*—According to Bagehot Presidential government, both in time of peace and in time of war, between which he does not very accurately distinguish, possesses none of the special merits of Cabinet government, but in fairness to Bagehot

[17] Bryce, i. 66. [18] Bryce, i. 81.

it must be noted that he uses the defects of Presidential government as in America mainly with a view to bring into relief the full virtue of Cabinet government.[19] However this be, Bagehot hardly realises that during a time of civil or of foreign war a President may, and generally will, if supported by the nation, possess a concentration of power equal to, and even exceeding, that of an English Cabinet. Note on this point the language of Bryce:

> The difficulty in forming a just estimate of the President's power arises from the fact that it differs so much under ordinary and under extraordinary circumstances. This is a result which republics might seem specially concerned to prevent, and yet it is specially frequent under republics, as witness the cases of ancient Rome and of the Italian cities in the Middle Ages. In ordinary times the President may be compared to the senior or managing clerk in a large business establishment, whose chief function is to select his subordinates, the policy of the concern being in the hands of the board of directors. But when foreign affairs become critical, or when disorders within the Union require his intervention—when, for instance, it rests with him to put down an insurrection or to decide which of two rival State Governments he will recognise and support by arms—everything may depend on his judgment, his courage, and his hearty loyalty to the principles of the Constitution.[20]

Hence the strong features of Presidential government in the time of war.

First—The authority of the President if supported by the nation may become, and probably will become, almost despotic.

> The domestic authority of the President is in time of peace small, because by far the larger part of law and administration belongs to the State Governments, and because Federal administration is regulated by statutes which leave little discretion to the executive. In war time, however, and especially in a civil war, it expands with portentous speed. Both as commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, and as charged with the 'faithful execution of the laws,' the President is likely to be led to assume all the powers which the emergency requires. How much he can legally do without the aid of statutes is disputed, for the acts of President Lincoln, during the early part of the War of Secession, including his proclamation suspending the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, were subsequently legalised by Congress; but it is at least clear that Congress can make him, as it did make Lincoln, almost a dictator. And how much the war power may include appears in this, that by virtue of it and without any previous legislative sanction President Lincoln issued his Emancipation proclamations of 1862 and 1863, declaring all slaves in the insurgent States to be thenceforth free, although these States were deemed to be in point of law still members of the Union.[21]

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[19] He for instance emphatically dwells upon an obvious defect in the working of the Constitution of the United States. It affords no practical security that the Vice-President, who necessarily succeeds, on the death of a President during his tenure of office, to the Presidency, shall be a man of any ability, or even much known to the people. This defect in the Constitution is grave, but could easily be removed and does not form any essential part of Presidential government.

[20] Bryce, i. 66, 67.

[21] Bryce, i. 54, 55.

The language of Bryce on the President's power should be carefully studied. It brings into view a most important fact in the constitutional history of the United States. Americans have succeeded in creating at a time of national peril a dictatorship, but a dictatorship which has involved no real peril to the liberties of the country. Nor is it necessary for the attainment of this end to wait for the existence of civil war. It is perfectly clear that President Wilson has possessed since the beginning of the war with Germany a firmer and greater authority than has fallen at any time to any English Prime Minister. One may put the matter a little more strongly. President Wilson, though he could not technically declare war himself, could certainly, as we know by experience, determine whether war should or should not be declared, and fix, according to his own judgment, the date at which the United States should become the avowed enemy of the German Empire. Note too that Lincoln's authority was, and Wilson's authority is, simple, real, personal power, i.e. the decision of national affairs in accordance with his own will and judgment. At the moment when it was doubtful whether Lincoln would issue an Emancipation proclamation, or whether Wilson would join England and her Allies in the war against German despotism, the President could not practically have been compelled by any party, or even by the Houses of Congress, to take a step which he might think either premature or in itself impolitic. It is for this reason that when it was doubtful whether Wilson would determine whether America should take part in the War, it was said by some English writer that Mr. Wilson was at that moment 'the most powerful ruler in the world.' It is for this reason that the glory of having taken a decisive step in the destruction of slavery will always remain the personal glory of Lincoln, whilst the deserved fame of America having joined decisively in the war against German despotism will always be ascribed to the statesmanship of Wilson.

Secondly—The independence of the President within the sphere of his powers, though it may have some disadvantages, not only increases the dignity of his office but also, what is of far more consequence, limits to a considerable extent the evil of party government, especially in a time of war. No doubt the President is in the United States always elected by a party, though he may often owe a second tenure of office to the respect he has excited among men of all parties. But he continues when in office to a much less extent than does a Prime Minister to be the head of a party. A President when he has taken office is always recognised as being the representative of the nation. A Prime Minister, however pure his patriotism, can hardly prevent, even

when in office, his continuing to be, and still more his being held to be, the leader of a party. This difference of feeling may be ascribed to the fact that neither the Houses of Congress nor any party either in Congress or in the country can put an end to a President's authority as long as he keeps within the rights given him by law, that is by the Constitution as construed by the Law Courts.

Thirdly—The power and the independence of the President involve of course some possible evil to the nation, but they possess a virtue which has hardly obtained sufficient recognition. They increase with an official of any worth or merit his sense of responsibility. One cannot doubt for a moment that in the case of Lincoln increase of power went on constantly increasing his sense of responsibility and his intense determination to perform to the full his duty to the nation and to God. The admiration and the reverence entertained for him, as at once the hero and the martyr of democracy, has rather restrained the recognition of the way in which the possession of power and of responsibility raised his character and developed his sense of public duty from the time when he first took an active part in public affairs to the day of his death. The matter well deserves consideration, for the history of his Presidentship certainly suggests, what we may well believe, that, with men of any nobility and of statesmanlike foresight, security in the tenure of considerable power may also increase the sense of patriotism, and of the duty owing to a country by the chief and chosen representative of the nation.

(C) *Is it desirable to introduce any characteristic of Presidential government into the English Constitution?*

No Englishman wishes to change our Constitutional Monarchy into a Republic. The sole matter worth consideration is whether it might not be well, in time of warfare, to create a dictatorial power such as that which has fallen under the Constitution of the United States to Abraham Lincoln and to President Wilson? No man but a very rash writer and thinker would venture dogmatically to reply to the inquiry before us. My whole object is to bring before my readers a few observations drawn from a comparison between Cabinet government and Presidential government, and suggested by the events of the War which has just, as we all hope, ended in a permanent peace.

Bagehot has made it perfectly clear that English Cabinet government as it existed in his time had, in times of peace, immense advantages not possessed by Presidential government in the United States. He possibly somewhat overrated the advantages to England, even in peaceful eras like his own, of the party government whereof the Cabinet is the outcome. He

certainly a little exaggerated the weak points of Presidential government. Bagehot clearly did not realise, what Bryce has made as clear as day, that when the American Commonwealth is disturbed either by foreign war or by civil war, the President becomes, or certainly may become, for all practical purposes a dictator. Lincoln, to use an expression of Bryce's, possessed greater power than any ruler of England since the time of Cromwell. President Wilson has exercised, and even now exercises, more independent power in the United States than does Lloyd George or than did Asquith in England. This is indisputable. Lincoln issued the Emancipation proclamations at the time and in the terms which he chose. President Wilson at his own will, and no doubt in accordance with his own view of the course which it was expedient and right for the American Commonwealth to pursue, determined that for two years or more the United States should not take part in the greatest war which has been waged in the history of the world, and then, when in his judgment the moment for action had arisen, brought the United States into the War, and took care that when once they joined England and her allies they should throw into the War the whole of their energy, wealth, and valour. No one will dispute that Lincoln may have made grave mistakes in carrying out a noble policy, or that there may have been points in President Wilson's conduct during the War which opponents censured. But the existence of a Presidential dictator has been admittedly in each case a benefit to the American Commonwealth.

When England declared war on Germany, on the 4th of August 1914, Cabinet government was inevitably put upon its trial. In declaring war the Cabinet did an act of bravery which must always be laid to its credit, and exactly expressed the conviction of the nation. If therefore the War tested the system of Cabinet government, that form of executive was put to the test under very favourable circumstances. The nation, speaking broadly, was for all practical purposes unanimous in demanding a declaration of war. There was no large party hostile to a war against Germany possessing anything like the power of the Whigs who from 1789 onwards opposed the very idea, and the carrying on of war between England and France. Let it be remembered that as a body the Whigs were as hostile to a war against Bonaparte as they had been to a war against the French Republic. One must in fairness add that the Cabinets in power during the present war not only gained much from the absence of any powerful opposition to their war policy, but most legitimately gained a great deal more from the general sense that these ministries as a body, and with the exception of a very few of their

members, completely shared the patriotic enthusiasm of the country in waging war with German despotism, and heartily desired that England should gain, as she has gained with the help of her allies, a complete victory over foes who, though fanatics for German 'Culture,' were the deadly enemies of true civilisation.

In spite of all these advantages, and in spite of a final triumph, the system of Cabinet government did during the War, if I do not say break down, certainly exhibit its very weak side. Many and many were the persons, during the stress of the War, and the knowledge of failures—say at the time when England could not save Belgium or even protect Antwerp from a ruthless foe, or when Serbia was invaded and conquered by our enemies, or when British armies were forced to retreat from Gallipoli—who said 'O that we could have a dictator.' Then again the Government itself felt that a concentration of power foreign to the system of Cabinet government was a necessity for the country. The coalition of hitherto adverse parties, the creation first of a War Council, and then of a War Cabinet, were in the main efforts of patriotism. But the War Cabinet, to take a perfectly clear case, was really inconsistent with the form of government eulogised by Bagehot. Add to all this that the working of parliamentary government since the beginning of the War has exhibited the inherent defect of Cabinet government, namely its constant dependence for office upon the will of Parliament, or rather of the House of Commons. Can anyone suppose that a good number of appointments which excited the blame of many of the public, and some things in the conduct of the War, as also the large size of the Ministry outside the War Cabinet, were not due to the desire to conciliate, or not to offend, individuals or parties whose influence in Parliament might affect the existence of the Cabinet? It is the independence of the President which more than once has raised a President from a partisan into a leader of the nation. It is the dependence of the Cabinet on the will of the House of Commons, or even nowadays on the will of party organisations, which has sunk many a patriotic minister into the leader or the servant of a party. Add to this that, as already pointed out, Cabinet government nowadays does not come up to the ideal attributed to it by Bagehot. The Prime Minister is now often not chosen by the House of Commons, but by the will of what is called the people, which may be in reality the will of well-organised factions. His Cabinet may be so put together as to ensure that each of discordant parties may have its own representative in the Government. A thinker such as Bryce, who expresses himself with care, thinks party government a necessary

evil, but still an evil that should be checked.[22] But many leaders seem to long for the day when the concord between opposite parties more or less established by war shall again flourish and abound in peace time. A private man may venture to say that the nation has come to loathe party cries.

The Presidential dictatorship of America has not damaged the freedom of America. Is it absolutely impossible that the ingenuity and the patriotism of England may discover some constitutional arrangement which would give, say, during a time of war, to some leader of the nation the independence and the patriotic supremacy which have made the name of Lincoln as famous and as revered as that of Washington?

A. V. Dicey.

[22] Bryce, i. 95.

COMPREHENSIVENESS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

A CURIOUS delusion sometimes takes hold of individuals and communities by which they specially pride themselves on the possession of the very quality in which they are conspicuously deficient. The most miserly man that ever lived is recorded to have said 'I have my faults, no doubt, but, thank God, I have never been stingy.' The phantom quality acquires in time an almost sacred character, and the phrase which embodies it becomes an axiom, an idol of the market-place, to question which would be folly or presumption. Examples of such formulas are: 'Government by Party,' 'Trial by Jury,' 'Our Incomparable Liturgy,' and 'The Comprehensiveness of the Church of England.' It is purposed here to make some examination of the last of these, and to consider what measures may be taken most usefully with a view to making it a reality.

Large numbers of Churchmen are naturally desirous that the Church of England should win the allegiance and minister to the needs of the great body of our fellow-countrymen who, while serving in the trenches or working and suffering at home, have been moved to think more deeply of spiritual things. That the national Church does not include the nation is obvious. Yet if we must believe that comprehensiveness is already its leading characteristic, it is difficult to see what steps can be taken to make it more inclusive. On the horns of this dilemma the positive methods hitherto suggested amount to nothing more than the intensification of that which is being done already. But while a special access of earnestness can be generated for a time, the Church, like every other institution, has to reckon with a certain average of ministry and membership which must in the long run assert itself, and, if it is assumed that our present efforts cover all the ground, we must abandon any hope of extended efficiency. We may leave on one side the negative schemes which are being put out in great number for the development of the Church's influence. The modification of machinery can do very little in this direction. A series of destructive measures does not make for progress. The abolition of cathedral chap-

ters and bishops' palaces, the redistribution of incomes, the attempt to shift influence and to create interest by the establishment of parochial councils and Boards of Patronage—these and such like shuffling of the cards which we hold in our hands may, or may not, make for greater efficiency within the area already occupied, they can do nothing to extend the borders of the Church. Still less can the Church be made more National by watering down its creeds and minimising its obligations. Such movements are not directed towards the greater inclusion of the nation in the Church; they mean, if they mean anything at all, the evaporation of the Church, and its disappearance into the consistency of the nation. It would seem that the Church must somehow maintain its personal identity if it is to be of any continuous use. But the governing body of the Church of England bases all its efforts and suggestions on the assumption that the Church is essentially comprehensive in reality although by some mysterious accident it has for the moment ceased to be so in fact. To this delusion we must ascribe in great measure their remoteness from the actualities of life, their laudable but quite visionary idealism, their choice of ineffective means for impracticable ends, their firm conviction that things can be and not be at the same time, their inability to frame an intelligible issue, and their little spurts of activity which lead nowhere and end in nothing. If, however, we abandon the claim to comprehensiveness, and recognise that while the Church has achieved great things in the area which it has attempted to cover, it has not only neglected but deliberately refused to operate in two thirds, at least, of the region committed to its charge, we shall find ourselves face to face with intelligible facts, and with reasonable possibilities of improvement.

Some such possibilities were indicated in a former number of this Review.[1] Since then they have been gravely called in question.[2] It will be useful, before proceeding to develop them further, to notice some of the objections which have been made.

> I venture to suggest [says my critic] that the real and essential weakness of Prebendary Boyd's position is its lack of reference to the ideal of Truth. He seems not to recognise that . . . it is possible to pay too high a price for the outward manifestations of religion. He is infected with the current 'pragmatic' poison. Like the rest of us he wants to win the masses for Christ. But the policy he recommends to the authorities of the Church of England with this end in view seems to amount to nothing less than the encouragement of superstition—the connivance at ideas and practices recognised to be 'psychologically unsound' and unworthy of Christianity

[1] 'Magic, Superstition and Faith,' by the Rev. Prebendary F. L. Boyd, *Nineteenth Century and After*, August 1918.

[2] 'A Current Tendency in Popular Religion,' by the Rev. Cyril E. Hudson, *Nineteenth Century and After*, November 1918.

at its best. There is surely a more excellent way—namely to aim at Truth at any cost and in every department of religion. The real hope of the Church lies in the inculcation of the highest and truest conceptions about God and Prayer and sin and sacraments. Teach [the man in the street] that God is an ever-present and all-loving Father; that sin is an offence, not against Law,[[3]] but against Love; that prayer is the means of keeping in constant touch with Jesus Christ—teach him these things and let us see what happens, before you try to cajole him with ideas and practices for which he shows no natural predilection whatever, and which you admit to be 'psychologically unsound.'[4] Let the Church aim first and everywhere at Truth.

And again:

There are two tests which a Christian may apply to any and every manifestation of the pragmatic spirit in religion. We may ask first, Is it true?; and secondly, What is its relation to the teaching of Christ? (The two tests, of course, are only separable for purposes of argument, since to a Christian the authority of Christ is synonymous with final truth.)

It is unnecessary, I hope, to say that I am in absolute agreement with the writer that only the truth must be taught, and that absolute truth is to be found in the person of Jesus Christ our Lord. It would not, indeed, have occurred to me to put that summary of Christianity as a kind of after-thought into a parenthesis. I was concerned then, and am occupied here, not with the Truth, which for these purposes is assumed, but with the measure and manner of teaching the Truth, which is a matter of uncertainty and debate. It is a commonplace that the revelation of God to man has been a gradual and progressive process from the days when Jehovah was known to Israel only as a tribal deity with no jurisdiction beyond the boundaries of Israel —not even over the regions of the dead—until the time when He was manifested in the Incarnate Christ. But even then, though the absolute truth was exhibited, man's appreciation of it continued to be gradual, and is yet, what my critic does not seem to appreciate, far from complete.[5] Those who know more are to teach those who know less. The question is, How we are to do it? Our Lord said to His disciples 'I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the truth.'[6] It seems, then, that the Church is not called to teach, so to say, the differential calculus to those who do not know the multiplication table. The instruction is to be given according to the attainments of the learner, the teacher is to consider the capacities of the pupil. This is precisely what the Church of England has failed to do. It has indeed been occupied with

[[3]] But see 1 John iii. 4.

[4] No such admission was made in the article in *Nineteenth Century and After*, August 1918.

[5] 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

[6] St. John xvi. 12.

'the inculcation of the highest and truest conceptions about God and prayer and sin and sacraments,' that is to say, with the highest at present known to its most cultivated and spiritual members. But it has given these lessons in a manner that has gone clean over the heads of the multitude, and has had no reference whatever to their imaginations and their hearts. We need not wait and 'see what happens' before we proceed to revise our methods. This kind of teaching has been given for three centuries, and its accumulated results stand clearly before us: two thirds of the nation, to say the very least, are wholly aloof from the Church; one would be thankful to think that one half the nation has any specific consciousness of Christianity.

In offering criticism and suggestion it is evidently worth while to state clearly the standpoint from which they are made. The writer belongs to that apparently small section of the nation whose spiritual needs are met, as completely as can reasonably be expected, in the Church of England as it is; and to that still smaller group whose allegiance could not conceivably be given to any other form of organised religion. For such people, if the Church of England should prove to be, what so many bishops have been proclaiming it to be, an utter failure, the inevitable conclusion is that institutional Christianity has broken down, and that the gates of Hell have after all prevailed against the Church. This may seem to be a very narrow and precarious position, but the life of faith always is just that—a walk upon the edge of a precipice; and at any rate it may explain and excuse one's desire that the Church should vindicate its divine commission by exhibiting its power to help and teach all mankind. Such a position is perfectly compatible with a recognition of the fact that a society composed of fallible mortals must have many grave defects in its system even though it be the Body of Christ and the Temple of the Holy Ghost. There is one condition upon which such shortcomings may be loyally pointed out, and that is, that analytical criticism should be merely the preparation for definite suggestions of constructive reform. It is entirely for that purpose that this article is written.

It is maintained here that the Church of England addresses itself exclusively to those who are open to religious impressions mainly through the intellect. It is not true that it has neglected any class in the social order. It has laboured abundantly amongst them all. But its message has been cast in a form which appeals only to the 'bookish' people in whatever class they may be found. They exist, of course, in every class, though they form a small minority in each. It is by confining itself to this particular type of humanity that the Church has created its limitations. It derived this temperament from the men of academical

tastes who guided it through the Reformation. They were all saturated with the ethos of the seminary, and they stamped this character upon the Church of England as it passed through their hands. And more than this. The great Universities had at that time and for many years afterwards, even to our own day, their own peculiar limitations. A University is professedly the home of all knowledge of whatever kind. But Oxford and Cambridge until quite recent times restrained their official activities to Greek, Latin, and mathematics. There were always learned members of those bodies who specialised privately in other subjects, but the University itself paid no heed to them beyond a kindly toleration and sometimes a genuine pride in their attainments. We must be careful to distinguish comprehensiveness from toleration with which it is commonly confused. The Church of England has the glory of being one of the most tolerant institutions in the world; but it is only in a remote degree and indirectly that either Church or University can be accredited with praise or incur responsibility for the private proceedings of its members. Recently, however, the limitations in the Universities have been removed. Chairs and schools have been founded in every department of knowledge. The older men have felt some distrust and distaste for these extensions, but by means of them the Universities have become universal in fact as well as in name.

The Church received its academical character in the old days of excessive limitation, and it has not yet shaken itself free from the bondage which was then impressed upon it. Its business is to commend Christianity to all mankind. But there are at least four, if not five, different gateways by which religion makes its entrance into the human personality—the intellect, the emotions, the imagination, the aesthetic faculty, and the will, and it is only to the first, and to some extent to the last, of these that the message of the Church of England has been directed. But each of these faculties is an instrument of perception, and in different people one or other of them takes the lead in actual experience. This means that whoever would speak persuasively to his fellow-men, on politics, business, or religion, must address himself to the channel of perception which is primarily in use. It will be fruitless to appeal solely to the intellect of a man who is guided in the first instance by his emotions.

It will not be disputed that from the Reformation to the time of John Wesley the Church of England made no provision whatever for the emotional needs of its constituency. Indeed any movement of that kind was distrusted and suppressed. Our 'incomparable Liturgy'—incomparable indeed in its literary qualities but from a liturgical point of view probably the most

defective document in the world—made no provision for the free expansion of prayer; the most stirring preaching of the time was enshrined in the 'Homilies' which anyone may read if he can; the music was scholarly to a degree, and there were practically no hymns in existence. Yet

> We cannot understand the ideas of the people unless we allow for the deep colour which they take from feeling and emotion, least of all can we sever thought and feeling in the sphere of religion. There are no impassable barriers between the conceptions of the reason, the sensations of the body, and the sentiments of the heart; they are apt to melt and fuse into each other under waves of emotion, and few things can set these waves rolling more strongly than the power of music.[7]

If this is true the Church of England certainly did not 'understand the ideas of the people.' Its nearest approach to hymnody was the metrical version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins, some few of which set to stately music have passed into general acceptation, but none could be mistaken for channels of emotional expression. So little was this the case that in 1696 Tate and Brady published a new version which should make a more popular appeal. But it was condemned at the time by purists for its 'frequent sacrifice of depth of tone and accuracy of scholarship'; to the academical mind it seemed to be a frivolous and unscholarly production. And yet when Bishop Wilberforce was asked on one occasion, when he happened to be passing through St. Paul's Churchyard, what was meant by a drysalter, he promptly replied, 'Tate and Brady.' 'The English Independents, as represented by Dr. Watts (died 1748), have a just claim to be considered the real founders of modern English hymnody.' His work was continued by the Wesleys, but it was not until the nineteenth century that this appeal to man's emotional nature was generally adopted by members of the Church of England, and to this hour it remains a private venture, tolerated or sanctioned by the rulers of the Church, but an intrusion into its liturgical services and frequently a dislocation of them. So alien is the temperament of the Church to any ministrations to the emotional faculties that both the words and the music of such hymns are being continually condemned. It is held to be almost wicked to ask a general congregation to sing what are called subjective hymns. Especially those which voice the desire of the soul for the 'Paradise of God,' or the sense that the whole realm of nature 'were an offering far too small,' are condemned on the ground of intolerable unreality. But such aspirations do move obscurely in the recesses of the soul 'naturally Christian.' It is the business of the Church to find expression for the vague religious impulses of the multitude; its hymns

[7] Frazer, *Folk-Lore in the Old Testament*, vol. iii. p. 453.

should make them articulate, its services should combine and correlate them, its dogmas should answer and correct their questionings. If the literary man looks askance at such methods it only shows the width of his divorce from the ideals and impulses which do in fact move the world.

As with the words, so it has been with the music:

Rather less than half a century ago a number of hymn tunes—written mainly by four men, Stainer, Dykes, Barnby, and Monk—sprang suddenly into popular favour. . . . Sweeping and almost pontifical condemnation of the kind of hymn tunes thus originated is now heard in some quarters. They are anathematised root and branch for their trivial melodies and their effeminate harmonies. This, I am sure, is going too far. The men whom we have spoken of, and others associated with them, had unquestionably a real gift for writing expressive melodies that are also emphatically singable. One may wish that their powers had gone in some different direction; but, indisputably, their achievement was a real one. Such tunes as those which we commonly sing to 'Eternal Father,' or to 'For all the Saints,' have faults that may appear to be obvious; yet, in either their thin or perhaps rowdy way, they do set out certain emotions that everyone can understand. Their interests and their general lilt have made an appeal to which the popular taste of English people has responded far and wide.[8]

In this accurate and graphic account of the situation we see the practical experience of the Archdeacon struggling with the academical instincts of the Bachelor of Music; but whoever will read his very useful and interesting book will find that the Bachelor of Music carries the day. It is probably not too much to say that the work of the four musicians mentioned here, and of those associated with them, provided almost the only channel by which the Church of England obtained a hearing with the great multitude of Englishmen. That seems to be the testimony of military chaplains; it is certainly the witness of hospitals at home. It is argued that the Church is bound to use the best that can be devised. That is true, and yet the Church, like every other schoolmaster, must be content to help beginners to begin at the beginning.

The good in music is measured by the good that music does. Its chief function should be to elevate the spirit, not merely to gratify the ear. The extent to which it will achieve the former object must depend not alone upon the music itself, but the mood in which it is approached by those who perform and those who listen. It is useless to try to appeal to the public with music that is 'above their heads'; they cannot appreciate its form, and consequently cannot understand or feel its message. Nevertheless, they may be able to experience a sensuous enjoyment in simply listening, and it is then that the wise rejoice if it be music that does not pander to a vulgar taste or to a love of rhythmical noise.[9]

[8] *Worship and Music*, p. 55, by George Gardner, M.A., Mus.Bac., Archdeacon of Aston and Chancellor of Birmingham Cathedral.

[9] 'What is Good Music?' *Saturday Review*, November 30, 1918.

However, John Wesley and his 'enthusiasm' were thrust out of the Church of England. He received no sympathy, guidance, or encouragement from the governing body of the Church. The result of his isolation was that which always waits upon separatist communities. He exalted the principle for which he had contended into the test of a standing or falling Church. He made it to be the very foundation of man's life in Christ. He put feeling into the place of faith. After all, the intellect must dominate the personality. The first question, though not necessarily the first movement, is, What think ye of Christ? Those who can answer, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,'[10] have within them a rock on which a Christian life may be safely built. Emotion and imagination have their share in leading up to that perception and in developing its results, but the basis of discipleship is intellectual conviction. Wesley, however, made it to consist in feeling. If you felt that Christ was your Saviour you were saved, and if you felt that your sins were forgiven they were forgiven. It is clear that such a foundation was both false and precarious. However much the edifice built upon it may seem to coincide with that of the Church, it is fundamentally different. It led to deplorable results. Since then there have never ceased to be people who were sure they were converted when all they had experienced was 'a spasm of the diaphragm accompanied by an exudation from the lachrymal duct.' And then John Wesley had his revenges on the Church which neglected, resisted and exiled him. Large numbers of Churchmen have been inoculated with his emotionalism, supposing it to be the germ of Reality. The mention of the Holy Spirit seems to have become in certain circles a kind of shibboleth or magical charm, and cultivated clergymen and young ladies with a turn for introspection, who dabble in psychology and prattle about mysticism, go about like religious hypochondriacs, forever taking their emotional temperature and hypnotising themselves into each other's opinions by conference, meditation and prayer. It is indeed a dangerous slope along which religion tends to become a kind of nervous disease instead of a substantive and reasonable devotion to God. It is impossible that these emotions should not invade the system of the Church. Its settled devotions are thrust aside for something more personal and subjectively satisfying. Nothing is more common than that after Evensong there should be a prayer-meeting in which the devotions are arranged by the caprice of the congregation. There can be no objection, of course, to such a useful work as that of special intercession; but a good many of those who engage in it would be

[10] St. Matthew xvi. 13-16.

surprised to be told that Evensong *is* a prayer-meeting which has already covered the ground. Strenuous attempts are made at times to introduce, not a special intention, but a subjective note into the Eucharist itself. By means of 'Biddings' and pauses, the special and particular overshadows the great offering of the Church.

Yet in spite of all this the Church, as such, has not inwardly responded to these demands. It has made no provision for ministering to the emotions, it has given no guidance concerning their place and use. It has simply left them out of its purview to do their best or worst or to remain untouched as circumstances may prescribe.

Just now there is a strong desire to achieve reunion with the separated bodies. It is commonly said that a general agreement has been reached but that the necessity of episcopal ordination blocks the way. No doubt the difficulties connected with questions of organisation are considerable, but they are comparatively trifling compared with fundamental divergence concerning our personal union with Christ. While the Church and Nonconformity are at variance on first principles, specious approximations in the later stages of Christian life are wholly misleading. When agreement has been reached in the primary area later variations will present less difficulty.

The stages, then, in this process of limitation which has marked the life of the Church are tolerably clear. First, there is a neglected area; then, the spiritual needs of the people therein begin to declare themselves; there follows an attempt on the part of the authorities to stifle and suppress the demand; then succeeds a period of conflict and chaos which usually results in a schismatic separation; finally there is a belated attempt to secure reunion.

We have traced this process at length as it is exhibited in the Church's treatment of man's emotional nature, but it is repeated step by step in every area of life to which the Church has refused to minister. No greater desert was created by the Reformation than the purely negative attitude which emerged from it towards the state of the Departed. The Church found itself able to declare that 'the Romish doctrine concerning Purgatory . . . is a fond thing vainly invented,' as no doubt it is; but no other doctrine was offered in its place in answer to the imperative needs of the human heart. On the contrary, our incomparable Liturgy directed a man to bring his dead into the Church, but when he arrived there the only word of Christian hope and consolation extended to him was contained in a couple of texts. There followed a choice between two Sadducean psalms and then an argumentative lesson from St. Paul, in the

course of which the mourner heard himself called a fool, listened to the doubts which beset the Corinthian Christians concerning the resurrection of the dead, and tried to follow an answer to them, involved in metaphor and syllogism, which could hardly be convincing when swiftly read through to a man who was dizzy with sorrow. Then, without a single word of prayer or absolution or benediction, he and his were dismissed from the church. This set the standard of thought and action which has been followed only too closely till the present day. Prayers for the Departed were held to be not only useless but superstitious and wicked. Not a dozen years ago a man was actually brought into court for putting R.I.P. on his wife's tombstone. The terrible bereavements of the War gave the question an irresistible force, and the pressure of this necessity brought about a result which three hundred years of Sadduceanism had failed to achieve: the subject was debated in the Upper House of Convocation. Here was the Church of England addressing itself at last to the troubled questioning and the bitter cry of broken hearts throughout the Empire. There is a well-recognised and effective form in which the Church provides an answer to such inquiries if it has any answer to give; it promulgates a doctrine, it appoints a day or a season for its memorial, and furnishes prayers, lections and instructions for its due observance. Aroun` such a provision there gradually accumulates a wealth of deepening knowledge, growing consolation, and intensifying faith. But that is very far from representing the answer of the Upper House of Convocation. They passed a resolution that Prayers for the Departed might be allowed, but on no account would they permit the special day of commemoration to have a place in the Calendar. The echoes of such a hesitating response could not reach very far. A few Prayers for the Departed made their appearance in some of the forms issued by authority, timid allusions to the subject began to be heard here and there, but at the great service of thanksgiving held in St. Paul's Cathedral on the conclusion of the armistice the only reference to those who had given their lives to defend us was (presumably) contained in the hymn 'For all the Saints,' sung, of course, to a 'good' tune, to which fifteen thousand people listened in silence. If Barnby's 'thin or perhaps rowdy '[11] tune had been used, we can imagine what a tumult of memory and thanksgiving would have filled the Cathedral, even if there could not be permitted in St. Paul's any suggestion of prayer for those who have gone before us. And yet the Cathedral Chapter has two representatives in Convocation, a fact which shows how difficult it is for the decisions of that body to

[11] Page 49.

reach their destination or how unconvincing they are when they get there.

The usual and inevitable result has followed. As the Church has no clear message on the subject, and its members knock in vain at the doors of authority for guidance and instruction, they have gone elsewhere to find an answer to questionings which cannot be silenced. There has sprung up what is called 'spiritualism,' and increasing numbers have been seeking there comfort and assurance in their sorrow. The authorities of the Church had no word to give them of that Eucharistic communion by which those on earth have sacramental intercourse with those who have crossed the flood, and there has been sought instead the fellowship of automatic writing and the brotherhood of dislocated furniture. It is useless for Churchmen to wring their hands in helpless deprecation of such proceedings. The only way to prevent them is to make sufficient provision for the truth, and it is not adequately enunciated by the whispered asides of this or that bishop and vague hints that after all there may be something more behind the veil than has been recently recognised. The teaching of Christ extends to the unseen world. It is the business of the Church to expound and codify that teaching, to embody it in a form in which it may be grasped by the hearts of simple people, and to provide a scheme of observance by which it shall enter into the habitual thoughts of the nation.

It is just the same with the ministrations to the sick and the dying. One may be permitted to wonder how many clergymen have ever used the 'Service for the Visitation of the Sick' as it stands. Judging by the number of private manuals which have been published to supersede it, the service in the Prayer Book must be generally felt to be inadequate. But in nothing is it more lacking than in the omission of the unction of the sick and dying which was apparently enjoined by Christ Himself.[12] In all illness, extreme or otherwise, anointing was to accompany prayer. The authorities of the Church (this is entirely a matter for the bishops) have been content that the unction should cease. But the laity have felt strongly that Christianity has a clearer message and a more powerful aid in sickness than is contained in the maimed rites of the Church of England. 'Christian science' has now come to occupy that ground. It has formed itself into a Church in which the healing of the body is the primary fact. This want of proportion has necessarily thrown all the rest of their Christian tenets into disarray, and a curious system of dogma has arisen. But once more, it is futile for Churchmen to bewail such distortion of the truth. There always will be

[12] St. Mark vi. 13, St. James v. 14, 15.

squatters on the waste places which have been deserted by the Church.

Amid much that has been left unprovided for by the Church, there is no department of human life which has been so neglected, excluded, and even outraged, as the imaginative and aesthetic faculties. Their enormous power over the movements of every personality has been very generally recognised, but perhaps it is only of late years that their right to be numbered among the reasonable forces of life has become an accepted opinion. Those who are strongly intellectual have always despised, dreaded, and endeavoured to suppress the influence which these faculties wield.

> One cannot but be sensible [says Bishop Butler] how difficult it is to silence imagination enough to make the voice of reason even distinctly heard . . . we are accustomed, from our youth up, to indulge that forward delusive faculty, ever obtruding beyond its sphere; of some assistance indeed to apprehension, but the author of all error. . . .[13]

A different estimate would be given in our time of the value of the imagination, but no one would question this statement of its power. The treatment which these faculties have received from the authorities of the Church is one of the most painful chapters in its history. And there is the less excuse for it that some considerable care was taken in the drawing up of the Prayer Book to continue and preserve the aesthetic values which the Church had always maintained. Whoever opens his Prayer Book at the beginning of Morning Prayer will find this simple and straightforward enactment staring him in the face on the opposite page: '. . . the chancels shall remain as they have done in times past. And here is to be noted that such Ornaments of the Church, and of the Ministers thereof, at all times of their Ministration, shall be retained and be in use, as were in this Church of *England*, by the Authority of Parliament, in the Second Year of the Reign of King *Edward* the Sixth.'[14] It is hard to unravel the different aims and motives which made this provision to be a dead letter in the tumultuous history of the sixteenth century. It is probably enough to say that to minds absorbed with controversy about abstract dogmas such things seemed, as they did to Bishop Butler, to be a delusion and a snare. Nevertheless the enactment has been kept in the successive editions of the Authoritative Book; and every clergyman has to make oath and say: 'in public Prayer and administration of the Sacraments, I will use the form in the said Book prescribed, and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority.'

[13] Butler, *Analogy*, Ch. i.

[14] Book of Common Prayer, 'Ornaments Rubric' on the page opposite the beginning of Morning Prayer.

The inevitable consequence of making all clergymen take an oath that they will carry out an explicit order which is not being carried out, is that sooner or later someone will try to do it. But so strong is the force of custom that this process did not begin until about 1850. The history of the movement need not be recounted here. From first to last the Upper House of Convocation set their faces against it. They reproved, reprimanded, and inhibited; they brought the movers into the Ecclesiastical Courts, which declared that the movement was justified; they haled them into the Civil Courts,[15] which gave judgment that the words which anyone can read meant the exact opposite of what they said.[16] On the strength of this, several clergymen were sent to prison. It was not till 1907, after thirty years of shame and bitter controversy, that the Upper House of Convocation decided that it was time to inquire into the whole matter. The learned Sub-Committee which they appointed to elucidate the obvious reported in a treatise of more than one hundred pages that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was mistaken and that the unfortunate clergymen were right.[17] Perhaps they felt that it was neither safe nor seemly to contradict the Privy Council with a less voluminous apparatus. It is not an easy thing to convince a supreme court that it has been ill-informed, and five bishops could hardly forget that there is such a thing as *præmunire* and as the dungeons of the Tower. All this is anci nt history except for the fact that one bishop is at the present moment proceeding against clergymen who try to obey the rubric as it stands. But the common sense of the country has accepted the plain meaning of the words as against the subtleties with which it was obscured, and most of the bishops themselves now use the ornaments which they formerly repressed.[18] But though on this particular point there has been a change, there has been none whatever on the whole question of ministrations to and through the aesthetic faculties. In every other department of life their necessity and utility are recognised, but not in the service of religion. The late Dr. Bradley, Dean of Westminster, was once inveighing against a church which he had visited. A statue of the Blessed Virgin was erected in it, before which members of the congregation deposited floral tributes. He was shocked and incredulous on being informed that the same thing was to be seen in Westminster Abbey; but on going to the North Transept, it being

[15] 1 Cor. vi. 5-8.

[16] Ridsdale *v.* Clifton. Judicial Committee of the Privy Council 1877.

[17] Report of the Sub-Committee appointed Feb. 1907 to draw up a Historical Memorandum on the Ornaments of the Church and its Ministers, page 90 (S.P.C.K.).

[18] Galatians i. 23, 24.

Primrose Day, he was shown the statue of Lord Beaconsfield with flowers placed before it. 'That,' he said, 'is an entirely different thing.' Yet until our rulers grasp the fact that this is not an entirely different thing, but precisely the same thing, they are not likely to address themselves to the great untended area of the imaginative faculties. It is possible that a good many people would regard the Mother of our Lord somewhat more highly than they do the departed statesman. But that appreciation is a question of degree, not a difference of kind. Again, we constantly find the authorities of the cathedrals gathering together groups of working men and 'showing them round the Cathedral.' It gives them 'such a splendid lesson in English History to visit, and have explained to them, the tombs of the kings.' Undoubtedly it does. But the Education Department has now taken over the care of that business, and it might seem that these clergymen would spend their time more appropriately in taking the working men of England round the Stations of the Cross and explaining to them what has been done by Christ for us men and for our salvation. The pictures have a message for the imagination (if not always for the aesthetic faculty) which no mere words could deliver.

There is no indication at present that the authorities of the Church are likely to take a more liberal view of such methods than that which has dominated them in the past. There seem to be only one or two bishops, so far as we know, who are large-minded enough to be willing that their dioceses should have ministrations which do not appeal to their own spiritual needs. In consequence, we are unhappily threatened with a recrudescence of that conflict between repression on the one hand and impatience on the other which has for so many years wasted the energies of the Church and brought it into contempt. There is a widespread and energetic demand that the Blessed Sacrament should be used for Exposition and Benediction, but the Upper House of Convocation in dealing with the question of its reservation for the sick has emphatically ordered that it may not be used for any other purpose whatsoever. It is difficult to understand why such a restriction should be imposed. Of course it is intelligible if, as seems to be the case,[19] the bishops do not believe that the Presence of Christ is permanently associated with the Consecrated Bread and Wine, but that there is merely an evanescent Presence in the Sacrament created metaphysically by the faith of the Church. Addressing itself to such people, the Church of England, in an admirable rubric at the end of its Communion

[19] Gore, *The Body of Christ*, pp. 150 ff., and cf. *The Chronicle of Convocation*, Feb. 1917, No. 1, p. 121 (S.P.C.K.).

Service, declares that to those who reduce the Sacraments to mere physical substances, of whatever kind, the whole subject of eucharistic adoration must 'be misconstrued and depraved'; but the Church itself entertains a different idea according to which the Sacrament is constituted by God in the act of consecration, and faith is the faculty by which men appropriate a gift already prepared.[20] It holds therefore that kneeling is an attitude by which profanation and disorder are avoided; profanation, if there should be a want of the homage which is due,[21] and disorder in the arrangement and attitude of the Communicants. Other reasons assigned for this refusal seem to be singularly insufficient. It is alleged that men have no right to use the Sacrament for a purpose for which it was not explicitly ordained. The suppressed premiss here is that the gifts of God may not be developed for any purposes beyond those for which they were obviously bestowed. In this case we are doing wickedly when we turn water into steam. The theory cuts at the root of all human progress. The problem was, indeed, originally felt on the threshold of civilisation in the story of Prometheus, and was answered when Aeschylus produced his tragedy on the subject. The real hindrance which stands in the way of all this kind of effort is that much of it is used and some of it is invented by the Roman Catholic Church. Like all the other sects the Roman Church has isolated itself from the rest of Christendom in favour of a particular tenet which it has exalted above every other consideration. To Luther justification by faith, to Wesley justification by feeling, to Christian Science bodily healing, to Spiritualism intercourse with the dead, and to Rome the Papacy, forms the test of a standing or a falling Church. It is inevitable that when a subordinate fact, and that a mere question of organisation, is made the centre of gravity, the whole body of truth should be thrown out of proportion. This has been so completely the case with the Church of Rome that in the late War it showed itself incapable of judging between true and false issues of morality and justice and was found in the ranks of the enemy, fighting, as we must think, against God. But it is impossible that any denomination professing and practising Christianity should not find out useful methods for the presentation of abstract truth to the minds of men, and the Roman Church is confessedly a past-master in its appeal to the imaginative and aesthetic faculties. The Church of England and some Nonconformists have gathered into their treasuries 'The Three Hours' Service,' an invention of the Jesuits for Good Friday; the service has indeed become a kind of cult, used in many places where it is entirely unsuitable, and it seems deplorable that at

[20] Article XXVIII. [21] 1 Cor. xi. 29.

a time like this, when the Church should get into touch with every movement of human life, the fragments of a prejudice thus already broken down should be an obstacle to useful work.

It cannot, however, be too clearly understood that in an Episcopal Church every public ministration which is not provided in the Prayer Book lies entirely and absolutely within the discretion of the Bishop of the Diocese. Clergy and laity who engage in extra-liturgical services without his sanction are in disorder. Many excuses are propounded for action of this kind, but they cannot stand before the Catholic principle of the bishop's *jus liturgicum*. That every presbyter is also a bishop is the differentiating theory of the Presbyterians; that a particular parish may act without its diocesan is Congregationalism; but in the mind of the Church the Bishop is the Sacerdos of the Diocese and all other officials are his representatives ministering under his licence. The clergy of the Church of England have certain safeguards, such as the 'Parson's freehold,' but these provisions belong rather to their civil rights as Englishmen under the general laws of contract, than to anything belonging to the distinctive organisation of the Church. There is nothing like them in any other denomination, where the clergy can be dismissed by a stroke of the Bishop's pen or by the machinations of the leading grocer attending the chapel. The Roman bishops have surrendered their liberties by their submission to the Papacy, and the English bishops have limited theirs by accepting the Acts of Uniformity, but outside these conditions they have fully assumed their authority, they have indeed exercised it without those accompaniments by which a jurisdiction essentially despotic receives something of a constitutional character.

Diocesan Synods are intended to be assemblies in which the bishop shall hear all sides of a question discussed, and so shall be able to make decisions in full accordance with all the needs of the time. But these modifications have been discarded in England, and the bishops act more or less aloof from the constituencies which they serve. It follows from this arrangement that the responsibility for results rests entirely with them. Those who work under them have the right to express their opinions (as is being done here), but nobody except the bishop has any responsibility for the effectual working of the Church. It would be well if the bishops would remember this when they proclaim that the Church is a failure, and that earnest clergy and laity would also remember it instead of going about as if they were apostles burdened with the care of all the churches.

But we may properly point out that if it is desired to meet the needs of the new age, if those who direct the policy of the Church want to win and to educate the spiritual aspirations which

have always been latent in the hearts of Englishmen, but which the War has done something to evoke, it is necessary to provide that the Church shall make a larger appeal and exercise a much wider ministry than it has done in recent years. This cannot be done by botching the Prayer Book or tinkering with the organisation. Such patchwork may or may not be useful within its own area, but real extension can be achieved only by occupying new ground. The Church can win men only by ministering to their spiritual impulses. It should take a lesson from the proceedings of those ancient Universities with whose spirit it is so deeply imbued. For many years they served a narrow clique; but at last they resolved to serve the nation as a whole and to occupy the entire field of knowledge. We can imagine the feelings of a Senior Classic of the old order when his University founded a Tripos for Modern Languages, a School of Engineering, and began to lecture on Forestry and Chinese. In the same way some of us may feel a measure of discomfort and disquietude if the Church of England should extend its borders and claim to exercise the rights and power of comprehensiveness which, even when they are latent, essentially belong to it as part of the Catholic Church. This comprehensiveness has always been our duty. It was Ananias and Sapphira who brought into the Church part of the treasure which had been entrusted to them, declaring that it was the whole, and all those who meet in this spirit the call of the new world upon which we are entering, and deal in this fashion with its manifold claims upon the Church, will incur a fearful responsibility according to the measure of their power.

FRANCIS LEITH BOYD.

THE BOLSHEVIK AND HIS PRISONERS

SOME IMPRESSIONS IN THE FORTRESS OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL

DURING the twenty-five years of my life in Russia I frequently gazed at the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, and listened to the tales of horrible deeds perpetrated within those grim grey walls. But little did I think that I, a peaceable British subject, would ever be one of its tenants.

How came I to be arrested, on the charge of murder, and sentenced to be shot in a few hours, on the 31st of August last? I started off from home on a fine afternoon, carrying a small packet of sandwiches, as I intended, after calling at the British Embassy on business, to walk to the Elagin Island and the Point, and stroll about the Parks there. Almost everyone in Petrograd knows the red building where the Embassy is housed, bounded on one side by the French Quay, and on the other by the Mars Plain. I arrived there about 4.15; having finished my business, I was just preparing to go out of the small reception-room which leads on to the principal staircase, when I heard a great hubbub and shouting. Suddenly a band of villainous-looking men, dressed as sailors, and led by commissaries, all armed with revolvers, burst into the room where I was with two members of the Consular Staff, and surrounded us, crying 'Hands up, or we fire.' We all put up our hands, and were led into the principal room, where most of the Consular Staff had already been rounded up. Still with hands up I was marched past the line of officials, and put near the door leading to the private reception-room of our former Ambassador (Sir George Buchanan). No sooner had I been placed into line, than from the direction of the principal staircase a tremendous shooting commenced. Immediately all the commissaries rushed out, I presume, to see what was the matter; and, as I supposed this was the signal for the cold-blooded murder of every one of us, still with hands up I sought for a way of escape. I wandered into the next room, and from thence through a corridor, where I saw another commissary who had been shot, holding his stomach and screaming out that he was dying. I made my way down a back staircase, and was

surprised at the bottom by another band of sailors, all shrieking 'Shoot him, shoot him!' However, they did not shoot me, but instead dragged me down the stairs into the yard, then through a gateway and round by the back of the Embassy, along the side by the Suvoroff Square, and on to the Quay, where I was hustled into an open motor. All the time the sailors were screaming 'Hands up, or we'll shoot you!' One of them was told off to escort me to the Gorokhovaya Street, No. 2, the headquarters of the (so-called) 'Committee for dealing with Counter-Revolution and Speculation.' As we jolted madly along (there is no speed-limit for Bolsheviki) in the car, my brutal-looking captor held his revolver close to my forehead, threatening every moment to blow out my brains, and using all the vile epithets he knew (a Russian Bolshevik does know a lot of these), the least offensive being 'cursed Englishman' and 'English brigand'! He also informed me I was to be shot, in revenge for the murder of his comrades at Murman and Archangel, and likewise for those who were killed at the Embassy. In the confusion I had left my hat behind, and must have presented a weird spectacle to the on-lookers, as I sat in the car, with hair flying in the wind, and a mad sailor raving at me and waving his revolver about. Seeing my parcel of sandwiches dangling by a string from my finger, he suddenly snatched it from me, screaming 'That's a bomb!' When I tried to explain that it was no bomb, but plain sand-wiches, he crushed them in his hand and threw them in my face. Upon our arrival at Gorokhovaya, No. 2, I was hustled into a room on the ground floor, and the first person whom I saw was Mr. Woodhouse, the British Consul, who had been arrested the evening before, in the street on his way home. I was kept in this room for two hours, and then, after having been relieved of my passport, was shown into a small upper room, where I found the whole of the Consular Staff and the officers of the British Mission in Petrograd, and also the Rev. Mr. Lombard, the clergy-man of the English Church. They had all been arrested at the Embassy and kept there under guard for about two hours; and, finally, had been marched through the streets, convoyed by Red Guards. From them I heard an account of all that had occurred at the Embassy, and of the murder of Captain Cromie, the naval officer who was formerly in charge of the British submarines in the Baltic. For some time previous the Bolsheviki had been in search of Captain Cromie, but he seems to have borne a charmed life, and until this time had managed to evade his pursuers. He was in the Embassy at the time of the raid, a fact of which his enemies, well informed by their spies, seem to have been aware. They are desperate men, many of them criminals of the worst type, and they stick at nothing. It is supposed that the sailors, at the command of the commissaries, attempted to arrest the

Captain. It is not definitely known who fired the first shot, but, in consequence, the Captain was killed and his body mutilated by these ruffians. Their own report says that Captain Cromie shot three commissaries, one of whom was killed.

After waiting another couple of hours, we were taken out, one by one, for examination. As I happened to be nearest the door, I was chosen as the first victim, and led into the presence of two ferocious-looking Jews, acting as interrogating commissaries, and ordered to answer the questions put to me. The first commissary began to abuse me with all the vile language at his command, and demanded to know why England was making war upon the Bolsheviki and shooting down their comrades in Murman and Archangel; why our Government was plotting in Russia with the White Guards and the Czecho-Slovaks and all the Counter-Revolutionary parties; and how we dared to plan and commit the murder of their comrade Uritzky. I told him that, as a peaceable British subject, during the whole of my twenty-five years' sojourn in Russia, I had never interfered with Russia's internal politics, and if he wanted an answer to his charges, he must apply to the British Government through its ministers, as I was responsible only for my own actions. He then accused me of being in the Embassy for the purpose of plotting against the Bolsheviki, and of taking part in the shooting of their comrades there. This I denied, whereupon the second Jew, sitting on the opposite side of the room, screamed out that I was a liar, and that he had seen me in the act of shooting from a revolver, which I had subsequently thrown down, and then had run away. I asked him to speak according to his conscience, and refrain from lying, upon which he became still more furious. After writing out a protocol, in which I gave a true statement of my reasons for being in the Embassy, and related all I had seen there, I was ordered out into an anteroom, and told to await further examination. After another hour had passed, I was summoned into the presence of the second commissary, the one who had charged me with shooting in the Embassy. In the meantime he had changed rooms, and received me alone. He was in an absolute rage, and behaved like a madman, flourishing his revolver, and threatening to shoot me on the spot, asserting that all British people were deceitful and cunning swine, and finally assuring me that the Bolsheviki intended to organise a rising in England. He swore repeatedly, that within an hour I should be shot like a dog, and, in proof of this, wrote out my death warrant in red ink, a sure sign of 'smert' (death).

After this I was taken to the commandant, and shown into a room near the top of the building, containing about twenty bedsteads, with dirty mattresses, but no bedding. The room was

crowded, I counted ninety-seven people. There were a few wooden benches standing near the walls, and with difficulty I managed to secure a seat on one of these. The place was filthy beyond description, and infested with all manner of vermin. All the prisoners were dumped down together. There were murderers, and thieves of the lowest possible type, rubbing elbows with officers of the former army; princes, counts, barons, members of old aristocratic families, members of the former government, generals etc., well-educated people, their only crime being that they were intellectuals, and consequently counter-revolutionists. To be educated and to occupy any position of trust and authority is an all-sufficient reason for arrest and imprisonment. No food was given to us, and my only means of sustenance, for two days, were the two small sandwiches I had on me when arrested, and which the Bolsheviki graciously allowed me to retain. On the Monday afternoon I was allowed to have a small parcel of food from home.

On Tuesday all the British and French, along with some of the Russian aristocrats, were ordered to assemble for removal elsewhere; and then we learnt that we were to be marched, guarded by a strong force of Red Guards, to the much-dreaded Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. All the tales of horror, suffering and inhumanity, which I had heard and read of, in the dreaded dungeons, rose before my mind like an awful nightmare; and I asked myself, could it be possible that a body of free-born Britons were to be subjected to such cruelty and ignominy? However, we determined to show them we were not afraid of anything they might do to us, and we tried to laugh and joke and keep a cheerful countenance. So much so, that we were told it was no joking matter, as we should discover for ourselves. In the yard we were formed up in fours, and, closely guarded, were marched out under a strong escort, the members of the Consulate in front, and the civilians in the rear. Just as I was stepping out of the gateway into the street, I saw my younger daughter, who had been waiting five hours outside the prison, with food for me. She had repeatedly begged the Red Guards to let it through, but they had refused and threatened to shoot her. She bravely stuck to her post, and was at length rewarded by seeing us marched out. She rushed past the guard, and slipped the parcel into my hand, which was a mercy, as I got no other food for four days. We were marched, like felons, along the road to our destination, fully a mile away. We tried to keep up our spirits, and show cheerful faces, and many were the looks of pity and sympathy we got from the people along the line of march; but so cowed is everyone by the inhuman brutalities of the Bolsheviki, that none dared openly show their sympathy. I noticed several

ladies crying as we passed, and one, when she saw us, put up her hands and covered her face to shut out the sight. All the time my daughter walked alongside on the parapet, but was not allowed to come near us in the roadway; and when we came to the gates of the Fortress, I called out and bade her Goodbye, wondering if I ever should see her again.

All the way from the Gorokhovaya we had been escorted by a little Jew commissary of about seventeen years of age, seated in a powerful and elegant motor. He handed us over to the charge of the commandant of the Fortress, also quite a youth, who gave himself a lot of airs, and seemed, judging from his accent, to be a Lett from the Baltic provinces. With a supercilious smile he gave the order to form in twos. All the while I was wondering where we were to be placed, whether beneath the level of the river or not. To my intense relief we were marched to the Troubetskoy Bastion, to a corridor leading to the upper cells; corridor after corridor we traversed, meeting the anxious gaze of prisoners, peering out of the peep-holes in the cell-doors. It was a ghastly sight—those white faces of poor starving creatures, worn out by months of hunger and suspense and brutal treatment, their big staring eyes almost starting out of their sockets. We went on and on, through all the length of the passages, until five of us Englishmen were ordered to halt opposite the last cell but one, No. 71. The guard opened the cell-door, and what a sight met our eyes! Fifteen men, all Russians, were lying on the cold, damp floor, and we were nearly suffocated by the foul air of the place. Can you imagine a cell originally constructed for one person, measuring ten feet by twenty, and about eight feet in height, with a small barred window set near the ceiling; a little door, with a peep-hole near the centre, just big enough for a head to pass through; one small iron bedstead, minus mattress, bedclothes or pillows; a little iron table riveted to the whitewashed wall; and floor of cement. Twenty men were confined in this small space! The only place to lie or sit was on the cold floor, swarming with vermin of various kinds. Most of the Russians had been months in this prison, and were mere skeletons, too weak to stand up, having tasted no food for four days. They were utterly dispirited and broken down, and dirty and filthy in the extreme, and what crime had they committed? Some had been officers in the former army; some had refused to join the Red Army. They were all intellectuals, who had had the misfortune to spring from good families. None had been guilty of taking up arms against the Bolsheviki. Most of them were fine fellows, and as soon as they learnt we were British they squeezed up closer together, giving us the best places on the floor; but what a tight place was that cell, not an inch

to spare, we were indeed 'cribbed, cabined, and confined,' and the air, as they say, you could have cut with a knife.

We had many interesting discussions with our Russian fellow-sufferers. Most of them spoke English, some fluently, as well as French, German, and Russian. The whole burden of their cry was, When are the English soldiers coming, to liberate us from the brutal tyranny of the Bolsheviki and the Red Army? Parcels of food had been brought for them by relations and friends, but the commandant refused to deliver them to the prisoners. Crowds of people, mothers, sisters, wives, asking for news of their dear ones, or bringing food and warm clothing for them, were driven away from the Fortress gates, and threatened with shooting or arrest. My daughter brought me a basket of provisions on the sixth day of my internment, but only after three days was I allowed to have it, when the cutlets had gone bad and were alive with maggots; and during this period all the nourishment I received was half a pint of liquid, misnamed soup, consisting of warm water, a few small bits of cabbage, and two or three rotten dried fish, like minnows. By bribing one of the soldiers, we got a message through to the Dutch Minister (who, after the attack on the British Legation, had been put in charge of British interests), and he went to the Bolshevik headquarters and protested. After this our parcels from home were taken to the Dutch Legation twice a week, and brought in the Legation motor by Mrs. Oudendyk, the wife of the Minister, to the back gate of the Fortress; and a few of the British prisoners were let out of the cells and allowed to bring the parcels straight to us. I wish to say here, how much we are indebted to the Dutch Minister and Mrs. Oudendyk. Had it not been for his energy and insistence, most of us would assuredly have been shot. In fact, for some hours after our arrest, our lives were not worth a moment's purchase. I was told this after my release from the Fortress, by Mr. Oudendyk himself. To Mrs. Oudendyk we owe a deep debt of gratitude for all her sympathy and kindness to us (by the way she is an Englishwoman). We endeavoured to cheer up our Russian fellow-prisoners, but hope had deserted their hearts, and all were depressed and discouraged by months of suffering and acute hunger and cruel treatment. The Bolsheviki have employed every form of cruelty it is possible to devise, and gloat over the sufferings of their victims. The movement is run almost exclusively by Jews. Nearly every commissary is a Jew, and nearly all speak English, most of them with an American accent.

To return to my own particular story, on the third night of my imprisonment in the Fortress we were awakened by the Red Guard singing out in the corridors, that we were to dress

and get all our things together (as a matter of fact we never undressed at all, but slept in our clothes). The cell-doors were unlocked, and we were told to form in twos in the corridor. The news passed round that we were to be taken down to the Neva and taken in barges to the much-dreaded Cronstadt. I cannot express the agony in my mind as we were driven at a trot to the entrance of the Fortress. Old men, of seventy and eighty years of age, were clubbed by the Red Guards with the butt-ends of their rifles, many were knocked half-senseless, and were unable to rise. The fiendish Guards kicked them about, with all the foulest oaths imaginable ordering them to get up, and pulling out their revolvers and threatening to shoot them. Several old priests were tottering along, bent double under the weight of their rugs and bundles. The guards seized some of them by their long white beards, and dragged them along, more dead than alive. Just as we got to the entrance, the order was given for the British and French prisoners to be taken back to their cells. Till this day, how my heart aches, when I think of the dreadful fate of those fine young fellow-prisoners of mine! How I had learnt to admire their kindly and lovable natures, and their gentle and gentlemanly bearing; not a word of reproach against their torturers. Sadly and silently they left us, with a clasp of the hand and a friendly Good-bye. Afterwards we learnt that most of them had been thrown overboard on the way to Cronstadt, and the rest, who can tell where they are (if any are left alive)? One anxious old mother, who came day after day to the Fortress gate, begging for some news of her son, was at last told to pray for his soul. Most of the survivors were shot, and a few may be left, slowly dying in the damp dungeons of Cronstadt. Many bodies were washed up on the Finnish coast, bound together, two and two, with barbed wire.

We were marched back to our cells, and all the British were placed together, ten persons in each cell. This was an improvement, and the air became decidedly purer, and we at once commenced to clean up. We got water from the tap in the cell-wall, found some empty bottles left by the Russians, filled these with water, which we poured on to the floor, mopping up the dirt with old newspapers. By dint of hard scrubbing we managed to remove some of the crust, and glimpses of the original cell-floor began to show through. Our friends from outside had sent in disinfectants, and we commenced a war on the lice and vermin, but, so numerous were they, we never got entirely rid of them. To while away the time, we sang, like Paul and Silas, but no earthquake nor any other disturbance came to release us. We sang hymns, 'God save the King,' 'Rule, Britannia,' and other patriotic songs. The Red Guards came to

the peep-holes in our doors, and angrily ordered us to stop. We took no notice, but sang all the louder. Then they threatened to shoot us from the doorway, and we told them to shoot and be hanged to them. They came again and asked us to stop it, calling us 'Comrades.' We replied that we were no comrades of theirs, but honest British citizens; and giving up in despair they let us alone. We had amongst us the correspondents of the *Standard*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily Express*, and *Morning Post*. The *Daily Chronicle* correspondent in our cell managed, by bribing the soldiers, to get out two letters to his paper; but his third, we have reason to believe, was caught. Certainly the Red Army man never appeared on guard again. We wrote our names and the date of our entry on the cell walls.

We found many inscriptions written by well-known Russians who had been imprisoned by the Bolsheviki, amongst them Burtseff, the Revolutionist, who had suffered under the Tsardom, only to be denounced later by the Bolsheviki as a reactionary and counter-revolutionist. On the wall, just over the table, was a pathetic piece of writing, to this effect: 'On [such a date, which I forget] Shingareff, one of the leaders of the Cadet party (or Constitutional-Democrats), was taken away from here. I bade him Goodbye, and have never seen him since. Alas, poor Russia!' It will be remembered that Shingareff and another Cadet leader, Kokoshkin, were taken away from the Fortress in January 1918, and conveyed to one of the hospitals, on the excuse of illness, where one night they were brutally murdered by the order of the Bolsheviki. A few cells away were confined some Generals of the old army, together with some members of the old nobility. One of the Generals was over eighty years of age, with a long white beard, a most patriarchal-looking old fellow with a kindly face, whom I met several times, on the rare occasions when we were let out of the cells for a five-minutes' walk in the corridor. These people were particularly obnoxious to the Commandant and the Red Guards, and, with devilish ingenuity, they invented the following mode of persecution. Orders were given to seal up the little opening in the window, about five inches by four inches and the only means by which outside air can enter the cells. Next they sealed up the little peep-hole in the door and left the cell absolutely hermetically closed for two days, and not a particle of food was given to the poor unfortunate prisoners. At the end of two days the few women whose business it is to take round the soup begged the commandant to open the cell, when they found most of its occupants unconscious, and the rest unable to stand. They had crawled up to the cell door, trying to save their lives by breathing the little air which came from underneath. Truly it has been

said that the Bolsheviki are devils in human form. No one was allowed to visit us, nor were we ever allowed outside for a breath of fresh air. Sometimes once in a week, sometimes once a fortnight, we were let out in the corridor for about five minutes, but as the corridor was dark and damp and foul in the extreme, it did us no good, but we were glad of it as it gave us a chance to talk things over with our comrades from the other cells. We were in all thirty-four British; about half, including the Consular staff, were arrested at the Legation; of the rest some were taken in the streets and some from their homes.

The day after my arrest a commissary drove up to my house in a motor along with some Red Guards and demanded to search the place. My younger daughter refused to allow them in and held the door, whereupon the commissary ordered the guards to remove her, which they promptly did, throwing her forcibly across the room and threatening to shoot her. They took from the house 18,000 roubles in money and 12,200 roubles' worth of goods which they 'nationalised.' In addition they took from my pocket-book, when I was arrested, 1140 roubles; and as up to my departure from Petrograd I did not get it back, I presume they have also nationalised that. We were cut off from all means of communication with the outside world. No letters were allowed to be sent in or out of the prison. I have already told how we circumvented this. Newspapers were also prohibited, but we bribed the guards to get us these. Only three newspapers, the official organs of the Bolsheviki, are published; and they have an elaborate agency which suppresses all inconvenient facts and exaggerates all news in their favour and manufactures lying statements. All the other papers have been suppressed long ago, their offices and printing machinery taken over by the Bolsheviki, and their editors put in prison, and many of them are lingering there yet. And these (the Bolsheviki) are the very people who not long ago were inviting the sympathy of the world in their struggles for a free press and freedom of speech! What a travesty!

We read in the *Northern Commune* Mr. Balfour's note to the Bolsheviki—sent through the Dutch Minister—demanding the punishment of Captain Cromie's murderers, and the immediate release of all the British prisoners, and declaring the Bolsheviki outlaws. We were much cheered thereby, and the Russian prisoners were delighted. Chicherin's impertinent reply to this note was also printed in this paper. At the end of four weeks, the members of the Consulate and the officers, seventeen in all, were liberated, and, while glad for their sakes, we were a little depressed for our own. Three more weeks passed drearily

by, and in the meantime my health had broken down. I had an attack of bronchitis, brought on by the damp and cold, my nerves gave way, and my heart was affected, as the result of the trying conditions under which I was arrested and the ordeal of expecting to be shot.

On Sunday, October the 20th, at midday, just as I was having a bite of food, I heard my name sung out by the guard on watch in the corridor, who ordered me to dress at once and collect my things together. My preparations took me no more than two minutes, and with beating heart and nerves at breaking-point I followed the guard to the commandant's office. After waiting two and a half hours, I was given a document, the order of release. I staggered under my burden of bundles through the Fortress gateway, and as for fifty days I had not seen the sky nor enjoyed the fresh air, I was overcome. Faint and weary from weakness, I stumbled along, with head nearly bursting from the effects of the fresh air. I made my way home, ten miles away, where I utterly broke down. I felt that I required a quiet rest and a sojourn in England, a land of real liberty and freedom; and I pray God she may be kept from the blighting and monstrous inhumanities, the murders and robberies of the travesty of a system known as Bolshevism, which is really Socialism run mad.

HENRY PEARSON.

THE DIRECT ACTION OF ENVIRONMENT AND EVOLUTION

[Since this article was written Prince Kropotkin, whose efforts on behalf of the Russian people forty years ago resulted in his imprisonment in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, has been incarcerated in the same prison by the accursed Bolshevists who now misrepresent that people. The Editor is unable to obtain any news of Prince Kropotkin, but there is only too much reason to fear that he has been murdered in the name of those whom he befriended.]

There can be no doubt that species may become greatly modified through the direct action of environment. I have some excuse for not having formerly insisted more strongly on this head in my *Origin of Species*, as most of the best facts have been observed since its publication.—DARWIN, *Life and Letters*, iii. 232.

WHEN we cast a general glance upon the work accomplished during the last half-century in connexion with the theory of evolution, we see that the question which underlay most of the theoretical discussions and inspired most of the study of Nature and experimental research was the great fundamental question as to the part played by the Direct Action of Environment in the evolution of new species. This question was one of the absorbing thoughts of Darwin in the later years of his life, and it was one of the chief preoccupations amongst his followers.

A mass of researches having been made in this direction, I analysed them in a series of articles published in this Review during the last seven years. Beginning with the evolution of the conceptions of Darwin himself and most evolutionists about Natural Selection,[1] I next gave an idea of the observations and experiments by which the modifying powers of a changing physical environment were established beyond doubt.[2] Then I discussed the attempt made by Weismann to prove that these changes could not be inherited, and the failure of this attempt.[3] And finally I examined the experiments that had been made to ascertain how far the changes produced by a modified environ-

[1] *Nineteenth Century and After*, January 1910.

[2] 'The Direct Action of Environment in Plants,' July 1910; and 'The Response of Animals to their Environment,' November and December 1910.

[3] 'Inheritance of Acquired Characters: Theoretical Difficulties,' March 1912.

ment are inherited.[4] What we have to do now is to consider the conclusions which may be drawn from all these researches and discussions.

I

When Darwin was leaving England for a cruise in the *Beagle* he was warned by one of his friends that he must not let himself be influenced by what he might see in Nature in favour of the variability of the species. 'None of these French theories,' he was told (I quote from memory), which meant: 'Nothing of the ideas of Buffon, Lamarck, and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, according to whom the direct action of the ever-changing conditions of life originated the infinite variety of vegetable and animal forms peopling the globe.'

Darwin carefully observed Nature and studied its life, and he felt the spell of 'the French ideas.' And both in 1842, when he wrote a first sketch of his conceptions about evolution,[5] and in 1859, when he published his *Origin of Species*, where he insisted upon the dominating part played in the evolution of new forms by Natural Selection, he indicated at the same time the part that is played by the Buffon-Lamarckian factor—the Direct Action of Environment. Lyell even reproached him with the 'Lamarckism' of the *Origin of Species*. However, at that time Darwin postponed a thorough discussion of the subject to a work on Variation, for which he was collecting materials. Only nine years later he published the first part of this work; but in the meantime, already in the third edition of the *Origin of Species*, he felt bound to introduce important matter dealing with the direct action of environment. His great work on *Variation*, as well as the sixth edition of *Origin of Species*, contained, in fact, a straightforward recognition of the importance of the environment-factor in the evolution of new species. He did not hesitate to admit that in certain cases 'definite' and 'cumulative' variation under the influence of environment could be so effective for originating new varieties and species adapted to the new environment, that the rôle of Natural Selection would be quite secondary in these cases.

The reasons for such a modification of opinion were acknowledged by Darwin himself. In the 'fifties there were no works dealing on a scientific basis with variation in Nature; while Experimental Morphology, although it had been recommended already by Bacon,[6] was called into existence after the appearance

[4] 'Inherited Variations in Plants,' October 1914; and 'Inherited Variations in Animals,' November 1915.

[5] *The Foundations of the Origin of Species*, a sketch written in 1842. Edited by his son Francis Darwin. Cambridge 1909.

[6] In *Sylva Sylvarum* (*Works*, London 1824, section 526) the great founder of inductive science wrote: 'First, therefore, you must make account, that if you will have one plant change into another, you must have the nourish-

of Darwin's work. Still, the new data, rapidly accumulated in these two branches of research after 1859, were such as to convince Darwin of the importance of the direct action of environment, and he frankly acknowledged it.

Of course he did not abandon the fundamental conception of his *Origin of Species*. He continued to maintain that a purely individual, accidental variation *could* supply Natural Selection with the necessary materials for the evolution of new species. But he also had seriously pondered upon the following question that was raised by his first great work: Granting all that has been said about the importance of the struggle for existence—*Would Natural Selection be capable of increasing, or merely accentuating, from generation to generation a new useful feature, if this feature appeared accidentally, in a few individuals only, and was therefore submitted to the law of all accidental changes?* Is it not necessary, for obtaining a gradual increase of the new character, that some external cause should be acting in a definite direction for a number of generations upon the majority of the individuals of a given group, and its effects be transmitted more or less from one generation to the next?

The reply that Darwin gave to this question in 1868 in the revised (sixth) edition of his *Origin of Species* was pretty definitely in the affirmative. He wrote:

> It should not, however, be overlooked that certain rather strongly marked variations, which no one would rank as mere individual variations, frequently recur, owing to a similar organisation being similarly acted on—of which fact numerous instances could be given with our domestic productions. . . . There can also be no doubt that *the tendency to vary in the same manner has often been so strong that all individuals of the same species have been similarly modified without the aid of any form of selection.*[7]

Besides, everyone who will take the trouble (or rather, give himself the pleasure) of re-reading *Variation* will see that such a thing as an indefinite, haphazard variation, even with the aid of Natural Selection, hardly had any importance for the great founder of the theory of evolution at the time when he wrote this last work.[8] Over and over again he repeated in it that variability depended entirely upon the conditions of life; so that if the latter remained unaltered for several generations, 'there would be no variability, and consequently no scope for the work of Natural Selection.' And, on the other hand, where the same variation continually recurs, owing to 'the action of some strongly pre-

ment overrule [the inherited dispositions].... You shall do well, therefore, to take marsh-herbs, and plant them upon tops of hills and champaigns; and such plants as require much moisture, upon sandy and very dry grounds.... This is the first rule for transmutation of plants.'

[7] *Origin of Species*, 6th edition, p. 72; the italics are mine.

[8] See *Variation in Domesticated Animals and Plants*, vol. ii. pp. 289, 291. 300, 321, 322, 347, and so on, of the 1905 popular edition of Mr. Murray.

disposing cause,' *the appearance of new varieties is rendered possible, independently of Natural Selection.* In chapter xxiii. he gave the facts he was able to collect before 1868, 'rendering it probable that climate, food, etc., have acted so definitely and powerfully on the organisation of our domestic productions that new sub-varieties or races have been thus formed without the selection by man or Nature.' It is also evident that if Darwin had had at his disposal the data we have now he would not have limited his conclusions to domesticated plants and animals. He would have been able to extend them to variation in free Nature.

II

For the first twenty or thirty years after the appearance of the *Origin of Species* research was chiefly directed to the study of the direct action of environment as it works in free Nature and is made to work in our experiments. The chief result of these researches was to prove, first, that there are no such specific characters, either in plants or in animals, as could not be altered by modifying their physical conditions of life; and, second, that the variations obtained experimentally under certain conditions of heat or cold, dryness or moisture, rich or poor nutrition, and so on, were exactly those which are characteristic for animals and plants living in the Arctic and the Torrid zone, in a dry and in a wet climate, in fertile prairies and in deserts. It was thus proved that if a species of plants or animals migrated from a warmer into a cooler region, or from the sea-coast inland, or from a prairieland into a desert, *Variation itself amongst the new immigrants, apart from Natural Selection, would tend to create a variety representing an adaptation to the new conditions.* The same would happen if the climate of a given locality underwent a change for some physiographical reason. In both cases Natural Selection would thus play a quite subordinate part—that of a 'handmaid to Variation,' as Hooker wrote in one of his letters to Darwin. It would have only to weed out the weaklings—those who would not possess the necessary plasticity for undergoing the necessary changes in their tissues, their organs, and (with animals) in their habits.

The researches of those years having shown how the floras and the faunas of the Arctic barren lands, the Alpine summits, the African swamps, the sea-coasts, the deserts, and the Steppes were adapted to withstand the climate and the general conditions of life in each of these surroundings, the first steps were also made, especially by botanists, to prove that most of these wonderful adaptations could be reproduced *in a short time in our experiments.* It was sufficient for that to rear the plants or the animals into those conditions of temperature, moisture, light, nourishment, and so on, which prevail in the different regions

of the earth. Hence, already then—especially for those who were acquainted with Nature itself, it appeared most improbable that the adaptations of plants and animals which we see in Nature should be the results of *merely accidental, fortuitous variations.*

To take one of the simplest instances—we had learned from experiments that when a plant was grown under a glass bell in a very dry air, its leaves soon ceased to develop succulent lobes, and the ribs of the leaves were turned into spines or prickles. And when we saw that spiny plants were characteristic of the vegetation of dry regions, we could not be persuaded that the unavoidable transformation of leaves into prickles and spines in all plants immigrating into a desert, or growing in a gradually desiccating region, should count for nothing in the evolution of spiny species. We could not believe that all the evolution of the so-called 'adaptive' structures in deserts, sea borders, Alpine regions, and so on, which is going on in Nature on an immense scale *as a physiological result of the conditions themselves*, should leave no trace in the evolution of the desert, sea-border, and Alpine species; that the adjustments which are *in the individual a direct consequence of the physico-chemical action of the environment upon its living matter, should have in the evolution of a species a merely accidental origin.*

Already then many biologists took the Lamarckian point of view; and very soon Darwin himself, after having gained what he considered to be the main point of his teaching—the variability of species,* made the next step. He recognised the powers of the direct action of environment in the evolution of new varieties, and eventually new species. The part of Natural Selection in this case was to eliminate those individuals which were slow in acquiring the new adaptive features, and to keep a certain balance in the evolution of new characters. Its function was thus to give a certain stability to the new variety. Of course this stability did not mean immutability. *There being no immutable species*, it meant only that the new features would be retained for a certain number of generations, even if the new variety was placed once more in new surroundings, or was returned to the old ones.

III

That changes produced in plants and animals by the direct action of a changing environment are inherited, was not a matter of doubt for Darwin. He had carefully studied and sifted the experience of breeders and cultivators, and he found in it ample proofs of such an inheritance. He was aware, of course, that mutilations are not, and cannot be, inherited

* See his *Letters*.

as such (this had been known, in fact, since the eighteenth century); but he also knew that characters developed in a new environment *were* transmitted to the offspring—if the modifying cause had acted upon a certain number of generations. This last limitation was well known to both Lamarck and Darwin and repeatedly mentioned by them.

Having already discussed in a previous article the teachings of Weismann who opposed this view, I shall refer the reader to that article,[10] and only mention here and further develop one or two of its points.

Going back to an early and not generally known work of Weismann, *Upon the Final Causes of Transmutations*,[11] I found that the origin of his teachings was *not* experimental: it was theological. In 1876 Weismann was still a Darwinist. His own experiments on seasonal dimorphism had confirmed the facts discovered by Dorfmeister concerning the effects of temperature in producing two different races of butterflies; while the experiments that Weismann made subsequently on mice to prove the non-transmission of a mutilation (the clipped tail) added absolutely nothing to our previous knowledge. If Weismann had taken the trouble of consulting Darwin's *Variation* before he had written his eighth essay, he would have seen that clipped tails are *not* inherited, and he would have learned *why* such mutilations have little chance of being inherited (embryonal regeneration), and why their non-transmission did not affect Darwin's views upon the inheritance of variations.

It was under the influence of Schopenhauer's, Hartmann's, and Karl Baer's criticisms of the philosophical substance of Darwinism that Weismann accepted the idea of Baer that evolution without a teleological guidance from above was an unscientific conception. He thus came to the conclusion that, although evolution is a mechanical process, it must have been predetermined by a supreme power in accordance with a certain plan. And, in order 'to reconcile teleology with mechanism,' he borrowed from Nägeli and partly from Nussbaum the idea of 'continuity' of the germ-plasm; and thus he came to a Hegelian conception of an 'immortal germ-plasm'—'a matter endowed with an immortal soul.' His hypothesis was thus suggested by those same considerations, lying outside the domain of Science, that Darwin had had to combat.

In his *Essays upon Heredity*, written in 1881-1887, Weismann represented his germ-plasm hypothesis as an outcome of the

[10] *Nineteenth Century and After*, March 1912.

[11] 'Ueber die letzten Ursachen der Transmutationen,' in *Studien zur Descendenztheorie*, Leipzig 1876, chapter 'Mechanismus und Teleologie.' I don't know whether there exists an English translation of this chapter.

remarkable microscopical discoveries made in those years by a number of well-known anatomists, concerning the processes taking place during and immediately after the fertilisation of the egg. But as early as 1897 Professor Hartog made the quite correct remark that the cardinal defect of the theory of Weismann was its 'objective baselessness.'

It professes [he wrote] to be founded on the microscopic study of the changes in the nucleus in cell-division, but there we find nothing to justify the assumption of two modes of nuclear division in the embryo—the one dividing the determinants, and the other only distributing them between the daughter-cells.[12]

Later on, two of the leading microscopists who took part in the just-mentioned discoveries, far from giving support to Weismann's contention that no material influences can be transmitted from the protoplasm of a cell to the germ-plasm of its nucleus, distinctly contradicted it.[13]

More than that. The fundamental point of all the hypotheses brought forward by Weismann was the isolation of the germ-plasm and the impossibility of its being influenced by the changes going on in the body under the influence of the outer agencies. But the more we advanced in the study of heredity the more we were brought to realise the close interdependence of all the organs and tissues of the living beings—plants and animals alike—and the impossibility of one of their organs being affected without a disturbance being produced in all parts of the organism.[14] We learned from the best embryologists that the living substance which is the bearer of inheritance is *not* localised in the nucleus of the germ-cells; and that an intercourse of substances between the nucleus and the cell-plasm must be taken as proved.[15] Finally, we have now experiments tending to

[12] 'The Fundamental Principles of Heredity,' in *Natural Science*, xi. October and November 1897. Reproduced in Professor Marcus Hartog's *Problems of Life and Reproduction*, London 1913.

[13] Oscar Hertwig, *Der Kampf um Kernfragen der Entwickelungs- und Vererbungslehre*, Jena 1909, pp. 44-45 and 107-108. See also *Nineteenth Century*, March 1912, p. 520.

[14] To a review of this question in his capital work, *Heredity* (London 1908, p. 64), Professor J. Arthur Thomson added the following words: 'Holding firmly to the view which we have elsewhere expressed, that life is a function of inter-relations, we confess to hesitation in accepting without saving clauses any attempt to call this or that part of the germinal matter the exclusive vehicle of the hereditary qualities.'

[15] Rabl, *Ueber Organ-bildende Substanzen und ihre Bedeutung für die Vererbung*; E. Godlewski jun., in Roux's *Archiv*, vol. xxviii. 1908, pp. 278-378. The connexion between all the cells in plants has been proved by observation, and now it begins to be proved for animals. The lively intercourse between the cells of the animal's body by means of the wandering cells, which was observed during regeneration processes, seems not to be limited to these processes. The researches of His, Kupffer, Loeb, Roux, and Herbst are tending to prove that the same cells also take part in the ontogenetic processes. (See the articles of Herbst in *Biologisches Centralblatt*, vols. xiv. and xv.) As

prove that even unimportant lesions of the body may be followed by important modifications in the reproductive cells.[16]

The difficulties which the hypothesis too hastily framed by Weismann had to contend with when it was confronted with the scientific observation of Nature, and the new hypotheses he brought forward to meet the rapidly accumulated contradictory facts, were discussed in my above-mentioned article. Sufficient to say here that, after having emphatically denied at the outset that his 'immortal' germ-plasm could be influenced by external agencies 'in the same direction as that taken by the somatogenic changes [in the body] which follow the same causes'[17]; and after having maintained that the mixture of two germ-plasms in sexual reproduction [that is, Amphimixis] was 'the only way' that hereditary influences 'could arise and persist,[18] Weismann soon had to abandon his Amphimixis hypothesis (already repudiated long since by Darwin). Gradually he came to the hypotheses of 'Germinal Selection,' or struggle for food between the determinants of the germ-plasm, as a probable cause of inherited modifications, and 'Parallel Induction.' In these two hypotheses he thus acknowledged that the germ-cells *are* modified by external causes, so as to reproduce in the offspring the somatic, or body changes produced in the parent by the environment. Only in his second hypothesis he suggested that the germ-cells are influenced *directly* by the external agencies—not through the modifications produced by the environment in the organs and tissues of the body. It hardly need be said that most biologists received this last suggestion, not as a new working hypothesis, but as a veiled concession of Weismann to his opponents. In fact, the hypothesis was *not* a generalisation born from the study of changes going on in germ-cells under the action of external agencies: it was advocated only as an hypothetical explanation for the facts that contradicted the previous hypotheses of Weismann. But till now—we are told by the specialists who have studied the subject—it is impossible to ascertain in one single concrete case of inheritance how the modification was produced in the germ-cells: through the body-cells, or independently of them.[19]

to Nussbaum, whose work suggested to Weismann the 'continuity' of the germ-plasm, his idea is that the germ-cells *are exposed to the same modifying agencies as the body-cells* (*Archiv für mikroskopische Anatomie*, xviii. 1908, quoted by Professor Rignano in *La transmissibilité des caractères acquis*, p. 169.) Many other biologists come to the same conclusion.

[16] Experiments of Ignaz Schiller on *Cyclops* and Tadpoles; preliminary report in Roux's *Archiv*, xxxiv. pt. 3, pp. 469-470.

[17] *Essays*, ii. 190.

[18] *Essays*, i. 196.

[19] Cf. L. Plate, *Selektionsprinzip*, 4th edition, 1913, pp. 441-442. The same view, as it was pointed out by Professor Hartog, is held by E. B. Wilson, the author of a standard work on the cell: 'Whether the variations [he

Some biologists saw in 'parallel induction' an interesting new line of research, and they followed it. But Darwin, who already knew this hypothesis long before Weismann resorted to it, pointed out with full right, in *Variation*, that although a simultaneous modification in some definite direction of the body-cells and the germ-cells takes place in certain special cases, this cannot be a general cause of the hereditary transmission of variations. Like Amphimixis, this hypothesis does not account for the inherited *adaptive* variations, the necessity of which for the evolution of new species Darwin already saw in 1868, and we still better see now.

In short, Weismann's attempt to combine the pre-Darwinian conception of innate pre-determined variations with the Darwinian principle of National Selection has failed; and an attentive reader of his last work, *Vorträge zur Descendenztheorie* (especially the pages 258-315 of the second volume), will himself see how little there remained from that attempt. By his criticisms of some facts which formerly used to be quoted as proofs of the inheritance of acquired characters, he certainly induced biologists to go deeper into the subject of heredity. But that was all. In his attempts at constructive work he failed. He had not that power of inductive generalisation which leads modern science to its great discoveries. His hypotheses were brilliantly and imaginatively developed *suggestions*; but they were not brilliant inductive generalisations. They even lacked originality.

IV

However, it may be asked: 'Why don't we know more cases where the hereditary transmission of acquired characters has been proved by experiment? Why have we not yet proofs of acquired characters being retained for a number of generations, even though the offspring was taken back to its old environment? These two questions certainly deserve a careful examination.

The reasons are many. To begin with, it is extremely difficult to breed plants, and still more so higher animals, in surroundings sufficiently different from the normal ones for altering the distinctive characters of a species. Especially is it difficult to make animals reproduce themselves in such conditions. In the best-conducted experiments it happened over and over again that the second generation, when it was bred in an unusual

writes] first arise in the idioplasm [the germ-plasm] of the germ-cells, or whether they may arise in the body-cells, and then be reflected back upon the idioplasm, is a question to which the study of the cell has thus far given no certain answer' (*The Cell in Development and Inheritance*, 2nd edition 1900, p. 433, quoted by Marcus Hartog in his work, *Problems of Life and Reproduction*, London, Murray, 1913, p. 198, chapter on the inheritance of acquired characters).

environment, perished entirely; in the best cases only one or two individuals survived.

Besides, it was only gradually learned by the experimentators that, in order to obtain an inheritable variation, the modifying cause must act at a certain period of the individual's life, when its reproductive cells are specially sensitive to new impressions.[20] And then the experiments require time. While it is very difficult to breed several generations in succession in unusual conditions, it is precisely several, or even many, generations which must be under the influence of a modifying cause in order to produce a more or less stable variation. Lamarck, in stating his two laws of variation, was careful to indicate that the changes must be slow, and that they must take place for a succession of generations, in order to be inherited and maintained later on for some time. Darwin repeatedly insisted upon this. But only now the conditions under which such experiments must be conducted are beginning to be realised in special climateric stations and laboratories. Up till quite lately such experiments were not in favour in most of the West-European universities.

Finally, during the first decades after the appearance of the *Origin of Species*, research was chiefly directed, as we have seen, to prove the very fact of a great variability of the species, even in their typical specific characters—this being denied then by a great number of zoologists and botanists. And later on a mass of experiments had to be made in order to prove that if plants and animals be placed in such conditions of temperature, moisture, light, and so on, as are offered in different regions of the Earth, they will display exactly those variations which are characteristic for the floras and faunas of these regions, without any interference of natural or artificial selection. Besides, it was important to prove, and it was proved, that these variations, representing in most cases adaptations to the new conditions of life, could be produced by the new conditions themselves, which stimulate certain physiological functions (nutrition, evaporation, the elaboration of fats, and so on), and through them modify different organs.[21]

Only after this immense work had been done—and it took more than forty years—did biologists begin to investigate how far such variation is capable of giving origin to new races, and how

[20] Darwin knew it and mentioned it in several places in *Variation*; but when the fact was established by the experiments of Merrifield, Standfuss, and so on, it was received as a new discovery.

[21] All this has been proved by experiment, and this is why a good-sized book would be required to record the results obtained lately by Experimental Morphology. Cf. T. H. Morgan's *Experimental Morphology*, New York 1907; Przibram's *Experimental-Zoologie*, Vienna 1910; Yves Delage and M. Goldsmith, *Les théories de l'évolution*, Paris 1909; and so on.

many generations must be submitted to the modifying influences in order to produce a more or less stable variety.[22]

It must also be noted that at the outset inheritance experiments were chiefly made with variations in the colours and the markings of insects, and only now are they beginning to be directed towards the far more important study of variations in physiological functions, which are (as was indicated long since by G. Lewes and Dohrn, and lately by Plate) the chief agencies in the evolution of new races.

These are the causes which explain why the inheritance of environment-variations has not yet been proved by more experiments. However, it must not be forgotten that we know already two important groups of variations, both due to environment, *which are inherited*, and the inheritance of which is not contested. One of them is the inheritance of variations by means of bud-reproduction, and the other includes the so-called 'sports,' described by de Vries as 'mutations.'

With regard to the former, I have already mentioned in a previous article[23] that Darwin, who *had* studied the subject, had shown that there is no means of finding any substantial distinction between reproduction by buds, cuttings, rootstocks, and the like, and reproduction by seed. The laws of both are the same, and in both cases the reproduction takes place by means of germ-cells, capable of reproducing the whole plant with its sexual organs and with sexual reproduction, whether the germ-plasm be contained in a seed or a bud, in the leaf of a Begonia, or in the cambial tissue of a Willow. And I have also shown that if Weismann, writing in 1888 under the fascination of his Amphimixis hypothesis, made the grave mistake of thinking that there is no transmission of germ-plasm in vegetative reproduction, and therefore described 'bud-variation' as an 'individual variation,' he at least saw his error later on. He recognised in 1904,[24] *using*

[22] That time was an important element in the problem was emphatically asserted by both Lamarck and Darwin, and even by Bacon. But there are Weismannians who overlook it. Thus Lamarck was reproached with having enunciated two contradictory statements in his first and second law. But such a reproach could only be made by *overlooking the time that is required to produce the changes.* To use Lamarck's own words, time is needed 'both in gradually fortifying, developing, and increasing an organ which is active, *and in undoing that effect by imperceptibly weakening and deteriorating it, and diminishing its faculties, if the organ performs no work*' (first law; italics mine). All that the second law says is, that what has been acquired or lost in this way *is transmitted to the new individuals* born from the former; but it says not a word about the length of time that the new character is going to be maintained, if the new-born individuals are placed again in new conditions or returned to the old ones. *These individuals evidently fall in such case under the action of the slow changes mentioned in the first law.*

[23] *Nineteenth Century and After*, October 1914, pp. 821-825.

[24] *Vorträge*, 2nd edition, vol. ii. pp. 1 and 29.

almost the same words as Darwin used in 'Variation,' that a plant obtained through budding is as much a new individual as if it had been reproduced by seed.[25]

But it must be remembered that in the vegetable world reproduction by buds (rootstocks, runners, and the like) is far more important than reproduction by seed. In fact it seems most probable that the immense majority of the plants which cover the northern part of the northern hemisphere have reproduced themselves since the Glacial period chiefly by buds, runners, rootstocks and the like, as the Arctic and many Alpine plants still reproduce themselves. And as they transmitted to their offspring, during this long period of a chiefly vegetative reproduction, the characters they acquired in new surroundings, as they followed the retreat of the ice-sheet, we can already say that an enormous number of sub-Arctic and Temperate zone varieties and species owe their origin to the inherited effects of the direct action of changing surroundings.

It is very nice to say in poetical language that the Steppes of South Russia are covered now with the same individuals of Grasses that were withering under the hoofs of the horses during the migration of the Ugrians from the Southern Urals to Hungary; but a botanist who knows that a bud on the rootstock of a Grass contains the very same germ-plasm as the seed in its ear does not take these pretty images for a scientific induction.

V

Much the same must be said about the so-called 'sports,' or inherited variations which seem to appear all of a sudden and have often given to breeders and growers the possibility of raising new varieties, or sub-species. Darwin paid them a good deal of attention; and in 1900, when the well-known Dutch botanist de Vries described the 'sports' under the name of 'mutations,' and saw in them the real cue to the origin of species, interest in these 'sudden' or 'discontinuous' variations was renewed.

Already in Darwin's times it had been suggested that the 'sports' may represent an important factor in the evolution of new species, and Darwin had shown the reason why this could not be the case (it will be mentioned further on). However, developed as it was by de Vries in a well-written work, rich in original observations, 'the Mutations Theory' obtained for some time some success. The main objection against considering

[25] Weismann is thus no longer responsible for those who go on repeating his opinions of 1888, when he believed that in vegetative reproduction we have only a subdivision of the same individual, and added: 'But no one will doubt that one and the same individual can be gradually changed during the course of its life, by the direct action of external influences.' (*Essays*, i. 420.)

Natural Selection as Nature's means of evolving new species being the insignificance of the first incipient changes in 'continuous' variation, and their little value in the struggle for life, some biologists saw in the sudden variations, or 'mutations,' the means of getting rid of this objection, without resorting to the hateful Direct Action of Environment.

De Vries based his theory chiefly on the sports of a well-known decorative plant, the Evening Primrose, or *Oenothera lamarckiana*, which he found growing wild in a field at Hilversum, near Amsterdam. It displayed there a number of 'sports,' and by cultivating these sports de Vries obtained a number of new 'species.'[26] These observations led him to build up a new theory of descent. According to it, the variations which Darwin described as 'continuous,' or 'fluctuating,' have no value for the appearance of new species—not only because they are too small for having a life-value in the struggle for existence, but also because they are not inherited, and consequently cannot be 'cumulative.' The sudden 'discontinuous' variations (Darwin's 'sports') are known, on the contrary, to be inherited, and they often offer sufficient differences from the normal type to be of value for Natural Selection. In artificial selection they have been the means of obtaining new steady varieties.

In his earlier researches de Vries, who had studied for fifteen years such inherited 'monstrosities' as the Five-Leaved Clover, and the Many-Headed Poppy, had come, in accordance with Professor J. MacLeod, to the conclusion that rich nutrition in the wide sense of the word (heavy manuring, keeping the seedlings wide apart, and so on) was the first condition for obtaining such inheritable variations.[27] But later on, accepting the teachings of Weismann, he separated the 'nutrition variations'—which, he maintained, were not inheritable—from the 'mutations.' The latter were inherited, because they were originated by 'congenital' variations, suddenly appearing for some causes unknown in the germ-plasm, at certain periods of the life of the species. Each species, he said, has such a period, during which it can give origin to new species.

However, it was soon recognised by most botanists that the value of the *Oenothera* sports for a theory of descent had been over-estimated. From accurate researches made in the United States, at Harlem, and in the environs of Liverpool, it appeared

[26] Darwin probably would have described them only as 'incipient species.' Professor Plate considers them as *habitus* modifications. They differ, he says, from the mother plant in many organs, but in each of them in an insignificant degree.

[27] Cf. *Die Mutationstheorie*, vol. i., Leipzig 1901, pp. 93, 97-100, and in fact all the fourth chapter. Also his earlier articles, *L'unité dans la variation* and *Alimentation et sélection*, summed up in *Mutationstheorie*.

that the species described as *Oenothera lamarckiana* had a long history: it was cultivated in Europe as early as the middle of the eighteenth century; and it easily could be a crossing of two other species of the Evening Primrose. Hence its great variability.[28] Moreover—and this is an essential point, already noticed by Darwin—a variation is often described as a 'sudden' one simply because the minute changes which were leading to its appearance were not taken notice of. In reality, leaving aside those unimportant individual differences which but feebly affect some organs, Darwin found no substantial difference between the sports and the inheritable fluctuating variations due to environment.[29] As to the idea that sports might explain the appearance of new species, Darwin very wisely pointed out that purely accidental sports could not have played such a part in the evolution of new species, *because they would not offer that accommodation to environment which can only be supplied by a definite and cumulative variation under the influence of a new environment*,—this variation being aided by Natural Selection.

At any rate, those who have seriously studied the whole subject of evolution and heredity, like Yves Delage, Johannsen, Plate, and many others, do not now attribute to 'mutations' the importance that was going to be attributed to them a few years ago.[30] Professor Ed. Bordage, who has published lately a special study of the whole question of mutations, also came to a similar conclusion.[31]

To begin with, Bordage points out that the *Oenothera*

[28] Many important data concerning variation in *Oenotheras* will be found in the monograph of Messrs. D. T. MacDougal, A. M. Vail, and G. H. Shull, *Mutation, Variation and Relationships of Oenotheras*, Washington (Carnegie Publications) 1907.

[29] 'Monstrosities graduate so insensibly into mere variations that it is impossible to separate them' (*Variation*, ii. 297-298). He considered that 'variability of every kind is directly or indirectly caused by changed conditions of life' (p. 300); and 'of all causes which induce variability, excess of food, whether or not changed in nature, is probably the most powerful' (p. 302).

[30] Thus, fully recognising that 'de Vries has established in the domain of heredity a mass of facts, the theoretical value of which still remains in some respects to be established by further research,' Professor Plate, in analysing the Mutation theory in his monumental critical work (*Selektionsprinzip*, pp. 384-435), wrote: 'The mutation theory obtained an apparent temporary success because it introduced new words for well-known facts and conceptions, and thus awakened the idea that a new knowledge had been won. It is evident that for the theory of descent no real progress in advance of Darwin had been won in that direction.' In another, very elaborate work, *Vererbungslehre* (vol. ii. of his *Handbücher der Abstammungslehre*, Leipzig 1913, pp. 430-475), Plate returned once more to this subject, and after a careful examination of the whole question (including Mendelism) he worded his final conclusion as follows: 'Those thoughts in it [the Mutations theory] which are correct are not new, and its new components cannot be accepted' (p. 473).

[31] 'Les nouveaux problèmes de l'hérédité: la théorie de la mutation,' in *Biologica*, ii. 1912.

lamarckiana is, according to different botanical authorities, a hybrid, either between *Oe. grandiflora* and *Oe. biennis*, both imported to Europe in the eighteenth century (the former was known at Harlem since 1756), or between different varieties of *Oe. biennis*, which is a very variable species.[32] But even if it was not a hybrid, the Evening Primrose has undergone so many changes in the conditions of its culture during the last hundred or hundred and fifty years, that its present considerable variability may be a consequence of these changes.

All taken, Professor Bordage comes to the opinion that a mutation is not something substantially different from an ordinary variation. It is only

> a sudden external expression of internal processes, accomplished gradually and without interruption. . . . Between the sudden and the slow variation there is no absolute difference. Both can be considered as the effects of the same law, manifesting themselves more or less rapidly.

VI

'Mutations,' we have just seen, were described as 'congenital variations.' But *every* variation of form and structure, once it is inherited, implies a 'congenital variation': some change must have taken place in the germ-cells, whatsoever the origin of the variation, or the position of the germ-cells in the organism may be. We learn, it is true, from the experiments of MacDougal and Tower that certain inheritable changes may be obtained by a direct action of external agencies (temperature and so on) upon the germ-cells. Of course, they *may*. But nobody has yet proved that changes produced in the body-cells *cannot* affect the germ-cells; while modern research tends to prove quite the contrary.

Consequently, we are not astonished to learn that de Vries, having recognised in his last work, *Gruppenweise Artbildung*, that every mutation must have 'not only an inner cause, but also an exterior cause,' and that the high variability of the Oenotheras must be 'to some extent a consequence of the special conditions of the soil,'[33] has thus given a hard blow to the idea of a fundamental distinction between 'mutations' and ordinary variation. Both are inherited, the difference being only one of degree in the modifying cause.

It may be added that Erwin Baur, who also has carefully studied the subject, comes to a similar conclusion in his 'Intro-

[32] The latter is the opinion of Mr. Boulenger, an authority on the subject; and the former is the view taken by Davy and several other botanists.

[33] De Vries, *Gruppenweise Artbildung*, pp. 342-343; also *Species and Varieties: their Origin by Mutations*, Lectures before the University of California, edited by D. T. MacDougal, Chicago, 1906, p. 451.

duction to the Experimental Theory of Heredity.' As a rule (he writes) mutations are rare (one in a thousand individuals, or less); and 'what are their causes in most cases we don't know.' Only lately experiments were made showing that mutations, i.e. inheritable variations, can be provoked by exterior influences, depending on our will. Such are the experiments on the Colorado beetle made by Tower, who used high temperatures, dryness of the air and low atmospheric pressure, those of Blaringhem who provoked inherited variations by mutilations of plants, and MacDougal who acted directly on the reproductive cells.[34]

Finally we learn from another most careful and gifted experimentator, Professor Klebs, that those characters of a plant which belong to the most constant ones under the ordinary conditions of culture can become most variable under properly chosen conditions; and that both the so-called continuous and the discontinuous variations (the mutations) can be obtained in the same individual, according to the external conditions into which it is placed.[35]

The consensus of opinion is thus against attributing to mutations an origin quite different from the origin of habitus-variations. But once it is so, we have in the so-called 'mutations' another vast category of characters 'acquired' under the influence of a changed nutrition in a new environment, *and inherited*.[36] And these two vast categories immensely reduce the part that Natural Selection may have to play in the evolution of new species. With this reduced function it becomes quite comprehensible.

[34] Erwin Baur, *Einfürhrung in die experimentelle Vererbungslehre*, Berlin 1911, pp. 202-204. In a recently published work by R. Ruggles Gates, *The Mutation Factor in Evolution, with particular reference to Oenothera* (London 1915), we have an important contribution to this subject. Its chief interest is in the researches made by the author to discover the changes which take place in the germ-cells when an inherited variation takes place in the extremely variable complexus of species and varieties represented by the Oenothera. These researches have not yet brought the author to a definite conclusion as to the causes of mutations (p. 321); but they open an interesting branch of investigations in the great question of Heredity.

[35] 'Studien über Variation,' in Roux's *Archiv*, vol. xxiv. pp. 29-113; review in *Année biologique*, xiv. p. 357.

[36] With all the respect I have for the always most accurate work of Professor J. Arthur Thomson, I confess that, whatever his other reasons in favour of discontinuous variation may be, the facts he mentions in *Heredity* (London 1908, pp. 86-89) hardly prove that 'Variation leads by leaps and bounds.' The very words with which Professor Thomson accompanies, with his habitual fairness, each of the examples he mentions, suggest that there is no reason to affirm, and some reason to doubt, that the new characters appeared suddenly. About the wonder-horse with an extremely long mane we are told that 'the parents and grandparents had unusually long hair'; about the Shirley poppy, that the 'single discontinuous variation' from which it was obtained 'may have occurred often before Mr. Wilks saved it from elimination,' but no reason is given to suggest that it was a 'sudden' variation; the same applies to the Star Primrose, the Moth *Amphidasys*, and the Medusoid *Pseudoclitia pentata*, which is said to be 'remarkably variable.'

VII

The dominating tendency of modern research is thus to come to a synthesis of the two chief factors of evolution: the Buffon-Lamarckian factor including the variations called forth by a changing environment, and the Darwin-Wallacian factor of Natural Selection. Darwin, as we saw, frankly acknowledged it.

Herbert Spencer had already come to this conclusion, only giving even more importance to the first factor.

> The foregoing chapters—he wrote in the second enlarged edition of his *Principles of Biology*—imply that neither extreme (*i.e.* Natural Selection alone, or the Direct Action of Environment without the aid of Natural Selection) is here adopted. Agreeing with Mr. Darwin that both factors have been operative, I hold that the inheritance of functionally caused alterations has played a larger part than he admitted even at the close of his life; and that, coming more to the front as evolution has advanced, it has played the chief part in producing the highest types.

It is most interesting to note that Weismann, although his starting-point was quite different from that of Darwin and Spencer, also came, after all, to the same views. He began by proclaiming the 'All-Sufficiency of Natural Selection' for giving origin to new species, and rejected the necessity of inheritable adaptive changes being produced by the environment. But we saw how he gradually came to new hypotheses which actually recognised the part played in the evolution of new species by inherited variation.

Pages could be covered to show how biologists engaged in experimental work came, after some hesitation, to recognise the modifying influence of environment. But a few quotations will do to show the general tendency of modern research.

Standfuss has summed up the results of his twenty-eight years' experiments in a carefully worded lecture. He sees in the predominance of an older type upon a newly appearing variation the key to the difficulty of a transmission of acquired characters to the offspring. The grip of the Old stirp—of what has become strongly established during a succession of generations—cannot, Standfuss says, be easily overpowered by the New (a view, by the way, expressed already by Bacon). And after having proved by his experiments that sometimes the New is inherited, Standfuss concluded his lecture with these words:

> The mutual inter-action between the agencies of the outer world and the organisms gives origin to fluctuating (*schwankenden*) new forms; they are inherited more or less, then they are sifted by Selection, and kept by it within definite lines of development.[37]

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[37] M. Standfuss, 'Zur Frage der Gestaltung und Vererbung,' lecture before the Zurich Naturalists' Society, in January 1902. Zurich 1905 (separate reprint).

Wettstein, who has been experimenting for years upon the modification of plants by exterior agencies, openly accepts the hereditary transmission of acquired characters in his 'Handbook of Systematical Botany.' He writes:

In the immense majority of cases, adaptive characters are originated by the so-called 'direct adaptation'; in other words, we must recognise in the plant the faculty of adapting itself directly to the prevailing conditions of life, and inheriting these acquired adaptation-characters.[38]

J. P. Lotsy, the author of a well-known elaborate work on the theories of descent, comes to the conclusion that

unless we accept a *Vis vitalis* [*a Life-force*] which, after all, would explain nothing, it is impossible to find another reason for the origin of variations but the influence of the external conditions on the substance of the protoplasm; and without an inheritance of the acquired variation, or character, there is no reason for its being fixed. If one absolutely denies the possibility of biometamorphoses (variations due to environment) being inherited, this means to deny evolution itself.[39]

D. T. MacDougal, after having analysed the work of Buchanan, Gages, Klebs, Zederbaum, and de Vries, finds that their discoveries, coupled with his own and other botanists' work at the Desert Botanical Laboratory in the United States and elsewhere, enforce upon us the conclusion that structural changes and implied functional accommodations are without doubt direct somatic responses, which became fixed and permanent in consequence of their annual repetition through the centuries.[40] W. Johannsen, whose main work, 'Elements of the Exact Science of Heredity,'[41] is kept in high esteem by biologists of all schools, comes, in one of his latest writings, to the conclusion that without inherited variations 'Selection would have no hereditary influence.'[42] And so on.

VIII

The idea of Natural Selection apparently did not occur to Lamarck, although several passages in his works suggest that he had noticed the struggle for existence. As to the modern Lamarckians, while nearly all of them indicate the limitations of Natural Selection, they do not exclude its action from their schemes of Evolution. They only object to the exaggerated part

[38] *Handbuch der systematischen Botanik*, Vienna 1901 *seq.* I quote from Adolph Wagner's *Geschichte des Lamarckismus*, Stuttgart 1909, p. 215.

[39] *Vorlesungen über Descendenztheorien*, vol. ii., Jena 1908.

[40] 'The Inheritance of Habitat Effects in Plants,' in *Plant World*, xiv. 1911; analysed in *Botanisches Centralblatt*, Bd. cxxii. 1913, p. 134.

[41] *Elemente der Exakten Erblichkeitslehre*, Jena 1909, pp. 308, 449 etc.

[42] 'The Genotype Conception of Heredity' in *American Naturalist*, xlv. 1911, quoted by Semon in *Verhandlungen des Naturforschers-Verein in Brünn*, vol. lxix.

attributed to it by those whose conceptions of descent are influenced by their sociological or super-natural considerations; and they understand that Natural Selection surely gives stability to the effects of the Direct Action of Environment. Most of them also recognise that by the side of these two main factors of Evolution one must take into consideration the two aspects—individual and social—of the struggle for life, the development of protective instincts in the higher animals, and the effects of use and disuse of organs, crossing, and the occasional appearance of more or less sudden variations—all these having their part in the evolution of the unfathomable variety of organic forms.

Among the modern biologists, Professor Plate has perhaps best understood the necessity of a synthetic view of the factors of Evolution, which he has developed in his elaborate work, now known under the title of *Selektionsprinzip*. He examined first in detail the scope and the possibilities of Natural Selection under the different forms of the struggle for life; and after having shown that Natural Selection steps in where the Lamarckian direct adaptation fails, and that single-handed it would not be sufficient to solve the problem of the origin of species, Professor Plate sums up his opinions in the following lines, which, in the present writer's opinion, are a fair statement of the case:

> The only real difficulty for Darwinism is [he writes] that the variations must attain a certain amplitude before they are 'selection-worth'—that is, before they give to Selection the opportunity to step in. Minimal individual differences can call forth no selection. However, I have shown already at some length (pp. 109-179) that after a careful study of the problem this difficulty proves to be illusory, because, on the one hand, it is impossible to deny that there are variations worthy of being selected,[43] and on the other hand there are in Nature different ways for increasing the minimal differences, so that they do become worthy of selection. Of these different ways, the modification of functions, the changes in the conditions of life, use and disuse, and orthogenesis enter into the category of the factors indicated by Lamarck, and therefore the Selection theory cannot refuse the collaboration of the Lamarckian factors. Darwinism and Lamarckism,[44] taken together, give a satisfactory explanation of the growing up of species, including the origin of adaptations, while neither of these two theories, taken separately, gives it. (*Selektionsprinzip*, pp. 602-603.)

Let me only add, to avoid misunderstandings, that the Lamarckism of which I have spoken in these pages, and which Plate has in view in the just-given quotation, means the teachings of Lamarck as they appeared in his *Philosophie zoologique*, his remarkable *Discours d'ouverture de l'an X et de l'an XI*, delivered

[43] One must however ask whether such sudden variations appear in sufficient numbers?—P. K.

[44] 'I mean, of course [he adds in a footnote], only the causal-mechanical part of Lamarckism, not its auto-genetical and psychical ideas. See pp. 501, 504.'

at the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and his *Système analytique des connaissances positives de l'homme*—of which the last two are entirely ignored in this country, and the first is frequently misquoted. These teachings show that Lamarck had not the least leaning towards a metaphysical *Natur-Philosophie*, and they have nothing to do with the vitalist and other theories of the German Neo-Lamarckians, of whom Francé (a distinguished botanist) and Dr. Adolph Wagner are prominent representatives.[45]

A synthesis of the views of Darwin and Lamarck, or rather of Natural Selection and the Direct Action of Environment, described by Spencer as Direct and Indirect Adaptation, was thus the necessary outcome of the researches in biology which have been carried on for the last thirty or forty years. If considerations lying outside the true domain of biology, such as those which inspire the Neo-Lamarckians and inspired Weismann, cease to interfere, a synthetic view of Evolution (in which Natural Selection will be understood as a struggle for life carried on under both its individual and its still more important social aspect) will probably rally most biologists. And if this really takes place, then it will be easy to free ourselves from the reproach which has been addressed to nineteenth-century science: the reproach that while it has aided men to liberate themselves from superstitions, it has ignored those aspects of Nature which ought to have been, in a naturalistic conception of the universe, the very foundations of human Ethics, and of which Bacon and Darwin have already had a glimpse.[46]

Unfortunately the vulgarisers of the teachings of Darwin, speaking in the name of Science, have succeeded in eliminating this deeply philosophical idea from the naturalistic conception of the universe worked out in the nineteenth century. They have succeeded in persuading men that the last word of Science was a pitiless individual struggle for life. But the prominence which is now beginning to be given to the direct action of environment in the evolution of species, by eliminating the Malthusian idea about the necessity of a competition to the knife between all the individuals of a given species for evolving new species, opens the way for a quite different comprehension of struggle for life, and of Nature altogether.

P. KROPOTKIN.

[45] See R. H. Francé, *Der heutige Stand der Darwin'schen Fragen*, Leipzig 1907; and Dr. Adolf Wagner, *Geschichte des Lamarckismus*, Stuttgart 1909.

[46] Cf. 'The Morality of Nature,' in *Nineteenth Century*, March 1905.

A LEGEND OF OLD FLANDERS

Over here we know little of Charles de Coster who wrote 'the heroic, joyous and glorious adventures' of Ulenspiegel, and it is time we should make his better acquaintance for he is a rare tale-teller. His finest work, the *Légende d'Ulenspiegel*, is not only a resetting of the vagabond who became in the English chapbooks, Owlglass. He has enriched the tale with warm Flemish colours, and made of it the master-legend of the deliverance of his country. Many of its episodes might be transferred to the actual story of Belgium in the last four years. Even the same names recur.

No one who has read the *Legend* can forget the death of Claes, Ulenspiegel's father, the 'Kooldraeger' of Damme; it was recalled vividly in the list of condemned men sentenced in 1914-15 by the German governor of that district, for among them was one of the same name, and indeed the name of Claes is common enough to be typical.[1] As for the son of Charles the Fifth, Philip the Second, no era can ever reproduce him; but when we read, about halfway through the *Legend*, how 'he prayed God to give him the might to vanquish England, conquer France, take Milan, Genoa, Venice, and then being grand dominator of the seas, to rule all Europe,' we understand that his genre at least survives in all its malign force.

De Coster adds to the effect of his story by the way in which he keeps the pendulum swinging between the humble roof of Claes and the great house of the Emperor. To the one is born Thyl Ulenspiegel, to the other Philip; and their fates are interwoven throughout the *Legend*, or rather, they are counterpointed. Philip sits like a crowned lizard watching the pageant, while his victims dangle over the fire and the rebel cities fall. Ulenspiegel is the old type of the inspired vagabond, who is driven out of bounds to face the world, and from an outlaw becomes a hero because he

[1] One of the artists who illustrated the *Edition de Luxe* of *Ulenspiegel* in 1869 was a Claeys.

loves his corner of earth and believes in its glorious destiny. He could say, with the prisoner in David Lloyd's *Memoires* :

> I am that bird, whom they combine
> Thus to deprive of liberty ;
> But though they do my heart confine,
> Yet maugre hate, my soul is free.

One of the few lessons given by the jolly Kooldraeger to his son is in setting at large a bird the boy had caught. 'Never take from man or beast his liberty,' says Claes, 'for that is the greatest wealth in the world. Leave everyone free to get into the sun when he is cold, and into the shade when he is hot. And may God judge his Sacred Majesty who, having enchained our free belief, in this land of Flanders, is about to thrust Ghent the noble into a cage of servitude.'

To this key Ulenspiegel sets his tune eagerly in his wanderings through the land. Dinadan, Robin Hood, Pantagruel, Don Quixote, Johnny Armstrong the Outlaw of the Border Ballads, and Gringoire—one turns to each of them in order to make out his pedigree ; but there is more in him than any of his tribe explain. His spirit comes of his Flemish blood and his creator's temperament, gay and melancholy, ironical and tender, and while he belongs to an age-long tradition, he is individual as the city of Ghent.

For a scene to give the gist of his earlier adventures, try that in which he narrowly escapes hanging at the hands of the Emperor. It was at Oudenarde, where his Majesty was expected in a royal or imperial progress, and where Ulenspiegel by a stroke of luck had been made castle-watchman. The post had just fallen vacant, and he being asked about himself and his vagabond talents, said his trade was to dance on the tight rope, go on pilgrimage for his sins, see other folk want, portray pretty faces, carve knife-handles, dive into the *rommel-pot* and blow on the trumpet.

The last item settled the affair, and he was posted on high to signal the Emperor's approach. But when the moment came, though he had been given *besicles* or barnacles to spy the distant approach of the august visitor, he was seized with a whimsical distaste for imperial pomp and its high assumptions, and he did not sound the fanfare. A rumour had spread, meanwhile, that an enemy force was marching on Oudenarde, and the gates were flung to by the gate-keeper. The Emperor's rage at being shut out hungrily at his dinner-hour may be divined ; and in the end, when he had gained an entry, it was Ulenspiegel who had to pay for the town's insult. The two burgomasters themselves were threatened, but while glad of a scapegoat, they were horrified at the demand for his instant execution. Keyser-Karel—the

Emperor—refused to relent, and the unlucky fool-errant was carried off to the Champ de Potences. His feet were already on the gallows-tree, and the Provost with his rod was waiting to give the signal for the drop, when the crowd began to cry aloud 'Pardon, pardon for Ulenspiegel!'

Then the Emperor, folk-tale fashion, went so far as to say 'If this rogue will ask for any single thing that I cannot do, his life shall be spared!'

So hard a test caused a murmuring among the men; the women fell to weeping—'car l'empereur peut tout.' But they bid Ulenspiegel speak.

'Your majesty,' says he, 'I only crave, before I may be hanged,' . . . he proposes a Flemish test so droll and unimperial, that the Emperor laughs and has to confess himself beaten; and Ulenspiegel escapes the scaffold.

But the two burgomasters were each condemned to wear a pair of *besicles* or barnacles for six months *behind the head*, so that if they could not see what was before them, they might at least see what was behind. By force of the same decree, you may still discover a pair of barnacles in the arms of the town. As for Ulenspiegel, he modestly left the gates of Oudenarde, replenished with a little pouch of silver, collected for him by the townswomen.

These earlier adventures have often an air of wild comedy and a touch of joyous extravaganza, and the picaresque note is always ready to sound in the wanderer's romance of the old towns, the quays and walls, canals and dangerous roads. The Flemish Quixote has naturally his Sancho too, in the shape of Lamme Goedzac, who is the genius of appetite and humorous gluttony, showing us another side of the Fleming—sensual, affectionate, gross, grotesque. But before he comes full pace into the adventures, Thyl Ulenspiegel's circle at home in the famous old seaport of Damme—now through silting sand derelict as the city of Dunwich through the inroads of the sea—needs to be painted. Of his father Claes something has been said, but his mother Soetkin, fond and pitiful, Katheline the *sage-femme* who is in the older sense a 'wise-woman' too, destined at last to fall under the black ban of witchcraft, and her daughter Nele, beloved of Ulenspiegel, go to make up the group which M. Lemonnier (in his tribute to De Coster) calls the spiritual family of the book. Its small occasions and concerns are touched in lightly, but with affectionate iteration by their chronicler. In fact De Coster wrote at all times with a feeling for the common folk, which is remarkable in a man who could so easily have become a sybarite with a leaning to the exotic and the uncommon, and a decadent in his mood. Instead of that he was himself, like Ulenspiegel, a rebel against hard fate and cruel authority; and in the refrain 'Vive le Gueux!'

which becomes symbolic in his tales, one hears his own inflection of voice, his own cry against the tyranny of things :

> Dans les ruines et le sang
> Fleurit la rose de liberté.

This flower of liberty he found in the coal-dust of the 'Kooldraeger's' house at Damme, and among the sea-beggars recruited on the quays and canal sides of the Netherlands by her captains and ship-masters. His love for the common *soudard* and the humblest of the townsfolk is seen again and again in his writings. In the *Lettres à Elisa*, he writes that the *gens du monde* complain of George Sand, because she 'idealises her workman,' who is not at all, they declare, what she paints him. But 'they deceive themselves; she is right against them all. If one wants to find warmth, youth, strength, and enthusiasm—it is to the men who wear blouses and have horny hands one must look.'

In this faith he wrote his *Legend*, and as it goes on he gathers up in it instance after instance of the oppressor's wrong to urge his argument for the right of the individual, the race he belongs to, and the human race at large, to work out their deliverance without any aid from foreign princes and their legions.

As it is, the break-up of the little household at Damme, and the burning of Claes at the stake for heresy, give the signal for the yet greater sorrows of the people to come. Soetkin and her son gather up piously some of the ashes of her murdered husband, and thereafter Ulenspiegel wears a little bag of them hung about his bosom, and they become his amulet in the deadly struggle against the foreign tyranny. Whenever there is a question of his Flemish faith, up to the penalty of death itself, his refrain is always 'Les cendres de Claes battent sur ma poitrine.'

The horrors of massacre and fire to follow, which read so like to-day's, are realised only too terribly, until one shrinks indeed from the repeated ordeal of Katheline, who goes mad from her burning and suffering in the torture-chamber. Her story, the coming and going of Hanske, the 'familiar' she has conjured up in her madness for herself, the devotion to her of Nele, bring many tragic and sombre pages into the *Legend* to quicken Ulenspiegel's spirit; for De Coster gives one the realities as they existed, or as he saw them with his unsparing vision of a Flanders in revolt. He spares us nothing of the pitiful trials of Soetkin, tortured before her son's eyes because she will not tell where Claes has hidden his money; nor does Ulenspiegel escape the fire and rack. The account of these things would be too terrible for romance, but that De Coster's method, rapid, episodic, suggestive, and his style, succinct and buoyant, do not let us dwell continuously on these scenes. As he meant to bring home to us the

sufferings of his country and to make his book, in its real issues, a legend of revolution, one does not see how he could have wrapt up his death's-head in any napkin or fold of tapestry, and kept true to his idea. In the later books, the strokes of vengeance and the events, fearless and retributive, that succeed, become like lamps in the night to the reader overcast by the tragedy that opened in the little house at Damme. All but Ulenspiegel and Nele may have gone; but the things they lived for are being redeemed, and the 'pays de Flandres' is on its way to its deliverance. So the ashes of Claes have a resurrection in the fires that light the sea-beggars in the great assault at Haarlem,—'O ville de liberté!'

The signal of the new hope is heard already in the scene that follows the death of Claes, where the mystic betrothal of Nele and Ulenspiegel takes place. There the giant Winter gives way, and the friendly elements join with the 'spirits of the sap,' and the wine of life is poured out, and the song of the mystic Seven who are to redeem the land is heard. Possibly De Coster does not make his allegory of Spring so convincing as his terrors and picaresque gaieties; but then, how hard it is to allegorise without losing the reality of make-believe. In the half-supernatural region, to which the occult powers of Katheline lead him back, De Coster is at times sure of touch, and then again, I think, he confuses his own ideas with those proper to his characters. In the scene where Nele is made to see in a vision the court of Charles the Fifth while she sits in the kitchen of Soetkin, her language grows too self-conscious, wrought up as it is to a degree of finesse in its detestation. She sees in a little green chamber Charles himself—'a man drawing on to his fifty-fourth year, bald and grey, but with a blonde beard on a prominent chin, with an evil look, full of *ruse*, cruelty, and feigned *bonhomie*. That is his Sacred Majesty. He is catarrhous and coughs a great deal.' So far, so good; but near him is another,—'young with a plain muzzle, like a hydrocephalous monkey.' The monkey we may pass, but the epithet is one that Nele would not have used.

It is this touch of over-artifice that now and again endangers De Coster's romance. A fine artist, he is on occasion too finely artificial and too mannered, and then the illusion goes, if only for a moment.

With Ulenspiegel, who is in a way a projection of himself into the congenial arcana of romance, he is as a rule perfectly at ease. He uses Flemish folk-tale and the old story of *Eulenspiegel* (which became almost a folk-book) and has a hundred quips and devices caught from the lips of the old folk, to eke out Thyl's expressive and by no means too genteel vocabulary. Those who have read the story of *Owlglass* and its originals, Flemish or German, know that some of its incidents are gross beyond a joke. Many of these

De Coster has kept, but he has transmuted them in his *Legend*, and kept the humour undiminished. I will not say he has always studied the proprieties as we do to-day, for he has not written *virginibus puerisque*. As to the songs Ulenspiegel sings, they might have gained possibly by having more of a ballad-monger's ring; but they are written in bold rhythms, mostly unrhymed, and, their date being considered, with decided metrical originality. When a Flemish refrain is used in them it catches the ear like an old street-tune heard in the big town:

> Slaet op den trommele van
> dirre dom deyne
> Slaet op den trommele van
> dirre doum, doum.
> Battez le tambour! van dirre
> dom deyne,
> Battez le tambour de guerre.

In the last book of the *Legend* the war runs on to another mixed refrain of Ulenspiegel's:

> ——Entre Néerlande et Belgique
> Ce sera bonne amitié;
> Belle alliance.
> Met raedt
> En daedt
> Met doodt
> En bloodt.

But his last song we do not hear, for Charles de Coster has had the wit to do at the end what all writers of roving romance should do, leave the gate open for further wanderings. On the last page of all Ulenspiegel goes out with Nele, when he is supposed to be singing his sixth song. 'But no one knows,' ends the tale, 'where he sang his last.' This allows us to include Ulenspiegel with Don Quixote, Sir Gawain, and others among those celestial vagabonds whose genius it is to go on roving, even to the world's end and over the world's rim.

It is natural to wonder what kind of stories De Coster wrote before he achieved his master-work in the *Legend of Ulenspiegel*? The two best-known of his other and earlier books in his own country are his *Contes Brabançons* and his *Légendes Flamandes*. In one book occurs the story of an unhappy solitary old man Jerome, a seer through his sorrows; whose one escape is into the pale region where men's memories grow into immortal spirits. *Les Fantômes*, it is entitled; and it contains a passage which one of De Coster's critics cited long ago, as instancing his signal faith in the power of fantasy:

Place for the mad Muse [says Jerome] whose robe is *bariolée* with a thousand colours; who weeps and laughs at the same moment; place for her train of angels and demons, ghouls and vampires, sylphs and gnomes.

Dishevelled she runs and flies, leaps up, and bounds from earth to heaven. The world is hers, to be peopled with her children. Place for Fantasy!

Among his familiar spirits are Good Sense and Gaiety, who accompany Fantasy: 'and recall pale Melancholy too among you,' says the old man; 'she is your sister and your equal. That man who shall love you all will be the true genius.'

'Smetse-Smee,' in De Coster's *Légendes Flamandes*, is another tale which clearly opens the door to *Ulenspiegel*. Smetse-Smee dwelt in the good town of Ghent on the Quai aux Oignons; he was a smith and a good craftsman who gloried in his trade.

Par Artevelde! [he cried] quels tambours, tambourins, fifres, violes et cornemuses valent, quant à la céleste musique, mes marteaux battant, mes enclumes gémissant, mes soufflets soufflant, mes bons manouvriers chantant et forgeronnant.

As there is a villainous spy-fishmonger and informer in the longer *Legend*, so we have the same evil kind in Seimbrock le Roux, who denounces Smetse-Smee and puts out his forge. Bad times come then for the unlucky smith, who is tempted at last to sell himself to the devil; and in one scene we read how he learns he will not suffer, as he expects, the everlasting fire in the end, but be eaten by Lucifer and his crew. The incident of his outwitting his tormentor on the way has the unfailing touch of folktale; the devil is put into a sack, being eager to be cured, by the intervention of St. Joseph, of the horrible fetid apostumes which infected him and the air about him. Smetse-Smee is so pleased to be rid of his unholy compact that he is beside himself with joy; embraces his wife, puffs in the face of his workman, his old bald tom-cat, and tells everybody of his recovered freedom.

A marvellous spectacle follows on the river Lys, a sort of Witches' Sabbath, an Inferno in the flood, with a terrible great snake or dragon—the *Serpent des Espagnes*—leading the dance. Smetse-Smee's death follows, and then, going up to Heaven, he is rebuffed and only allowed at last to enter by the intervention of our Blessed Lord, on his saying that he has fought his best against the Duke of Alva and Philip of Spain.

Charles de Coster has been dead now nearly forty years. He came of good Flemish stock, but was born at Munich on the 20th of August 1827; his father was a native of Ypres. He died at Ixelles on the 7th of May 1879. His actual life was not a Ulenspiegel's. It was intended at first that he should be a bank clerk—'it did not suit me in any fashion,' he said. He went to the University of Brussels; and there founded a 'Société des Joyeux' and regaled its members *inter alia* with his Dream at an Apothecary's Shop where the pills dance in a

pillbox and say 'Come, take us to your bosom! We will disguise ourselves in honey, and you will only discover our presence when *nous te déchirons les entrailles.*' The *Journal des Joyeux* of the society contains some of these first experiments. He must have been still at the University when he wrote in one of the *Lettres à Elisa* 'There is only one man that I love in France, —c'est Molière, et puis c'est tout; j'étudie les autres.' However, we have known him a reader of Shakespeare, Rabelais, Hugo, Lucian, and the old romances; and he was a rare citizen of old cities: 'I love these distant sounds,' he writes, 'that we divine rather than hear; the carts on the *chaussées*, the heavy step of the *rouliers*, and this perpetual sigh of the town—a sigh in which lie so many tears and sufferings; one incident the more in the thousand little things that make us happy!'

It needs a critic who has intimate knowledge to speak of his powers as an interpreter of the 'pays de Flandres'; and M. Emile Deschanel has told us how sure he was, how true to the Flemish folk in 'their joviality, naïveté, tireless energy, honesty, courage, concentrated passions, and rare outbursts like to the eruption of a volcano.' It was the Evil One who in the *Legend*, speaking of Flanders, said 'when the famine reigns there, and the earth is dried up and the water tainted, and the last inhabitants of the depeopled towns wander about like phantoms, then in that naked land, stony and desolate like a cemetery, he would plant a black cross.'

In the irony of history it has come about that the black cross has been in the land again; but if De Coster's *Legend* can be held prophetic, as it seems, the hour of deliverance has dawned. He loved the ancient tradition like a true son of the country; but he worked for it with the modern hope of a poet and artist and a true visionary.

> Cette Flandre [said he], que mon instinct d'homme et de poète me porte à aimer, dont le caractère convient à la trempe de mon esprit, et qui est pour moi comme une patrie de choix au milieu de la grande patrie belge.

ERNEST RHYS.

P.S.—Since this article was written (and held up by 'war's delays') an English version of the *Legend* by Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth has been published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. He has shortened it by about half, again for war-time economy; but quite enough appears to show the mixed gaiety and tragedy of the book. Indeed he triumphs signally over the many snares in the translator's way, and the accompanying woodcuts by M. Albert Delstanche are boldly designed and well in keeping with the Flemish fantasy.—E. R.

LAST WORDS ON SOPHOCLES

LET us devote half an hour to the two Plays of Sophocles which still remain for me to write about, the *Electra* and the *Trachiniae*; they may very fittingly be considered together, as each presents a well-marked type of Hellenic womanhood.

The *Electra* opens at Mycenae, on the high ground where the citadel is reared. The city stands in the rocky recess of the Argive plain, at the end of a narrow glen, between the two peaks of Mount Euboea; a mighty stronghold commanding the country below. It is the early morning and three men are gazing at the palace. They are Orestes, his trusted friend Pylades, and his faithful old servant styled in the Play Paedagogus. The old man points out to Orestes the chief features of the landscape: 'there is ancient Argos which you have so longed to behold, whence the gadfly drove the daughter of Inachus; and there the Lycean agora named from the wolf-slaying God; and there, to the left, Hera's famous temple; and before us is the home of the Pelopidae, so often stained with blood,[1] whence after the slaughter of thy father Agamemnon I bore thee away at the bidding of thy sister Electra, and saved thy life from destruction, and reared thee up to manhood to be his Avenger, as Apollo hath ordained.' That is the mission on which they have come. 'And now,' he continues, 'our plans must be laid quickly, for the sun's bright ray is awakening the song of birds, and the soft night of the stars is spent. Before anyone comes out of the house, take counsel: it is no time for delay but for deeds.' Orestes replies: 'True friend and counsellor, I will tell thee what I have determined: listen closely to my words and correct me if I miss the mark in aught. When I went to the Pythian Oracle, to learn how I might avenge my father of his murderers, Phoebus gave me the response which thou art now to hear—that alone, and by stealth, without aid of arms, or numbers, I should snatch the righteous vengeance of my hand. Since, then, the God spake to us on this wise, thou must go into yonder house, when opportunity gives thee entrance, and learn all that is passing there, so that thou mayst report to us sure knowledge. Thine age and the lapse of time will prevent them from recognising thee: they will never suspect who thou art with thy silvered hair. Let thy tale be that thou art a Phocian stranger, sent by Phanoteus,

[1] πολύφθορον δῶμα.

for he is the greatest of their allies; tell them, and confirm it with thine oath, that Orestes hath perished by a fatal chance—hurled, at the Pythian games, from his rapid chariot: be that the substance of thy story. We, meanwhile, will first crown my father's tomb, as the God enjoined, with drink-offerings and the luxuriant tribute of severed hair; then come back bearing in our hands the urn of shapely bronze well hidden in the brushwood, as I think thou knowest—so as to gladden them with the false tidings that this, my body, is no more, and has been consumed with fire and turned to ashes. O my fatherland, and ye Gods of the land, receive me with good fortune in this journey—and ye also, halls of my fathers, for I come with a divine mission to cleanse you righteously: send me not dishonoured from the land, but grant that I may rule over my possessions, and restore my house.'

A voice is heard from within, as of someone moaning. Orestes says: 'Can it be the hapless Electra? Shall I stay and listen to her lament?' The Paedagogus replies: 'By no means: let us obey the behest of Apollo.' So they depart to the tasks assigned them, and Electra enters from the house. Her life is nothing but lamentation and mourning and woe. She has come out from her sad vigil in the dwelling polluted by murder and adultery, and finds a momentary relief in clear sunlight and fresh morning air. 'Ah my wretched couch, in yonder home of woe, which I water with my tears, how often I bewail my hapless sire, to whom deadly Ares gave not of his gifts in a strange land, but my mother and her paramour Aegisthus cleft his head with murderous axe as woodmen fell an oak. And for this no plaint bursts from any lips save mine, when thou, my father, hast died a death so cruel and piteous. O home of Hades and Persephone, O Hermes of the shades, O potent curse, and ye dread daughters of the Gods, Erinyes—ye who behold when a life is reft by violence, when a bed is dishonoured by stealth—come, help me, avenge the murder of my sire, and send to me my brother, for I have no more the strength to bear up alone against the load of grief which weighs me down.' The Chorus, which is composed of Mycenean women, while full of sympathy, reminds her that grief is unavailing, and bids her to be calm, and to trust in the Gods, and to hope for the return of Orestes—yes, and to try to be more conciliatory to Aegisthus and Clytemnestra. She recognises the goodwill of the 'noble-hearted maidens,' but cannot follow their counsels. 'Leave me to my lamentations, O leave me, I beseech you. The best part of my life has passed away from me in hopelessness and I have no strength left: I who am pining away without children, whom no loving champion shields, but, like some despised alien, I serve in the halls of my father, clad in this mean garb, and standing at a meagre board. And think what manner of days I pass when I

see Aegisthus sitting on my father's throne, wearing the robes which he wore, and pouring libations at the hearth where he slew my sire, and when I see the outrage which crowns all, the murderer in our father's bed at our wretched mother's side: but so hardened is she that she lives with that accursed one, fearing no Erinys; nay, as if exulting in her deeds, having found out the day on which she treacherously slew my father of old, she keeps it with dance and song, and month by month sacrifices sheep to the Gods who have wrought her deliverance! But I, hopeless one, beholding it, weep and pine in the home and bewail the unholy feast named after my sire—weep to myself alone, since I may not indulge my grief to the full measure of my yearning. For this woman, in profession so noble, loudly upbraids me with such taunts as these: "Impious and hateful girl, hast thou alone lost a father, and is there no other mourner in the world? An evil doom be thine, and may the Gods infernal give thee no riddance from thy present laments!" Thus she insults, save when anyone brings her word that Orestes is coming: then, infuriated, she rushes up to me and cries: "Hast not *thou* brought this upon me? Is not this deed thine who didst steal Orestes from my hands and privily convey him forth? Yet be sure that thou shalt have thy due reward!" So she shrieks, and aiding her the renowned spouse at her side is vehement in the same strain, that abject dastard, that utter pest, who fights his battles with the help of women. But I, looking ever for Orestes to come and end these woes, languish in my misery. That he is always intending to strike a blow, his frequent messages give assurance, but he does not: and I have ceased to hope.'

Her sister Chrysothemis enters bearing sepulchral offerings, such as are given to those below, and gently upbraids her. 'Why hast thou come forth once more to declaim thus at the public doors? Why wilt thou not learn, with any lapse of time, to desist from vain indulgence of idle wrath? I myself am grieved at our plight: but I care not to seem active without the power to hurt. I would that thy conduct were the same.' Electra rejects her counsels. 'Does not this crown our miseries with cowardice? Tell me, what should I gain by ceasing these laments? Do I not live—miserably, I know, yet well enough for me! And I vex *them*, thus rendering pleasure to the dead, if indeed pleasure can be felt in the world beyond. But thou, who tellest me of thy hatred, hatest in word only, while indeed thou consentest to the slayer of thy sire. Never would *I* yield to them though I were promised the gifts which now make thee proud. Be thine the richly spread table and the life of luxury. For me be it food enough that I do not violence to myself[2]: I covet not such privi-

[2] *τοὐμὲ μὴ λυπεῖν.* The meaning of these words has been much disputed. For myself I cannot doubt that Electra refers to the moral pain of violating

leges as thine : nor wouldest thou, if thou wert wise. But now, when thou mightest be called daughter of the noblest father among men, be called rather the child of thy mother ! '

The Chorus pleads for gentler words, and Electra asks on what errand her sister is bound. Chrysothemis replies that she is the bearer of libations for the tomb of Agamemnon from her mother, who was led to send them by some dread vision of the night. Electra exclaims : 'Gods of our home, be ye with me, now, at last,' and begs that her sister will recount the dream. ''Tis said,' Chrysothemis relates, 'that she beheld our sire, restored to the light of day, at her side : then he took his sceptre, now wielded by Aegisthus, and planted it on the hearth,[3] and then a fruitful bough spread up and over-shadowed the whole land of Mycenae. Such was the tale which I heard told by one who was present when she declared her dream to the Sungod.[4] More than this I know not, save that she sent me by reason of that fear.' 'Nay, my dear sister,' urges Electra, 'do not let any of the things in thy hands touch our father's tomb. Do not bring libations to our sire from such a hateful wife : no : scatter them to the winds, or bury them deep in the earth, and let her find them laid up for her when she comes to the nether world. If she were not the most hardened of women, how could she have sought to pour the offerings of enmity on the grave of him she slew? Canst thou believe that the things which thou bringest will absolve her from the murder? Ah no. Cast them away. Give our sire rather a lock cut from thine own tresses, and for me, helpless—poor offering it is—this wisp of hair, dressed with no unguents, and this unadorned girdle : and pray him that from his seat in the nether world he will come to help us against his enemies, and that his boy, Orestes, may live to trample on his foes : so that, at the last, we may crown his tomb with wealthier hands and with worthier offerings. I think, indeed I do think, that *he* had something to do with these appalling dreams.' The Chorus says : 'The maiden counsels well' : and Chrysothemis assents, begging, however, that they will aid her with their silence, 'for should my mother hear of this, I think I shall rue my daring.'

The Chorus sings a short ode welcoming the dream as heralding the vindication of Justice, the coming of Vengeance triumphant in righteous strength :

> Vain are all oracles, all visions vain,
> If this announcement no fulfilment gain.

Then Clytemnestra appears, and upbraids Electra with passing the gates in the absence of Aegisthus. She goes on to defend her

her sense of right and duty. Jebb translates : 'wound my conscience,' which seems somewhat of an anachronism.

[3] Probably at an altar of Zeus Herkeios in the open αὐλή of the house.

[4] Specially invoked in respect of dreams.

slaying of Agamemnon on the ground that he slew her daughter Iphigenia. Electra scornfully replies: 'He slew her under sore constraint, with utter unwillingness, since the fleet could in no other way get released. But look if thy pretext is not false. For tell me, if thou wilt, wherefore thou art now doing the most shameless deed of all, sharing the couch of that assassin who helped thee to slay my sire, and bearing children to him, while thou hast cast out the elder-born, the stainless offspring of stainless marriage.' Clytemnestra tells her she shall pay for this boldness when Aegisthus returns from his expedition to the country, and turning towards the statue of Apollo which stands before the palace, makes her offerings in respect of the vision which she saw last night in doubtful dreams. 'If it hath come for my good, grant, Lycean King, that it may be fulfilled; but if for harm, then let it recoil upon my foes.'

Then the Paedagogus enters, and inquires for the palace of Aegisthus. The Chorus tells him that he is in front of it and in the presence of the Queen. He presents himself to her as being sent by Phanoteus, the Phocian, with tidings of the death of Orestes: and gives a singularly vivid description—it makes the scene live before us, but is too long to quote here—of the chariot race in which the calamity is supposed to have occurred. Orestes was on the verge of victory when, unawares, he struck on the edge of the goal and was overthrown and killed. A thrill of pity touches Clytemnestra for a moment—'Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?'—but it soon gives way to a feeling of intense relief. The fear is banished which for long years had been hanging over her head, like the sword of Damocles, so that neither by night nor by day could sweet sleep cover her eyes. 'Now, since this day I am free of terror from him, and as for this girl, for aught that she can threaten, I shall pass my days in peace.' Electra has been overwhelmed by the news of the Paedagogus: 'I am lost, helpless one that I am; I am lost.' But Clytemnestra says to him: 'Thy coming will deserve large recompense if thou hast hushed her clamorous tongue.' And she takes him into the palace. Electra, in a passionate outburst of grief, exclaims: 'Dearest Orestes, how is my life quenched by thy death! Thou hast torn away with thee from my heart the only hope which still was mine—that thou wouldst live to return some day as Avenger of thy sire and of me, unhappy me. Whither shall I turn? I must be a slave again among those whom most I hate: my father's murderers!' The Chorus asks: 'Where are the thunderbolts of Zeus, or where is the bright Sun, if they unmoved look upon these things and brand them not?' and then addresses to Electra some commonplace consolations, 'vacant chaff well meant for grain.' She is overcome by the utter horror of her brother's end. 'To die as that

ill-starred one died, amid the tramp of racing steeds, entangled in the reins that dragged him!' The Chorus acknowledges: 'Cruel was his doom, beyond thought.' And she resumes: 'Yea, surely; when in foreign soil, without ministry of my hands, he is buried, ungraced by me with sepulture or with tears!'

Chrysothemis enters hurriedly. Joy, she explains, has made her forget decorum.[a] 'I bring glad tidings,' she continues, 'to relieve thy long sufferings and sorrow. Orestes is with us, as surely as thou seest me here.' Electra thinks she is mad, but she persists: 'Thou shalt hear all that I have seen. When I came to our father's ancient tomb, I saw that streams of milk had lately flowed from the top of the mound and that his sepulchre was encircled with garlands of all the flowers that blow. I was astonished at the sight and peered about, lest haply someone should be close to my side. But when I perceived that all the place was in stillness, I crept nearer to the tomb: and on the mound's edge I saw a lock of hair, freshly severed. And the moment that I saw it, a familiar image rushed upon my soul, telling me that I beheld a token of him I love most, Orestes. Then I took it in my hands, and uttered no ill-omened word, but the tears of joy straightway filled my eyes. And I knew well, as I know now, that this fair tribute has come from none but him. Whose part else was that save mine and thine? And I did it not, I know; nor thou—how shouldst thou when thou canst not leave the house, even to worship the Gods, but at thy peril? Nor again does our mother's heart incline to do such deeds: nor could she have done so without our knowledge.' But Electra knows that Orestes is dead. She had heard it from the lips of the man who had seen him perish. It must have been in memory of him that these things were brought to their father's sepulchre. But, she tells her sister, 'If thou wilt, thou mayst lighten the load of our present trouble. Hear how I am resolved to act. As for the support of friends, thou must thyself know that we have none: Hades has taken our friends away, and we have none! I, so long as I heard that my brother still lived and prospered, continued to hope that he would yet come to avenge the murder of our sire. But now that he is no more, I look next to thee, not to flinch from aiding me, thy sister, to slay our father's murderer Aegisthus.' But Chrysothemis shrinks from so bold a deed. The Chorus sings an Ode in praise of Electra's heroic devotion, ending:

> **Though now in lowest place**
> **Thrust down thou art, the grace**
> **Of highest heaven, whose will**
> **Loyally thou dost fulfil,**
> **Will deck thee with renown,**
> **Trampling the wicked down.**

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[a] *τὸ κόσμιον*: hurried motion was deemed indecorous.

And now Orestes and Pylades present themselves, in the character of the Phocian strangers whose approaching visit the Paedagogus has announced. They are followed by their attendants, one of whom bears an urn of bronze. Orestes asks where is the home of Aegisthus and who will announce them as messengers from the sovereign of Phocis. Electra, seeing the urn, demands if they bring visible proofs of the death of Orestes. He replies: 'Yes—in that small urn are his scanty relics.' She begs to be allowed to take it in her hands, and bursts into a lamentation of infinite pathos.

Ah, memorial of him whom I loved best on earth! Ah, Orestes, whose life hath no relic left but this—how far from the hopes with which I sent thee forth, is the manner in which I receive thee back! Now I carry thy poor dust in my hands: but thou wast radiant, my child, when I sped thee forth from home! Would that I had yielded up my breath ere, with these hands, I stole thee away, and sent thee to a strange land and rescued thee from death, that so thou mightest have been stricken down on the self-same day and had thy portion in this tomb of thy sire! But now, an exile from home and fatherland, thou hast perished miserably, far from thy sister; woe is me, these loving hands have not washed or decked thy corpse, nor taken up, as was meet, its sad burden from the flaming pyre. No: at the hands of strangers, hapless one, thou hast had those rites, and so art come to us, a little dust in a narrow urn!

Ah, woe is me, for my nursing long ago, so vain, that I oft bestowed on thee with loving toil! For thou wast never so much thy mother's darling as mine: nor was any in the house thy nurse but me: and 'Sister' thou didst always call me. But now all this hath vanished in a day, with thy death: like a whirlwind thou hast swept all away with thee. Our father is gone: *I* am dead in regard to thee: thou thyself hast perished: our foes exult: that mother, who is no mother, is mad with joy—she of whom thou didst often send me secret messages, thy heralds, to tell me that thou wouldst appear as an Avenger. But our evil-fortune, mine and thine, hath reft all that away, and hath sent thee forth unto me thus—no more the form that I loved so well, but ashes and a helpless shade. Ah me, ah me! O piteous dust! Alas, thou dear one, sent on a dire journey, how hast thou undone me—undone me indeed, O brother mine. Therefore take me to this, thy home, me who am as nothing to thy nothingness, that I may dwell with thee henceforth below: for when we were on earth we shared alike: and now I fain would die, that I may not be parted from thee in the grave: for the dead, at all events, are free from pain.

Orestes is moved almost beyond his self-control—and no wonder! He asks himself: 'What shall I say. Where shall I find words that may serve? I can no longer restrain my tongue.' He turns to her: 'Is this the form of the illustrious Electra?' 'Alas, it is,' she replies: 'and wretched, wretched indeed, is her case.' She thinks he must be some kinsman. A dialogue ensues leading up, most skilfully, to her recognition of her brother. She had rendered up, most unwillingly, the urn: 'Ah, woe is me for thee, Orestes, if I am not to give thee burial.' He had bidden her hush, for that she had no right to lament. 'No right to lament for my dead brother?' 'It is not meet for

thee to speak of him thus: the living have no tomb.' 'The man is alive?' 'Yes, if there be life in me.' 'But art *thou* he?' 'Look at this signet, once my father's: and judge if I speak the truth.' 'O blissful day!' and she throws herself into his arms. She turns to the Chorus: 'Ah, dear friends and fellow-citizens, behold here is Orestes, who was feigned dead, and has, by that feigning, come safely home.' The Chorus weeps tears of joy. The brother and sister converse for a time—too long a time—and the Paedagogus enters. 'Foolish and senseless children,' he upbraids, 'are ye weary, are ye weary of your lives that ye see not how ye stand in the very midst of deadly perils? Have done with this long discourse, these insatiate cries of joy, for in the deed we have in hand delay is evil, and it is best to make an end.'

Accordingly, Orestes and Pylades, having adored the shrines of the ancestral Gods in the vestibule, enter the palace to deliver to Clytemnestra their message with the urn. Electra remains outside for a minute to put up a prayer for the help of Apollo in their design, so that men may learn how impiety is rewarded by the Gods. Then she enters the house. The Chorus sings a terrible strain: how Ares moves onwards, breathing deadly vengeance, against which none may strive: how the Erinyes, the pursuers of dark guilt, have passed beneath the roof: how the champion of the spirits infernal is ushered, with stealthy tread, into the house, the ancestral palace of his sire, bearing keen-edged death in his hands, and Hermes, son of Maia, who hath shrouded the guile in darkness, leads him forward, even to the end, and delays no more. Electra reappears. She tells the Chorus: 'In a moment the men will do the deed: Clytemnestra is decking the urn for burial: and those two stand by her.' A cry is heard from within. It is the voice of the doomed woman. Again the voice is heard: 'My son, my son, have pity on thy mother!' Electra rejoins: 'Thou hadst none on him nor on the father that begat him.' Once more Clytemnestra cries: 'Oh, I am smitten.' Electra echoes: 'Smite again, if thou hast strength.' Orestes does, and soon comes forth with Pylades from the house. The Chorus receives them with the stern greeting: 'That red hand reeks with sacrifice to Ares, nor can I blame thy deed. But I see Aegisthus full in view.' He advances from the suburb, full of joy, little deeming that he is at the mercy of the man whom he holds as dead, and who, with Pylades, is concealed in the vestibule. He asks Electra: 'Where may be the strangers?' She replies, with bitter irony: 'Within; they have found a way to the heart of their hostess.'[6] 'Have they in truth reported

[6] **φίλης γὰρ προξένου κατήνυσαν.** The ostensible sense is, of course, that they have reached her home: but I am satisfied that Jebb's rendering, which is borrowed from Whitelaw's verse translation, conveys the hidden meaning of Sophocles.

him dead?' 'Nay, not reported only: they have shown him.' 'Can I then see the corpse with mine own eyes?' 'Thou canst: and 'tis no enviable sight.' The doors of the palace are thrown open: a corpse, hidden by a veil, lies on a bier: Orestes and Pylades stand beside it. Aegisthus lifts the veil and sees the dead Clytemnestra. He understands that Orestes stands before him, and that the hour of vengeance has come. He asks to be allowed to say a word. Electra interposes: 'For the Gods' sake, my brother, let him not speak: slay him, forthwith, and cast his corpse to the creatures from whom such as he should have burial, far from our sight. To me nothing but this can give retribution for the past.' 'Go into the house quickly,' Orestes orders him: 'the issue now is not of words but of thy life. Go, that thou mayst die in the place where thou didst slay my father: I may not spare thee any bitterness of death.' He goes: and there we leave him.

II

This Play of Sophocles is rightly named. Electra is on the stage, with very brief intervals, from first to last. All the action, so forcible and direct, centres round her. The other characters, however great their personal interest, serve chiefly to bring her more vividly before us. Sir Richard Jebb well remarks: 'One of the finest traits in the poet's delineation of her is the manner in which he suggests that inward life of the imagination into which she had shrunk back from the world around her. To her the dead father is an ally, ever watchful to aid the retribution. When she hears of Clytemnestra's dream, it at once occurs to her that *he* has helped to send it. The youthful Orestes, as her brooding fancy pictures him, is already invested with the heroic might of an Avenger. There are moments when she can almost forget her misery in visions of his triumph.' Nor, in her absorbing devotion to the stern purpose which has become the great object of her life, has she ceased to be 'pure womanly.' Her soul is frozen against her murderous mother. But to her kinsfolk and her friends, she is 'sweet as summer.' 'The union in her of tenderness with strength can be felt throughout, and finds expression in more than one passage of exquisite beauty.'[7]

But the question may be asked—it has indeed been often asked—how could the religiously minded Sophocles thus treat a theme of matricide? Jebb does not see any adequate answer. I venture to think that there is a sufficient one. It was for *just* vengeance that Electra wept and prayed, convinced that in so doing she exhibited piety towards Zeus. It was as the minister of just

[7] See p. 104.

vengeance, at the bidding of the Oracle, that Orestes slew.[8] There are among the Sophoclean *Fragments* some verses which insist upon the duty of unquestioning compliance with any mandate of Deity. 'If the God demands, at thy hands, what men account a crime, there is nothing for it but to obey.[9] Who art thou that repliest against God?' So, in a well-known episode of Hebrew story, a Divine injunction was undoubtingly held to warrant the slaying, by a father, of an innocent, only, and much loved child. Here, the victim upon whom a son was bidden to execute the vengeance of Apollo, was an adulterous wife, the murderess of an illustrious husband, hating and hated by his children, and assuredly meriting her doom, if such a thing as righteous vengeance exists.[10]

The old Greeks firmly believed in its existence. Among ourselves, alas, there are multitudes who deny it, seeing in punishment no more than a utilitarian measure of prevention, a mere deterrent. Nay, some—Professor Campbell, I regret to say, was one of them—do not scruple to assert that 'the idea of righteous vengeance is alien from Christian tradition.'[11] It appears to me, as a mere matter of historical fact, that the idea of righteous vengeance has, from the first, been closely bound up with the Christian tradition, and that, at the present time, in every religious community bearing the Christian name, from Catholics to Seventh Day Baptists, it is accepted as a great fundamental idea: vengeance divinely inflicted, not for the amendment of the trangressor, but for its own sake, and as an end in itself; as an original and absolute principle of the moral law, which is the law of the Divine Government; as the natural and inevitable result of crime, and therefore *due* to the malefactor; nay, as brought upon himself by himself, according to the maxim of Roman jurisprudence: *ipse te poenae subdidisti.* Avenging justice is the forcible restoration of outraged right, or, to put it more succinctly, the righting of a wrong; and it is an integral portion of the virtue of charity. Well is it—nay, most necessary—at the

[8] Sir Richard Jebb tells us: 'A Greek vase painting, now in the Naples Museum, portrays him in the act of doing so. The scene is in the temple at Delphi. Apollo, laurel-crowned, is sitting on the omphalos: in his left hand is a lyre. With the stem of a laurel branch, held in the right, he is touching the sheathed sword of Orestes, who stands in a reverent attitude before him: he thus consecrates it to the work of retribution. Behind Apollo the Pythia sits upon the tripod, holding a diadem for the brows of Orestes when he shall have done the deed: and near her is Pylades.'—Introduction, p. xiv.

[9] *σοφὸς γὰρ οὐδεὶς πλὴν ὃν ἂν τιμᾷ θεός·*
ἀλλ' εἰς θεοὺς δρῶντα, κἂν ἔξω δίκης
χωρεῖν κελεύῃ, κεῖσ' ὁδοιπορεῖν χρεών·
αἰσχρὸν γὰρ οὐδὲν ὧν ὑφηγοῦνται θεοί.

[10] I have discussed the subject of Vengeance at some length in an article published in the September number of this Review.

[11] And, therefore, he judges 'the *Electra* can never appeal directly to modern sympathies.'—*Sophocles*, vol. ii. p. 127.

present time, to recall this great verity, which holds good for nations as for individuals. For while each succeeding generation passes away, the nation remains, an organic whole, endowed with all the attributes of personality; an ethical entity, bound strictly by the moral law, and obnoxious to its penalties. Assuredly, if any atrocities ever perpetrated among men deserved severest retribution, they are the horrors, summed up in the word 'frightfulness,' wherewith the Germans have desolated Europe: and our solemn duty, now that the God of Battles has delivered them into our hands, is rigorously to exact it. We owe it to Him, the Judge of all the Earth, whose ministers human governments are: we owe it to our brothers of the kindly race of men, whose keepers we are: yes, and we owe it to the assassins and robbers themselves, whose right it is, according to that fine saying of St. Augustine, 'punishment is the justice of the unjust.' If ever a duty was clear it is this: and shall we shirk it, and make, through ignoble softness—*viltade* is Dante's word—the great refusal? We are urged to do that by Pacifists, Bolshevists, and the various tribes of emasculate sentimentalists, religious and irreligious. Peace to all such! But how can I express the dismay which filled me when, a few weeks ago, I read in *The Times* that a similar exhortation had been addressed to the most highly educated congregation in London by a divine justly honoured as a Professor in one of our great Universities? 'There are those,' he is reported to have said, 'who desire vengeance, who would punish the peoples who had approved and the rulers who had ordered the crimes and outrages which no plea of necessity can excuse: but let us leave such punishment in the hands of God.' To do so would be, as it seems to me, monstrously unfair to God. Why expect the Infinite and Eternal to undertake for us what we ought to do ourselves and are perfectly able to do? 'Crimes and outrages which no plea of necessity can excuse'! What a milk and water way of describing atrocities for which characters of blood and fire would be wholly inadequate! Lest we forget—and yet is it possible that we should forget when we see in our streets the 'pale shadow once a man,' the prisoner returned from Germany?—let me cite from *The Times* which this morning brought me words describing the exploits of German militarism in one quarter only of its activities.

Soldiers of all nations in past times have been guilty of dreadful cruelties to civilians in the heat of combat or when the bonds of discipline were relaxed. The horror of the outrages perpetrated upon the Belgians, as upon the populations of all districts occupied by the Germans, is that they were not, for the most part, the result of individual brutality and passion, but the result of an elaborate system, carefully thought out, and scientifically applied by the orders and under the supervision of the German authorities. Five or six thousand Belgian civilians—men, women, and little children—were murdered, cities and towns were looted and burnt, 16,000

houses were pillaged in Brabant alone, venerable churches, noble civic monuments, priceless libraries, glorious works of art, which had survived the warfare of centuries, ruthlessly destroyed 'according to plan.' Von Bissing and Von Falkenhausen added unheard-of extortion to arson, and forced labour and deportation to both. Everything was plundered—food, raw materials, machinery. Then the unemployment which necessarily followed was used as a pretext for slavery and deportation. A German authority has estimated that early in 1916 his countrymen had extorted 80,000,000*l.* from Belgium, in addition to the war contribution of 2,000,000*l.* a month. The people naturally starved.

Surely these crimes—*and worse might be added*—cry to heaven for vengeance: surely the chief perpetrators of them are guilty of death: surely the nation which demanded them, and gloated over them, should be made to suffer in pocket, if no other way is possible. Elementary justice demands it. Why should we, the vast majority of us workers of one sort or another, operatives, traders, followers of some profession, why should we find, from our narrow earnings, the milliards which it has cost to stay Germany from wading through slaughter to loot the world, and 'shut the gates of mercy on mankind'? It is monstrous. The war costs of every kind incurred by the Allies and by the people of the United States of America should be defrayed by the Germans themselves. Am I told by the 'softies'—a more appropriate name could not well be devised for them—that Germany could not possibly pay such damages, I reply, first: that the Germans should have thought of that before incurring them; and secondly: that the statement is untrue. We have the word of Herr Helfferich, the head of the Imperial Treasury during the War, that Germany's economic assets are worth 16,600,000,000*l.* And Sir Sidney Low, a very trustworthy authority, in an admirable letter to *The Times*,[12] observes:

Goods and labour are not Germany's only assets. She has also immense natural resources. Her iron-fields and coal mines, even after the cession of French Lorraine, will still be among the richest in Europe; she has copper, lead, zinc, and silver; and potash deposits of unique importance. I have seen authoritative estimates which place the gross value of Germany's mineral and chemical reserves as high as 250,000,000,000*l.* sterling, or even more; and the Ruhr basin mines alone are said to be worth over 45,000,000,000*l.* It is certain, at any rate, that the capital value of these natural supplies is much greater than the total war debts of all the Allied States. Why should not some portion of this wealth be diverted, for a sufficient period, from its present owners, and assigned to the peoples whom Germany has assailed, despoiled, and injured? The Allied Governments might justly require Germany to surrender to them the user of such of her mines and mineral deposits as would yield, say, from 100 to 200 millions annually for the next thirty, forty, or fifty years. By this means we could obtain substantial compensation from Germany without unduly stimulating her manufactures and export trade to our own detriment.

But this would ruin Germany? Possibly. That is the affair of the Germans. Our affair is that justice would thus be done,

[12] Of December 3.

in some measure, on a nation of murderers and thieves who avowedly would have dealt far worse with us had the opportunity been given them. The vengeance will be righteous, however inadequate: and in the noble words of Electra, on which my eye now rests, 'Without righteous vengeance all regard for man, all fear of Heaven, will vanish from the earth.'[13]

III

In the Play of Sophocles which we have still to consider, the heroine is of a very different type. Electra is 'a perfect woman nobly planned to warn, to comfort, and command.'[14] Deianira we may take to be 'the crown and head of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead' as it was found in ancient Hellas. Let us glance at her story.

She is the wife of Hercules—*vagus Hercules* as the Latin poet calls him—and in the monologue with which the Play opens she laments his wanderings. Her life, she says, is sorrowful and bitter. Ever since she has been joined to him, as his chosen bride, fear after fear has haunted her on his account. His life has kept him journeying to and fro in the service of Eurystheus. The children whom she has borne him he has seen only as the husbandman sees the distant field, which he visits at seed-time and once again at harvest. Even now, and ever since they have been dwelling at Trachis, exiles from their home and guests of a stranger, he is away she knows not where; she knows only that he has gone and hath pierced her heart with cruel pangs for him: ten long months, and then five more, and no message from him! Her old Nurse suggests, respectfully: 'Why, since thou art so rich in sons,[15] dost thou not send one to seek thy lord? Hyllus, the eldest, might well go on that errand, if he cared that thou shouldst have tidings of his father's welfare.' As the Nurse speaks, he approaches the house, and Deianira tells him of her suggestion. But he says he does know where his father is, if rumour can be trusted: they say that through the months of last year he toiled as bondsman to a Lydian woman. 'If he indeed bore that, no tidings can surprise me!' Deianira exclaims. Hyllus rejoins: 'Well, he has been delivered from that, as I hear, and is waging, or beginning, a war upon Euboea, the realm of Eurytus.' Deianira then confides to her son that Hercules has left with her some oracle as touching that land, importing that either he will meet his death there, or having achieved his task

[13] *εἰ γὰρ ὁ μὲν θανὼν γᾶ τε καὶ οὐδὲν ὢν*
κείσεται τάλας, οἱ δὲ μὴ πάλιν
δώσουσ᾽ ἀντιφόνους δίκας
ἔρροι τ᾽ ἂν αἰδὼς ἁπάντων τ᾽ εὐσέβεια θνατῶν.

[14] Milton calls her 'a wise virgin.'

[15] Of the very numerous progeny of Hercules—some seventy children are attributed to him—three sons and one daughter were borne by Deianira.

will have rest thenceforth for all his days to come. 'So, my child, as his fate is trembling thus in the balance, wilt thou not go and succour him?' Hyllus assents, saying that if he had known of these prophecies, he would have gone long ago.

The Chorus now enters: it is composed of freeborn maidens of Trachis, friends and confidantes of Deianira. In a singularly beautiful ode it expresses its sympathy with her as she pines on her anxious widowed couch; but bids her not to lose heart, for joy follows grief, and Zeus is mindful of his children.

Deianira replies that they are strangers to the anguish which consumes her heart. A maiden rejoices in sweet, untroubled being till such time as she is called a wife, when she finds her portion of anxious thoughts in the night, brooding on dangers to husband and children; 'such an one,' she continues, 'would understand the burden of my cares; she could judge of them by her own. Well, I have had many a sorrow to weep for ere now: but I will tell you of one more grievous than them all. When Hercules, my lord, was going from home on his last expedition, he left in the house an ancient tablet, inscribed with mystic tokens which he had never before brought himself to explain to me. He had always departed as if to conquer, not to die. But now, as if he were a doomed man, he told me what portion of his substance I was to take for my dower, and how he would have his sons share their father's lands among them. And he fixed the time, saying that when a year and three months should have passed since he had left the country, then he was fated to die, or if he should survive, to lead thenceforth an untroubled life. Such, he said, was the doom ordained by the Gods to be accomplished in the toils of Hercules, as the ancient oak at Dodona had spoken of yore by the mouth of the two Peleiades. And this is the precise moment when the fulfilment of that word becomes due. So that I start up from sweet slumber, my friends, stricken with terror at the thought that I must remain widowed of the noblest among men.'

But the Chorus interrupts her. 'Hush: no more ill-omened words: I see a man approaching who wears a wreath as if for joyful news.'

The man is a Messenger, who announces to Deianira that her lord, admired of all, will soon come to the home, restored to her in victorious might. He had heard the tidings from Lichas, the herald of Hercules, who has been proclaiming it to the people of Trachis, and has run on to tell Deianira, in the hope of reaping some guerdon and of winning her good graces. And now the herald himself appears, accompanied by a string of captive women chosen out by Hercules for himself and the Gods, when he sacked the city of Eurytus in revenge—so Lichas avers—for a misfortune which that potentate had brought upon him. Deianira gazes on the captive women, and over her joy at her lord's return a shadow

flits, through her tender sympathy with them. She says to the Chorus: 'A strange pity has come over me, friends, on seeing the fate of these unfortunate exiles, homeless and fatherless in a foreign land; once the daughters, perhaps, of free-born sires, but now doomed to the life of slavery. O Zeus, who turnest the tide of battle, never may I see child of mine thus visited by thy hand: nay, if such visitation is to be, may it not fall while Deianira lives.' But one of the captives specially attracts her attention: a weeping girl, and, to judge by her appearance, of a noble race (γεννaία δέ τις). She asks Lichas whose offspring is this stranger? Can she be from a royal sire? Had Eurytus a daughter? Lichas professes not to know anything about the damsel, to whom Deianira then turns: 'Unhappy girl, let me at least hear thy name from thine own lips: it is distressing not to know who thou art.' There is no answer. 'Then let her be left in peace,' Deianira enjoins, 'her present woes must not be crowned with fresh pain at my hands.'[16]

Lichas, followed by the captives, goes into the house, and the Messenger draws nearer to Deianira. He tells her that she ought to know who this maiden is: that Lichas knows very well, and has declared before many: that for *her* sake Eurytus was overthrown, and the proud towers of Oechalia were stormed; that she is Iole, his daughter, refused by her father as a concubine to Hercules, who thereupon, devising some petty complaint as a pretext, slew that prince, and sacked his city. 'And now,' the Messenger continues, 'as thou seest, he sends her to this house, not in careless fashion, like a slave—no, dream not of that—it is not likely when his heart is kindled with desire.' Deianira, bewildered, exclaims to the Chorus: 'What shall I do?' and receives for answer: 'Inquire of Lichas.' Lichas comes. Deianira confronts him with the Messenger. At first he denies all knowledge of Iole. Deianira presses him. 'I implore thee by Zeus, whose lightnings go forth over the high glens of Oeta, do not cheat me of the truth. For she to whom thou wilt speak is not ungenerous, nor hath she yet to learn that the human heart is inconstant to its joys. They are not wise who stand out to buffet against Love: for Love rules the Gods as he will, and me, and why not another woman such as I? So were I mad indeed if I blame my husband because that distemper hath seized him and this woman, his partner in a thing which is no shame to them and no wrong to me. Hath not Hercules had other mistresses—ay, more than any living man—and no one of them hath had a hard word or a taunt from me: nor will this girl though her whole being should be absorbed in her passion:[17] for indeed I

[16] Jebb well observes: 'It is a touch worthy of the greatest master.'

[17] It is characteristic that she supposes the absorbing passion to be on Iole's side.

felt a profound pity for her when I beheld her, because her beauty hath wrecked her life, and she, hapless one, all innocent, hath brought her fatherland to ruin and to bondage.'

Lichas yields—how could he help it—to this pathetic pleading. He acknowledges that the girl is Hercules' mistress. Long ago she inspired that overmastering love which smote through his soul: it was to obtain her that desolate Oechalia, her home, was made the prey of his spear. 'Now, however, that thou knowest the whole truth, for both your sakes—for his, and not less for thine own—bear with her, and be content that the words which thou hast spoken should bind thee still. For he, whose strength is victorious in all else, has been utterly vanquished by his passion for this girl.' And Deianira answers the faithful herald: 'Indeed my own thoughts move me to act thus. Trust me, I will not add a new affliction to my burden by waging a fruitless fight against the Gods.'

The Chorus sings an ode celebrating the omnipotence of Love. And then there is a long monologue from Deianira. She has no thought of anger against Hercules, often vexed with this distemper: 'but as for living with *her*, having marriage in common,[18] how can I endure it? She is in the flower of her age: I am fading, and the eyes of men love to seek the bloom of youth, and turn aside when it is no longer found. This then is my fear, lest Hercules, in name my husband, should be *her* man. But what can I do? May deeds of wicked daring be ever far from my thoughts, and from my knowledge, even as I abhor the women who attempt them. But if I could in any wise prevail against this girl by love spells and charms used on Hercules? I have bethought me, my friends, of a gift which, yet a girl, I took from the shaggy-breasted Nessus, who used to carry men for hire across the deep waters of the Evenus. I too was carried over on his shoulders, when, by my father's sending, I first went forth with Hercules as his wife: and when I was in mid-stream the ferryman touched me with wanton hands: I shrieked; the son of Zeus turned quickly round and shot a feathered arrow: it whizzed through the breast of Nessus to the lungs: and in his mortal faintness thus much the Centaur spake to me: 'Child of Oeneas, thou shalt have at least this profit of my ferrying, if thou wilt hearken, because thou wast the last whom I conveyed. If thou gatherest with thy hands the blood clotted around my wound, this shall be to thee a charm for the soul of Hercules, so that he shall never look upon any woman to love her more than thee.' Since his death I have kept it carefully locked in a secret place: and I have anointed this robe, doing everything to it as he enjoined when he lived. The work is

[18] *κοινωνοῦσα τῶν αὐτῶν γάμων.*

finished. If I seem to be acting rashly, I will desist.' The Chorus thinks the device is not amiss. Lichas comes for her last commands before he returns to his lord. She says: 'Take this long robe woven by my own hands as a gift to him. Charge him that he, and no other, shall be the first to wear it: that it shall not be seen by the light of the sun, nor by the sacred precinct,[19] nor by the fire at the hearth, until he stand forth, conspicuous before all eyes, and show it to the Gods on a day when bulls are slain. For thus had I vowed—that if I should ever see or hear that he had come safely home, I would duly clothe him in this robe, and so present him to the Gods newly radiant at their altar in a new garb.' And she puts the robe in a casket: and seals it with her own seal: and bidding him go she says: 'Thou hast seen the greeting given to the stranger maid, how kindly I welcomed her.' He replies: 'So that my heart was filled with joy.'

Lichas departs, and the Chorus sings an ode welcoming the speedy arrival of Hercules, and ending: 'May he come, full of desire, steeped in love by the specious device of the robe.' But Deianira is anxious. All her mind is clouded with a doubt. She narrates that she had cast into the full glare of the sunshine a light tuft of fleecy wool which she had used to spread the unguent on the robe, and that as it grew warm, it shrivelled all away into dust, and that from the earth where it was strewn, clots of foam seethed up. She is afraid. She reflects: Why should the monster whom Hercules slew have shown good will to *her*? Was he not cajoling her in order to slay the man who had smitten him? Then Hyllus comes and she learns that her foreboding was too true. He upbraids her with doing to death her husband, his sire. He recounts to her that as Hercules was sacrificing, when the blood-red flame began to blaze from the holy offering and the resinous pine, a sweat broke forth on his flesh, and the tunic clung to his sides, and then came a biting pain which racked his bones, and then the venom, as of some cruel deadly viper, began to devour him, and he called for the unhappy Lichas, whom he hurled on to a surf-beaten rock in the sea; 'and now we have laid him in midships and brought him to this shore, moaning in his torments.' It is as a sentence of death to Deianira. How can she any longer live? She says no word—what words would serve?—but moves distractedly towards the house. She roams hither and thither through it, falling before the altars of her household Gods and bewailing that they will be left desolate: she touches little things which she had been wont to use, household memorials of her daily life, and her tears flow: at the sight of any well-loved slave[20] she cries aloud upon her own fate and the fate of the house-

[19] ἕρκος ἱερὸν: a sacred *temenos*: 'holy temple court' Campbell translates: her reason is that in it there might chance to be a blazing altar.

[20] Such we must remember were her servants.

hold, thenceforth to be in the power of others: she rushes into the chamber of Hercules, and spreads coverings upon the couch of her lord and springs thereon, exclaiming: 'Ah, bridal bed and bridal bedchamber, farewell!'[21] Then with a vehement hand she loosens her robe, where the gold-wrought brooch lay above her breast, baring all her left side and arm. Her old Nurse, who had been watching her with terror and amazement, runs to warn her son of her intent. But before Hyllus can come she had driven a two-edged sword through her heart.

Meanwhile Hercules has been brought to the house in a litter. He is in dire torments which Sophocles describes at much length, with an all too masterly hand. When the end is approaching he lays an injunction upon Hyllus to have him carried to the summit of Mount Oeta, sacred to Zeus, and there burnt alive. Hyllus is constrained to promise obedience, under threat of his father's curse, stipulating however that he shall not himself fire the funeral pyre.[22] And then his father begs him to add 'one small boon': it is that he would espouse Iole. He protests: the girl is virtually the destroyer of both his parents: it would not be *εὐσεβές*: it would be impious that he should wed her.[23] But Hercules insists: 'Disobey me not, but take this girl to be thy wife: let no other espouse her who has lain with me: consent: after loyalty in great matters, to rebel in less, is to cancel the grace that hath been won: I command thee: the Gods bear me witness.' He replies: 'Then will I do it, pleading before the Gods that thou hast enforced me.'

IV

In my judgment the character of Deianira has never been surpassed in literature; the gentle lady 'blessing and blessed where'er she goes'; sweet even to the pretty captive girl, notwithstanding her husband's infatuation for the damsel; nay, making allowance for him as, although strong in all else, prone ever to succumb to the irresistible power of Love; and then, when her tragic and irreparable mistake is made known to her, dying, heartbroken, by her own hand. Nor let us forget that the words which the poet chooses to depict her are well worthy of his theme. Sir Richard Jebb has remarked, with much felicity, that his language is 'exquisitely moulded for the expression of her nature.' And what shall we say of Hercules? She, sweet soul, in her touching way, esteemed him 'the noblest among men.' This

[21] All this is related by the Nurse. Patin well observes: 'Poësie ravissante et toute divine.'

[22] It was Philoctetes who did that.

[23] It will be noted that he is not withheld by any consideration of his affinity with her arising from her relations with his father.

judgment would not, I suppose, be accepted by many in our own day. Indeed I do not remember anyone, conspicuous among the moderns, who held the hero in high admiration, except Robespierre. He reminded the Convention, pondering the fate of Louis the Sixteenth, that the son of Zeus did not resort to legal tribunals but rid the world, at once, of its monsters; and urged it as a precedent for murdering the unfortunate monarch out of hand. The Revolutionary legislators did not adopt this summary method of taking off the king—but applied it to Robespierre himself, a few months later, when their feet had become swift to shed blood.

I was reading the other day a thoughtful and interesting essay of Mr. Dakyns, in the course of which he observes, regarding the old Hellenic cults: 'If the question of the relative value of creeds be discussed, in reference to the spirit which animates their worshippers, the gain will not all be on the side of later times or purer beliefs.' True, most true, and ever to be borne in mind. But it is also true that in falling under the spell of the great masters of Greece and Rome—those 'mighty spirits who rule us from their urns'—there is a risk of forgetting what we have gained from the generations that came after: we 'the heirs of all the ages.' The great blots on that ancient society were slavery and the quasi-servile state of the feminine half of our race. Not to speak of other goods, the conception of human personality which we possess and the elevation of woman to spiritual equality with man, which flows from it, give us warrant for boasting ourselves much better than our fathers. A more usual ground for the boast is supplied by the wonderful triumphs of our material civilisation. I am not called to speak of them here—except in the way of warning. Great—stupendous—as they are, it is from them that proceeds our chief intellectual danger—a danger to which the ancient Greek and Roman literature, and especially the Greek, offers the best antidote. Sir William Hamilton has somewhere profoundly remarked that the too exclusive cultivation of physics 'diverts from all notion of the phenomena of moral liberty; nay, incapacitates the mind from understanding such phenomena.' I may cite in this connexion an admirable sentence from Professor Murray's last book—I think it is his last—which we have all been reading with so much pleasure: 'There are in life two elements, one transitory and progressive, the other comparatively, if not absolutely, unprogressive; and the soul of man is chiefly concerned with the second.' Even so. What could die of those antique cults died long ago. Their essence lives on, because it holds of the eternal.

W. S. LILLY.

AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT AND NATIONAL WELFARE

It is generally recognised that the question of agricultural development is one of the most important questions which the country will have to face in the period of reconstruction. It is, too, admitted that the problems of agriculture in the future must be settled on their merits and that it would be criminal folly to allow issues of such great importance to be prejudged through loyalty to ancient doctrines, or, in other words, to condemn a particular agricultural policy out of hand because it would have pleased or displeased Richard Cobden. Further than this, everybody is agreed that the test of agricultural policy should be its harmony with the highest interests of the nation as a whole and not its desirability from the point of view of any particular class. Even as regards the concrete programme there is a considerable measure of agreement. For all are agreed that the sleepy, unbusinesslike methods which obtained on many farms before 1914 ought not to be suffered to continue in a nation consecrated to the task of rebuilding its strength and prosperity after a terrible and exhausting war; and on the other hand no man will maintain that intensive cultivation should be pushed to the point of growing tomatoes under glass on the top of Ben Nevis.

To this extent opinions are practically unanimous; but it is clear that such agreement as exists does not provide a solution even of the fundamental problem of the degree to which the development of British agriculture should be carried. It only provides a basis for the discussion of that problem. Granted the general principles which should govern agricultural policy, granted that agriculture must in the future be a serious business and not merely the hobby of a nation devoted to manufacture and commerce, and granted that there are limits beyond which intensive cultivation would be wasteful folly, there remains a problem of large dimensions and no small difficulty about which it would be darkening counsel to pretend that there is any general agreement. What proportion of our food supplies shall we grow at home? Shall the policy of ploughing up grass land be carried further after the conclusion of peace, or shall we simply keep in tillage the area which is to be under crops next spring,

or again shall we re-convert part of that area into pasture? That there is no general agreement on these questions is really a very hopeful sign; for it may mean that an answer will be reached, not by impulsive decision, but after prolonged discussion, and such discussion is likely to yield a harvest of wiser policy than can be produced by any impulse, however generous and patriotic its intention. What is less hopeful is the widespread failure to recognise the conditions upon which a wise decision must depend. The problem is often supposed to be much more simple than it really is. In fact, it is a very involved problem and one that has ramifications which extend far beyond the sphere of purely agricultural questions and even beyond the province of general economics.

The economic aspects of agricultural policy may conveniently be considered first, for agricultural development is first and foremost an economic affair. Agriculture, like every other form of economic activity, aims, or should aim, primarily, at obtaining the largest possible return in useful commodities for the smallest possible expenditure of energy. This is not the same thing as saying that the object of agriculture is the maximum of profit, for profit may mean simply profit for the employer, and the maximum of profit in this sense may be obtained at the expense of persons other than the employer and may be the result of low wages or low rents or high prices. To put it vulgarly and roughly, a sound economic policy means getting the largest quantity of food with the least sweat. That this is, from the economic point of view, sound policy has been determined by the common sense of mankind, and though the applications of the principle are frequently misunderstood its fundamental truth is implicitly admitted by everybody. For if you reject the principle, you are immediately involved in absurdity. If, for example, it is urged that industries should aim, not at the maximum return for the labour and capital invested in them, but at providing work for the largest number of persons, all technical improvements and inventions must be condemned, for these improvements and inventions are all devices for obtaining a larger return with less work. The point is so obvious that it need not be laboured. The man who denies the truth of the principle ought logically to advocate a law forbidding the use of labour-saving machinery and favour a policy of cultivating wild and desolate moorlands instead of good farming land. But though the validity of the general principle is obvious, its implications are often overlooked. It is frequently assumed that the wisdom or unwisdom of a particular agricultural policy can be determined by purely agricultural considerations. Many people, while they would admit the folly of growing tomatoes on Ben Nevis, are sufficiently inconsistent to believe that, once it is proved that the land will yield more than

it does, it follows as a matter of course that it ought to be more intensively cultivated than it is, and even that it would be sound economic policy to grow the largest possible crops irrespective of the outlay such a policy would require. Nor are opinions of this type confined to the more hare-brained land reformers. Lord Milner has used somewhat rash language on this subject. In evidence before Lord Selborne's Committee he stated that 'obviously, from the point of view of National Economy, it was bad policy to have land yielding 4*l*. worth of produce an acre if it could yield 8*l*. or even 6*l*. worth.'[1] Such language either shows a complete misunderstanding of the whole problem or it assumes so many unexpressed qualifications that it deserves condemnation for its liability to be misunderstood.

The real position can perhaps be illustrated by a parable. Mr. Jones, a farmer, has two farms, both of them to some degree undercultivated. He receives a legacy of 500*l*., and he decides to invest it in the development of his land. Now ought he to spend all the money on the one farm, merely because even the last penny of it so spent will increase the crops grown on that farm and add to the income he obtains from it? Would he not rather, if he is a wise man, consider first the possibilities of the other farm, for it may very well be the case that he will get a higher percentage on his capital if he spends say 300*l*. of it on the first farm and 200*l*. on the second? If he limits his outlook to one farm only and assumes that the increase of his crops and his income proves the wisdom of his decision to invest the whole of the legacy in that farm, he may be throwing part of his money away. For clearly a man who invests part of his money badly so that it brings in less than it might is no better off than the man who has less money but invests it so well that it yields as good an income as the other man gets from his somewhat larger capital.

The parable hardly needs interpretation. Mr. Jones is the British Nation. The legacy of 500*l*. is the fund of labour and capital available for investment at the end of the War. The one farm is British agriculture. The other farm is British manufacture, British mining, British shipping and ship-building, British commerce. And the moral of the parable is the often-forgotten truism that a sound economic policy cannot be constructed by the isolated consideration of particular industries, but requires such a consideration of the opportunities of all forms of

[1] *See* Cd. 9080, p. 47. The fallacy of counting the receipts without counting the expenses of agricultural development, as well as that of neglecting to compare the productiveness of agriculture with that of other industries, is implicit in the question asked by Sir Charles Fielding: 'How shall we ever pay our debts if when peace returns we go back to our old ways and spend three hundred millions a year on imported food?' See *The Observer*, October 20, 1918.

business and such a use of those opportunities that the productive resources of the nation may yield the largest return on the whole.

What does it all come to in practice? Before the War there is no doubt that agriculture in this country fell short of its opportunities, that the capital invested in the land was not always used to the best advantage, that sound economy required the investment of additional capital and the employment of additional labour in British farming. With prices such as they were in the last few years before August 1914 it would have paid us to grow an appreciably larger proportion of our food supplies at home. At the same time it is clear that it was right from the economic point of view for Great Britain to be a predominantly industrial nation, right that she should manufacture largely for export, right that she should obtain a very large proportion of her food supplies from overseas. Only so could we get the largest return for our money.

Now how has this economic position been affected by the War? We cannot say as yet precisely how things will stand after peace is signed. None the less certain facts, vital to the construction of a wise agricultural policy, are clear and are bound to remain all-important facts for the solution of the problem:

1. Apart from the War, the lapse of time has affected the position. There is little doubt that the upward movement of agricultural prices, evident for some years before 1914, would have continued even if peace had been maintained. The gradual exhaustion of virgin soils in the New World and the increase of population in the United States and elsewhere have been factors making for a rise in the world-prices of agricultural produce and thus increasing the cost in manufactured exports of any given quantity of imported foodstuffs. These conditions make it economical to push the development of British agriculture further than it was economical to push it in the old days before such factors became influential.[2]

2. The War has produced a state of affairs which makes powerfully for high prices and therefore enormously increases the weight of the economic argument in favour of the development of British agriculture. Probably the devotion of the world's engineering resources to the production of munitions of war has had the effect of retarding development, especially the laying down of railways, in the back lands of the New World. Again the War has caused an acute scarcity of shipping and has produced a condition of disorganisation amounting

[2] Mr. R. E. Prothero, giving evidence in 1916 before the Departmental Committee on the Settlement and Employment of Sailors and Soldiers on the Land, stated that 'anybody who looks far ahead will see that prices must rise to a remunerative level for the farmer'; *see* Cd. 8347, p. 367, question 9365.

to paralysis in one of the greatest food-exporting countries—Russia. Clearly we have here factors of immense importance which must keep the prices of agricultural products high and make it economical to increase our home production of food. It is true that the influence of these conditions will probably diminish in strength as the years go by. But then it must be remembered that, quite apart from the War, powerful forces are at work driving agricultural prices higher and higher. It is a question of time. When the influence of the War has spent itself, the normal world-prices of agricultural products will remain at the level to which the forces that have nothing to do with the War will have brought them, and that level will certainly be much higher than that which obtained before the War. Sound economic policy will then require in these islands, and unimpeded economic forces will then produce, a more intensive agriculture than any which could pay its way in the earlier years of the century.

3. A minor consideration, which nevertheless must not be overlooked, is the fact that a great deal of capital and labour has already been expended in ploughing up grass land to meet the emergency which the shipping shortage has created. Now suppose for the sake of argument that the most economical condition of British agriculture after the War would be to have only half this newly ploughed land in tillage. It does not follow that it would be sound policy to reconvert half the new arable into pasture. In economic affairs you can never map out your action, as it were, on a clean slate. The land has already been ploughed. And the question is not how many acres of English land would you put under the plough if England were a new Colony and her land was hitherto untilled, but, given a certain acreage of arable, how large a proportion of it will it be economic to maintain under crops. In other words it is necessary to consider the cost involved in reconversion and in the scrapping of any agricultural machinery which may be thrown out of use by the restriction of corn-growing. On the hypothesis that if England were an undeveloped country it would only pay to cultivate an area equivalent to the old arable plus 50 per cent. of the new, it may very well be the case that sound economy will dictate the reconversion not of 50 per cent., but of 10 per cent., 25 per cent., or 30 per cent. of the newly ploughed land.[3]

[3] A consideration similar to that noticed above, but affecting the argument in precisely the opposite direction, springs from the fact mentioned in the Report of the Selborne Committee that 'the existing milling plant has been constructed and developed' in view of English preference for a loaf which contains a large proportion of hard, imported wheat. The influence of this

4. Of far-reaching consequence for all questions of national economy is the loss of men and capital which the War has entailed. A great army of productive labourers has been struck down by the hand of the enemy. An immense store of wealth, which might have been used as capital for the economic development of the Empire, has been devoted to the task of its defence. Now this terrible loss of resources makes economy more necessary than ever before. The waste which comes from misdirected enterprise is a thing we shall not be rich enough to tolerate. Any departure from the highway of sound economy will, under the new conditions, be a step so grave and dangerous that it requires the strongest possible reasons for its justification. Not only so. It is important to notice that the loss has been in labour and capital and not in territory. There are just as many acres of land in Great Britain as there were before the War. It follows that the important thing is not to get the most out of the land, but to make the best use of the labour and capital which because of the War have become the limiting factors of economic reconstruction. From the economic point of view our object must be not the maximum production per acre, but the maximum production per man and the maximum return per unit of capital.

It is now possible to summarise the results of the foregoing arguments. Sound economy, the maintenance of which the War has made a matter of vital importance to the welfare of the nation, requires that we should make the best use of the labour and capital remaining to us after the slaughter and waste which the struggle has entailed. That means that we must obtain our food supplies and all the other commodities we need with the least possible expenditure of energy. To use a vulgar and much-abused expression, we must buy in the cheapest market. At the same time there can be no doubt that British agriculture has become, and will continue to be, the cheapest market for a considerably larger proportion of our food supplies than was grown in this country before 1914. More than that. It will be the cheapest market for a larger proportion of the nation's food than it would have paid us to grow before the War, even if English agriculture had then been as efficient and businesslike as possible.

The various methods by which agricultural development may be made to conform to the requirements of sound economy, the various measures by which we may secure that as much food is produced in this country as can be produced at the *post-bellum* level of world-prices, and may prevent any more food than that

factor upon the economic problem would disappear if success were attained in the breeding of English wheat with milling properties like that of Canadian wheat.

from being produced here—for this is really what it comes to—are matters that need not be discussed in this place. There is, however, one particular instrument for the encouragement of agriculture about which a word must be said. The continuance of the system of guaranteed prices, if these prices are not fixed any higher than the probable average level of world-prices, would not necessarily conflict with the dictates of the economic policy outlined above. Of course if the guaranteed prices were any higher than the probable level of world-prices they would be in direct opposition to the principles of that policy, for they would then induce more food to be produced than could be produced at world-prices and would simply be magnets attracting labour and capital to channels less productive than those in which they might otherwise be employed. Such prices would involve a departure from sound principles of national business which could only be justified, if justified at all, on other than economic grounds. But guaranteed prices corresponding to probable world-prices are another matter. Whether they would be beneficial or harmful is a question on which opinions will differ. On the one hand, it may be argued that the Government knows more about the probable future of world-prices than any individual farmer, and that therefore it may well give him the benefit of its superior knowledge in the form of an insurance. On the other hand, it is possible to argue that guaranteed prices will probably be determined not by the wisdom of the Board of Agriculture but by the folly of Members of Parliament, and that though farmers have less knowledge than the Board of Agriculture, they have more knowledge than the politicians. Again, it may be urged that guaranteed prices would give the farmer a special privilege as compared with men in other forms of business, that the policy of coddling agriculture and allowing it such privileges as low rents, low wages, and an exceptional position in regard to income tax has been tried in the past, and that agriculture thus coddled has languished, while manufacture, which has been exposed to the fiercest struggle for the survival of the fittest, has thriven and grown strong. Why, it may be asked, should the agriculturist be insured by the Government free of charge, when the cotton-spinner, if he is insured at all, insures himself by the ordinary method of paying a premium to an insurance company? The question may be left to be settled on its merits. But the question of guaranteed prices leads to another point which may conveniently be dealt with at this stage, before the economic aspects of agricultural policy are left for the consideration of the social and naval or military side of the problem. It is sometimes said that if you have minimum wages for farm labourers you ought to have guaranteed prices for the farmers. It is true that this was not the policy of the Government when the Corn Production Act was passed, and that the suggested connexion between

minimum wages and guaranteed prices was expressly disavowed by the Minister in charge of the Bill. It is true too that in other industries where there is a minimum wage the employers have no guaranteed prices to help them. None the less the argument mentioned above is often advanced; and it cannot be too strongly urged that the minimum wage and the guaranteed price, so far from being complementary, are from the point of view of national economy liable to be in flat contradiction, as it were, the one to the other. A minimum wage, if it is fixed at a sum equal to that which a workman of average capacity might earn in some other trade, is a powerful instrument of economy. It prevents men being employed on tasks worth less than those on which they might be employed in other industries. Thus it ensures the economic use of the nation's man-power. But guaranteed prices, if they are any higher than the prices which the goods subject to them would fetch in the open market without the guarantee, turn this instrument of economy into an excuse for extravagance. The minimum wage without the guarantee means that the employer will only use labour for tasks which are really worth while from the point of view of national economy. But guaranteed prices may give tasks an artificial value so that the employer finds it pays him to employ men upon tasks which, though they yield a good money return because of their guaranteed value, only produce a small result in actual goods for a considerable expenditure of human energy. Linked together, a minimum wage and a guaranteed price may unite master and man in a misdirection of labour which is a gross waste of national wealth.

It is now necessary to leave the economic side of the problem and consider its other aspects. When all is said that may be said from the economic point of view, the fact remains that welfare is more than wealth. Material prosperity is no doubt vital to civilisation, but other things are also vital—such things as national security and a healthy constitution of society. Economically it would be unsound to till English land more intensively than the level of world-prices makes it remunerative to till it, but reasons other than economic may require tillage to be carried beyond that point. The force of those other reasons, and whether they do in fact justify a development of agriculture beyond the economic maximum, must now be considered. At the same time the economic bearing of the propositions under discussion must never be forgotten. The development of agriculture up to the economic maximum is a process which adds to the nation's wealth—it is true economic development. But if we push agriculture further than this, we are, for reasons other than economic reasons, doing something which is economically unbusinesslike. We are employing labour and capital in directions less remunerative than those in which they might be employed. The first process is one

which increases our wealth and leaves more to spare for other things than food. The second is a process which uses up national wealth and leaves less to spare for other things than food. It is a form of expense—just as much as outlay upon the building of men-of-war or expenditure upon the provision of public parks and recreation grounds.

There are two grounds upon which the development of agriculture beyond the economic point may be advocated.

In the first place there is what may be called the 'social argument.' It is urged that a large agricultural population is a desirable national asset, because country life breeds men of strong physique and the sober slow-going ways of rustic society provide a valuable check upon the heady impulses and tempestuous fevers of urban democracy. But even if this contention were valid and no arguments could be advanced on the other side, it would not necessarily follow that agricultural development ought to be greater than is economically desirable. The level of world-prices after the War will make it economical for agriculture to play a considerably larger part in the national life than it did in the old days, and it is possible to argue that this economic development will be sufficient to produce as large an increase of the rural population as the 'social argument' requires. Moreover, the experience of the War throws some doubt upon the premises upon which the social argument depends. The records of the London and Manchester regiments alone are sufficient to prove that town-life does not necessarily involve physical or moral decadence, for the clerks and artisans of those two cities have shown themselves worthy of the best traditions of the race both by their endurance in the trenches and their valour upon the field of battle. The spectacle of Russian anarchy, again, hardly encourages the belief that rural life makes for sober political judgment, since Russia is a country which employs some four-fifths of her population in husbandry. Besides, there are other aspects of the social question which deserve far more attention than they have hitherto received. It is an essential condition of healthy social life that the two sexes should be fairly evenly distributed throughout the country. By those who believe in the beneficent influence of sexual selection the importance of this point will at once be acknowledged. If there is a preponderance of males in certain districts, or even if the preponderance of females is less in some districts than in others, the tendency will be, not for the selected women of the whole population to become the mothers of the next generation, but for all or nearly all the women to be married in those regions which are over-populated with males and for a large surplus of women to remain unmarried in other parts of the country.

Now the War has robbed the nation of many of its strongest

and healthiest males, and it is therefore more important than ever for the physical well-being of the race that the mothers of the next generation should be the healthiest and strongest women. Even apart from this fact, and apart from all theories of sexual selection, it is surely obvious that happy social life requires a fairly even distribution of the sexes throughout the country. The bearing of all this upon the agricultural problem cannot be mistaken. Agriculture is necessarily carried on away from the towns and, before the War, was so peculiarly a male occupation in this country that a common feature of English society at the time of the last Census was the existence of an actual surplus of males in the rural districts and a great preponderance of females in the towns. Agriculture, the great industry of rural England, provided employment, with negligible exceptions, for men and boys only; and the girls got their living in the towns as factory hands or as domestic servants. Moreover there must have been a tendency for the strongest girls from the villages to seek urban employment, while the delicate girls remained at home to become the wives of the farm labourers. The conclusion is obvious. The development of agriculture, if it continues to be almost entirely a man's trade, will carry this unhealthy distribution of the sexes still further and to that extent will be socially disadvantageous. It will of course be replied that in the future women may be employed more extensively in the fields or that industries which employ women may be established in the villages. But even so you have not got rid of the difficulty. Will not the arduous work of the fields be inimical to motherhood or at least to that care of home and children which is so necessary to the happiness of the working man and so important for the future of the race?[4] And as regards the establishment of new women's industries in country districts, either those industries will be economically desirable and self-supporting or they will not. If they are a business proposition and can be made self-supporting, such industries should be established in any case. But then we should have an increase of rural population without agricultural development, and the possibility of increasing the rural population in this way diminishes the force of the social argument that we must develop agriculture, even beyond the economic maximum, in order to increase the number of persons who dwell in the country. On the other hand, if the new women's industries cannot be self-supporting, they must involve additional expense —a further misdirection of labour and capital—and in that case the need of establishing such industries to counteract the excess

[4] The story is told of a Northumbrian farmer that he had to tell a married woman who worked for him that he should have to send her home simply because her husband's efficiency for work was so much lessened by the bad cooking and poor meals which were the domestic result of her activities in the fields.

of males introduced by excessive agricultural development clearly increases the force of the economic argument against such development.

There is yet a further aspect of the social problem to be considered. If agriculture is pushed beyond the point to which world-prices make it economical to carry it, bounties or protective duties will clearly be needed. If the method employed to stimulate agriculture is the method of guaranteed prices which are fixed above the level of world-prices, payments will have to be made to agriculturists by the Exchequer. Now clearly this will mean, on the one hand, that you will draw into agriculture a great number of labourers whose continued employment on the land will depend on the continuance of such State aid, and on the other hand that the urban population will feel itself aggrieved by having to pay more for its food, if protective tariffs are imposed, or more in taxes, if the method of bounties or guaranteed prices is preferred, for the maintenance of a system the benefits of which the townsman can hardly be expected to appreciate. It is surely pertinent to the social argument to ask whether we shall really be making for a healthy condition of society, if we thus divide the nation into two hostile camps, whose rival interests will embitter British politics and be a source of national disunity alike in time of war and in time of peace.

The social questions considered above are not unconnected with the problem of national defence, for the physical health and strength of the population and the morale of a united nation are obviously factors of great military value. These are not, however, the kernel of the naval and military arguments, the bearing of which upon the problem of agricultural policy must now be examined.

As to the importance of the question of defence there can hardly be two opinions. Though we may resolutely maintain that the promotion of peace must always be our first line of defence, and though—to quote the Report of the Selborne Committee—'we hope and pray that the greater sanity of nations and their increased obedience to the Divine Law may save our country from any repetition of the hideous catastrophe which has to-day overwhelmed Europe,' yet there is only too much to be said for the further contention of the Selborne Committee that 'we can feel no positive assurance that this will be the case, and we do not think we should be faithful to our trust for our descendants if we omitted to take any practical measures to increase the national safety in a future time of need.'[5] The famous dictum of Adam Smith that 'defence is of much more importance than opulence,' has in fact received a new and terrible affirmation within the last four years.

[5] *See* Cd. 9079, p. 12.

But to acknowledge the importance of a problem and to solve it are two very different things; and the problem of national defence in relation to agricultural development is by no means so simple as it is often supposed to be. As usually presented the case stands thus. The submarine has revolutionised the naval situation. It has endangered the food supplies of the country. Inventions and technical improvements may make the peril even greater in a future war. And therefore, it is argued, however uneconomic the policy may be as a piece of business, we must as a measure of defence reduce the dependence of the nation upon supplies of food from overseas by pressing the cultivation of the land of Great Britain and Ireland to the furthest possible limit. Especially, it is said, the situation demands that British agriculture shall produce the maximum quantity of corn.

Now, despite the overthrow of Germany's submarine fleet, there can be no shadow of doubt about the importance of the submarine. As regards the future the Admiralty, in a statement made to the Selborne Committee whose report is dated January 30, 1918, says: 'The certain development of the submarine may render such vessels still more formidable as weapons of attack against sea-borne commerce in a future war, and no justification exists for assuming that anything approaching entire immunity can be obtained.'[6]

There is in fact no doubt that the submarine peril is the great lesson of the War from the point of view of Imperial Defence. But before we consider the relation of that lesson to the problems of agriculture, it is not impertinent to observe that it would be unwise to allow the experience of the Great War to obscure the lessons which have been taught us by former contests. The South African War, for example, was of an entirely different character from the struggle in which we have just been engaged. It was not a naval war at all and presented no naval difficulties. Now is it not possible that a war might occur in the future with a Power which was so feeble from a naval point of view that it would be incapable of maintaining a dangerous submarine campaign, but which had so vast a population, that the war, though presenting no naval problems, might make the utmost demands upon the man-power of this country for the provision of gigantic armies? This is a possibility which is important in relation to agricultural policy. If we grow a large proportion of our food supplies at home, we are made directly dependent upon British labour for our food. Therefore we shall be unable to release as large a proportion of the population for military service as otherwise might be released. For if you depend on home-grown supplies in peace you cannot easily emancipate the country from that dependence in time of war.

[6] *See* Cd. 9079, p. 92.

In the long run, the volume of British merchant shipping will correspond to the volume of our overseas trade. But the expansion of agriculture will involve a decline in that trade, since you will neither import so large a mass of food-stuffs nor export such goods as formerly paid for the superseded imports. Hence it will involve a decline in merchant shipping. And though you can in war time stop unnecessary imports, the shipping released by that process may be needed for military transport if the war is, like the South African War, one with a distant Power. Thus it seems probable that, in a war of the type under consideration, a country which depended on home-grown food would be unable to put its full strength into the field. It would have to retain a large proportion of its men for the necessary work of agriculture. On the other hand, the nation which normally obtained a large proportion of its food supplies from abroad would have an advantage. The shipping normally used for that trade would still be available for it; and the shipping usually employed for unnecessary imports—that shipping which during a war might have to be devoted to transport purposes—would be additional to this. More men could be released for the army by a nation thus situated, for a larger proportion of the population would in such a country be employed in manufacture and a smaller proportion in agriculture; and it is indisputable that a large reduction of manufactures for the period of the war would be possible under such conditions, while the reduction of agricultural activities by a nation dependent upon home-grown foodstuffs would speedily bring disaster. It would be unnecessary for the manufacturing country to continue during the war to export manufactured goods to pay for the imported food-stuffs. For the time being, the food could be bought on credit, or, if the country has stocks of capital invested abroad, by the sale of securities.

The possibility of a future war being of the type just described and the requirements of such a war in the way of agricultural policy cannot safely be neglected by the student of problems of Imperial Defence. But after all the crux of the question is the submarine danger and the possible occurrence of another war with a Power able and willing to launch a powerful and unscrupulous submarine campaign against the sea-borne commerce of Great Britain. It is no doubt the submarine danger which led the Selborne Committee to the conclusion that 'the security and welfare of the State demand that the agricultural land of the country must gradually be made to yield its maximum production both in food-stuffs and in timber.'[7]

The validity of this conclusion is often taken for granted; and many people assume, as if it were a self-evident truth, that the proper way of meeting the submarine peril is to make the country

[7] *See* Cd. 9079, p. 15.

if possible self-sufficing, at least so far as wheat is concerned.[*] But as a matter of fact these contentions are more than doubtful.

1. In the first place, it must once more be emphasised that the development of agriculture is inimical to the growth of merchant shipping. The shipping of this country is not maintained by sentiment: it has grown in the past, and will grow in the future, out of the needs of our overseas trade. The volume of merchant shipping will in the long run correspond to the volume of overseas trade, and if the country becomes less dependent upon supplies from abroad it will need and it will possess less mercantile tonnage.

2. Secondly, it is all-important to notice that the submarine danger is not confined to the matter of imported food. In the last four years we have learnt that war creates a tremendous need for the overseas transport of troops and horses and all kinds of military stores. For this transport it is essential to have a large reserve of merchant shipping. Moreover, for the defence of these transport activities against submarine attack, you need a Navy which is adaptable, and capable of emergency expansion—and that means a Navy which can draw for war purposes upon the skilled seamanship of a large mercantile marine and can commandeer all sorts of commercial vessels and use them for purely naval purposes. It means too that behind the Navy you must have, not only a large reserve of merchant seamen and merchant shipping, but gigantic facilities for the building of ships. And it is clear that the shipbuilding resources of the country will be reduced rather than increased if foreign trade is allowed to languish.

It would of course be theoretically possible to have so large a Navy and such an addition to the number and capacity of the Government dockyards that these reserves would be unnecessary; our auxiliary ships and our seamen and our docks, instead of being devoted in peace to the gainful pursuits of commerce, might be maintained in peace as in war, at the expense of the taxpayer. To an uneconomic expansion of agriculture we could in theory add an uneconomical naval policy. But would this be politically possible? Would the taxpayer stand it? Would not the ordinary elector cry out against this policy of naval expansion, urging that now his food was assured to him by the development of home-grown supplies, it was sheer Jingoism to ask him to pay for a vast increase in the Navy? Would not the policy put a premium upon Little Englandism?

[*] Lord Lee, for example, in an interview, said: 'These islands can be made self-supporting in all essentials, and independence of imported food-stuffs would mean the defeat of the submarines' worst menace and an immense relief of the strain upon the Navy.' See *The Observer*, October 27, 1918.

It is no new doctrine that naval power depends upon overseas trade. It is an old and almost indisputable orthodoxy. There is a striking passage in Mahan's famous treatise on *The Influence of Sea Power upon History* which directly bears upon this subject:

> The Government [says Mahan] by its policy can favour the natural growth of a people's industries and its tendencies to seek adventure and gain by way of the sea; or it can try to develop such industries and such sea-going bent, when they do not naturally exist; or on the other hand, the Government may by mistaken action check and fetter the progress which the people left to themselves would make. In any one of these ways the influence of the Government will be felt, making or marring the sea-power of the country in the matter of peaceful commerce; upon which alone, it cannot be too often insisted, a thoroughly strong navy can be based.*

It remains to set forth the relation of these naval and military considerations to agricultural policy in the concrete. If the country is made self-sufficing, or more nearly self-sufficing, in the matter of food-supplies, there will be a tendency for overseas trade to diminish. As a result the volume of merchant shipping will tend to decline and the development of British shipbuilding resources will be checked. The policy is inimical to sea-power. It is a policy of defeat and one which in the long run may threaten the unity of the Empire. Nor is there any certainty that the particular aim of safeguarding the food situation in time of war will in fact be attained. Suppose that all the food needed in these islands during the coming generation is produced at home; it is obvious that every increase in the population will make the continued feeding of the nation from home-grown supplies more difficult. What if war should come just when the population is beginning to outstrip the possibilities of further home production? In that case the country will not only have to face the enemy with diminished shipping resources: it will be confronted with the need of finding shipping for renewed imports of food as well as for naval and military purposes. Such a situation would impose the maximum strain upon British sea-power. And a somewhat similar situation might arise at any time if the outbreak of war happened to coincide with an unusually bad harvest.

Now consider the alternative. If food imports are maintained, shipping is maintained. If British agriculture is not expanded to the full, it remains in reserve, capable of expansion in an emergency. Then, if war comes, the output of the fields can be increased and the shipping which is normally used for importing foodstuffs can be released for naval and military uses. Surely that is what we want for efficient Imperial Defence.

The statement made by the Admiralty to Lord Selborne's Committee ends with the conclusion that 'any measures which resulted in rendering the United Kingdom less dependent on the importation of food-stuffs during the period of a future war, and so in

* A. T. Mahan, *Influence of Sea Power upon History*, p. 82.

reducing the volume of sea-borne traffic, would greatly relieve the strain upon the Navy and add immensely to the national security.'

But what is wanted is a reduction of commerce when the emergency comes. A permanent decrease in overseas trade which involved a corresponding decrease in shipping would be worse than useless.

It does not follow from this that British agriculture before the War was in the healthiest possible condition from the point of view of Imperial Defence. Being undeveloped, it did, it is true, leave room for emergency expansion, and that is the essential thing. But the ploughing up of permanent grass is a very slow and very costly method of increasing food-production to meet a sudden need. The more excellent way would be to keep land under the plough, and to do this, not by encouraging corn-production in peace time, but by encouraging arable dairying and arable meat-production or, in districts where the rainfall is sufficiently large, by adopting the Scotch system of a long rotation, under which the temporary leys are left unploughed for a number of years. By these means food-imports and shipping would be maintained in peace time and British agriculture would remain, a trained reservist, ready to play its part at a crisis in the great task of Imperial Defence.

From this long discussion two conclusions seem to emerge:

1. First, it is clear that a wise agricultural policy can be devised only after an examination of the whole field of national economy. The question is not an agricultural question only. It is not even a purely economic question. For the dictates of economic policy must be examined and criticised in the light of the requirements of social policy and Imperial Defence. Only if this is done can we hope that our agricultural policy will promote the welfare of the nation as a whole.

2. Secondly, economic considerations suggest that British agriculture ought to be developed beyond the point which it had reached in 1914, and, in view of the probable continuance of a higher level of world-prices, that it should be developed beyond the point to which in 1914 it would have paid us to carry it. On the other hand, sound economy teaches that it would be wasteful to make the agriculture of these islands more intensive than world-prices and world-competition allow. Neither social advantages nor security in war would really be obtained by pushing development beyond the maximum required by economic considerations. The great need of Imperial Defence is not the maximum production of food in time of peace, but the maintenance of British agriculture in such a condition that it will be capable of great and rapid expansion in an emergency.

REGINALD LENNARD.

LETTERS OF A FRENCH HERO

The works and letters of Augustin Cochin will be published one day. I wish however to make known at once some letters written at the Front, in the belief that their reading will help and encourage those who have been suffering and enduring even as my brother of his own free will suffered and endured. My brother wrote a great deal, day by day, on leaves torn from a note-book, in pencil, often in the very heart of battle.

The War has shown the head of each fighting unit, the captain, to be the soul of the French Army. Augustin Cochin's love for the poor and lowly, his fatherly discipline—at once firm and gentle, his calm and deliberate heroism in the face of danger, his dash and spirit when in action : all these virtues of old-time France had been developed in him by a Christian education. No one possessed these qualities more fully than my brother. None proved himself a finer soldier than this historian.

Augustin Cochin was born in Paris on the 22nd of December 1876. After a brilliant career at Stanislas, where he obtained several first prizes in the *Concours Général*, he entered the *Ecole des Chartes* at the head of the list and passed first out of it. At the age of twenty-three he became interested in the research which henceforward was to fill his life; but a controversy with M. Aulard has alone disclosed up to the present the aim pursued by this hermit of the Archives. The first volumes of the *Histoire des Sociétés de Pensée* were about to appear when the War broke out. After fifteen years of unknown and unrecognised toil my brother at last saw the conclusion of his work dawn before him, and it was not without regret that he said to me, when rejoining his regiment after being wounded for the first time, 'Mine is no easy sacrifice.'

And yet could any finer realisation of his dreams or more living test of his ideas be found than his personal influence over others, his life as a leader in the field, his devotion to his men which drew him back with six wounds to his post among picked troops?

Again and again did he return, his wounds but half-healed, his shattered arm still in plaster, turning a rebellious ear to the entreaties of his family, the advice of the doctors, and even the orders of his chiefs which were found afterwards among his papers at home. A fortnight before his death my father, wishing to keep him, said 'You have done quite enough.' 'Never enough' was his answer.

He had taken part in the engagements of Fouquescourt, of Tahure in Champagne, of Douaumont, of Morthomme, of the Somme. With one exception he had been wounded in all these actions, four times specially mentioned in despatches, and decorated with the Legion of Honour.

The heroic death of our brother Captain Jacques Cochin at the battle of the Xon in 1915 only intensified his passionate longing to serve.

So when, stricken unto death on the *Calvaire* of *Hardecourt*, beneath that calvary mutilated by shells, Augustin perfected his sacrifice, he was able, ere appearing before God, to contemplate with certain faith the harmony of his ideals and their actual fulfilment. '*Dieu, la patrie, la famille, voilà l'ordre*' he had written. No one ever served them better.

JEAN COCHIN (Lieutenant in the French Navy).

I

MORT DE SON FRERE LE CAPITAINE JACQUES COCHIN

Paris, 19 février 1915. — Cher vieux Charles (M. Charles Charpentier).—Nous pouvons nous donner la main et pleurer ensemble. Mon frère Jacques vient d'être tué glorieusement au combat de Norroy, le 14 février, en chargeant à la tête de sa compagnie, qui a ouvert l'assaut. Il avait poussé les Boches jusqu'au village, pendant que les deux bataillons de renfort restaient accrochés à 1500 mètres en arrière, et on n'a retrouvé son corps que trois jours après, quand on a repris ce village. Pourquoi Dieu prend-il ceux-là et pas nous? pourquoi toujours les meilleurs et les plus utiles pour le sacrifice? Vous pensez si ce glorieux exemple augmente ma hâte de repartir. Je suis honteux d'être encore ici, et pourtant la croix de ma pauvre mère et de mon père est trop lourde pour eux. Quelle chose affreuse de la rendre plus lourde encore! Je m'arrangerai au moins pour qu'ils me croient toujours au dépôt.

Adieu, cher vieux. Quelle épreuve affreuse, et que les risques et le cafard sont peu de chose à côté de l'angoisse d'une mère qu'on est seul à consoler, et il faudra être parti avant trois semaines!

C'est à en perdre la tête. Adieu, priez pour mon pauvre petit frère, qui est entré dans l'éternité par la grande porte des héros et des martyrs, et pour mes pauvres parents qui plient sous le faix. Jean risque sa vie chaque jour sur son sous-marin.

Paris, jeudi 4 mars 1915. — Madame (Mme de Visme). — Aucune sympathie ne pouvait nous toucher plus que la vôtre, vous qui dès le début de cette guerre souffrez les mêmes angoisses que nous. Puisse Dieu vous épargner le coup qui frappe ma mère et mon père ! La mort de mon frère est si libre et si belle, le moment si solennel, qu'on se sent plus exalté qu'abattu, plus près de la vérité divine. Quand on voit une âme faire son choix si librement et quitter sans balancer tout ce qu'on appelle le bonheur, on est bien obligé d'avouer que la réalité n'est pas où la met la vie plate et banale. Et cette vie-là disparaît et s'efface devant la force de tels témoignages. Plus tard, sans doute, elle reprendra ses droits, et c'est alors que de telles blessures feront souffrir, mais jamais comme avant; l'exemple demeure, et la preuve est faite : et la même Vérité qui a fait dédaigner les joies à ceux qui partent fera supporter les peines à ceux qui restent. C'est du moins ce que je me répète, moi qui ne puis prétendre imiter que de bien loin l'exemple de mon petit frère, car mon sacrifice ne saurait avoir de proportion avec le sien. Quelles actions de grâces ne devons-nous pas à ceux qui donnent ainsi sous nos yeux, en pleine connaissance et en pleine liberté, le démenti à la mort !

Veuillez, Madame, croire à toute ma reconnaissance et à mon respect.

18 mars 1915.—Merci, mon cher ami (M. Antoine de Meaux), de votre si bonne et affectueuse lettre. Oui, sans doute, mon frère est mort magnifiquement, donnant toute sa mesure dans un hiver d'épreuves et une nuit de combat sans espoir. Robert d'Harcourt, blessé à ses côtés, l'a vu tomber avec les trois derniers de ses hommes, refusant de se rendre. La compagnie tout entière est à l'ordre de l'armée, capitaine en tête. Tout cela est splendide, trop beau, et on a peine à se maintenir à cette hauteur, où il n'y aurait plus de souffrance, mais seulement l'enthousiasme et la gloire du sacrifice complet. Mais on retombe, hélas ! pour penser à la pauvre petite veuve, aux orphelins, aux parents accablés, au vide affreux. Et pour ceux qui reviendront de tout cela, quel avenir austère et que de devoirs nouveaux sous peine de se montrer indignes de tels exemples et de désavouer ses morts. Tout change de mesure et de valeur et on se trouve bien nul et faible et loin des grandes sources de force et de la vraie foi. Et pourtant, comme les voies sont nettes maintenant ! De notre côté, toutes les ressources de forces, l'esprit du christianisme. Pas d'erreur

possible là-dessus. Les hommes, paysans et ouvriers, retrouvent au feu la confiance et la tendresse du peuple d'autrefois, et valent ce que valent leurs officiers, et les officiers, c'est de nos familles qu'ils viennent en immense majorité (il suffit de voir les listes de tués de Stanislas, Bossuet, etc.), de la bourgeoisie catholique un peu endormie par ces quarante ans de république et qui retrouve tout à coup sa vocation et sa foi. Voilà le vrai et que ne cache plus même à Rome la devanture officielle.

Et, en face, au contraire, c'est le léviathan socialiste, avec toutes ses caractéristiques : force d'inertie jusque dans le courage, organisation suppléant à tout, machinerie humaine qui n'est possible que sur une matière travaillante et combattante, la plus abondante, la plus vivace, mais la plus malléable qu'on ait vu jamais, grégaire par essence, capable de tous les sacrifices en masse et de ce que nous appelons héroïsme, jugeant de notre point de vue, mais anéantie jusqu'aux dernières faiblesses, sitôt désagrégée. Les combats de cette guerre resteront le symbole des deux forces en présence : de notre côté, la mince ligne de tirailleurs, sans même de serre-files, avec toutes ses inégalités, de faux blessés qui se replient à côté de vrais qui chargent quand même et se font tuer plus loin, et, en face, les paquets d'hommes où nos obus font de grands trous, qui se referment comme la gélatine d'une pieuvre. Peu importe les gouvernements, la chrysalide monarchique du socialisme allemand est encore plus illusoire et factice que notre cocarde à la 93. C'est bien de notre côté qu'est le loyalisme personnel ; du leur, le socialisme et la démocratie.

C'est pour cela, d'ailleurs, que nos pertes sont si cruelles, irréparables, semble-t-il toujours au premier regard : l'homme qui tombe se sacrifie en pleine connaissance et liberté. Ce n'est pas un élément, un atome de la masse, mais un être personnel, unique qui s'est dévoué. Il est mort à sa façon, de son plein gré, sans mitrailleuse derrière, ni trique, ni injures de sous-officiers. L'officier est devant, comme mon pauvre frère, qu'on a retrouvé sans autre arme dans les mains que sa badine et ses gants, le bras tendu dans le geste de la charge, à plusieurs pas en avant du premier tué de ses hommes ! Voilà la manière française.

Adieu, mon cher ami, voilà bien bavarder et ratiociner, mais que voulez-vous qu'on fasse dans son sixième mois d'hôpital, surtout quand on est, comme moi, un vieil intellectuel impénitent ? Enfin, je repars incessamment ; plus qu'une plaie à fermer qui ne peut tarder et je m'en irai donner un salutaire bain de pieds à ma philosophie dans les tranchées d'Ypres. Il n'est que temps.

Bien affectueusement vôtre.

II

La Champagne

Mardi (fin de juillet) 1915.—Ma chère Marthe (Mme Jacques Cochin)—Je commence par dire qu'on m'a pris sans hésiter, et nommé commandant de compagnie, ce qui m'aurait assez embarrassé si nous n'étions pour longtemps encore dans une grande ville de l'arrière, logés comme des princes, menant la vie de caserne la plus paisible. Il me fallait bien cela d'ailleurs pour attraper une teinture du métier et je trime à force. Enfin je persiste à avoir la veine : chefs parfaits...

Cela dit, il est certain que tous ces pauvres garçons se ressentent encore de l'enfer d'Arras, dont le régiment se remet tout doucement, mais pour recommencer avant un mois, en mettant les choses au mieux. Régiment d'assaut, de sacrifice. Une heure après mon arrivée, j'ai assisté à la messe dite dans une église sans vitres, pour les officiers tombés à Arras. Pas de civils, rien que les officiers et la troupe du 146, et sermon par l'aumônier. Si vous aviez vu toutes ces bonnes têtes brunes, sortant de capotes sans couleur, pleurant au *Dies irae* et au *Libera*, que beaucoup chantaient, les Lorrains savent chanter à l'église. Je n'ai jamais été si près d'y aller de ma larme.

Mes camarades de Castelnaudary sont déjà tués. Ceux de Melun aussi. J'en ai eu un petit cafard le premier jour comme en tombant dans de l'eau trop froide. Mais c'est fini, beau temps, beau sport de taubes, deux bombes hier soir, poursuite aux shrapnells dans le plus admirable ciel d'été—c'était très joli de voir filer les sales oiseaux à croix noire, au milieu des petits nuages blancs de nos shrapnells. Nous les avons ratés hélas, mais eux aussi. Mais le meilleur de tous les remèdes contre le cafard est de soigner ses *bonshommes*. Comme j'ai bien fait de rallier, les camarades vous reçoivent à bras ouverts, surtout quand on arrive de son plein gré. Cela prouve à soi-même et aux autres que le moral tient bon et qu'on n'est pas là par force, et même les meilleurs ont besoin de se dire cela de temps en temps.

Dimanche, septembre.—(A Mme Bernard de la Groudière).—Bien émouvants, ces derniers jours avant le grand branlebas. Plus tard, si Dieu permet qu'on en sorte, ces souvenirs-là resteront comme les plus beaux de la vie. Messe ce matin dans une jolie église ruinée, bondée de troupes. Sermon bien simple de l'aumônier, mais tel qu'on peut le souhaiter ; on ne peut pas parler mal, au seuil de l'éternité. Tout est noyé dans la grande idée de l'assaut que le moindre bonhomme a devant les yeux : question de vie ou de mort pour la France. C'est effrayant à penser, mais quelle bénédiction d'être là au premier rang, d'y aller de ses forces et de son sang !

Et puis, après tout, on en revient, même de ces affaires-là. Il y a des tas de blessés, et mes biffins ne me lâcheront pour rien au monde, on s'adore. Tu vois que tout va bien. Prions pour la France. On pense trop à soi.

5 septembre. — Cher papa, Les lettres, et une de vous ! c'est le moment exquis de la journée, dans cette grande vie brutale et sinistre, vie de taupes. Je suis perclus de courbatures à force de me tortiller dans ces trous, sous la voûte d'acier de deux formidables artilleries ; tous les diapasons de coups et les genres de piaulements, depuis le petit 77, le 80 autrichien, jusqu'à l'énorme 320, qu'on ne peut pas s'empêcher de regarder tant il a l'air de faire paisiblement son voyage à travers le ciel. Devant nous, à travers les créneaux, un grand paysage vide, sillonné de tranchées blanches, avec de pauvres petits bois déchiquetés. Notre régiment travaille à force aux parallèles d'assaût, travail délicat : creuser des trous la nuit en avant de la première ligne. Mais ces jours-ci mon bataillon a la veine encore, c'est lui qui tient cette ligne pendant que les autres sortent, je ne fournis que les patrouilles de couverture : sale métier, d'ailleurs, mais les officiers n'y vont pas. Et dans deux jours on nous relève. Vous voyez qu'il n'y a...Zut ! un obus à l'entrée de mon trou. J'allais continuer : aucun danger ; je corrige d'autant. Mais je n'ai eu que le vent dans la figure et le petit abrutissement du coup, pas une égratignure. Mille et mille tendresses, cher papa ; j'arrête là mes impressions de campagne, bien monotones et banales, pour dîner.

5 septembre. — Chère maman, Epatant : Nous venons de faire, mes trois lieutenants et moi, un de ces boulots, grâce à vous ! on vous bénit ! Tranchée de première ligne, quelle drôle de vie ! Je suis moulu de courbatures ; des trous, des couloirs qu'on brosse des deux épaules, des encombrements d'hommes qui manœuvrent comme des fardiers dans les rues du marais, et par-dessus tout cela l'arrosage boche. J'ai des peurs épouvantables, pas héroïque pour deux sous ; tout à l'heure, j'ai reçu une dizaine de 105, quels sales objets ! Très peu de danger, d'ailleurs, soyez tranquille. Et je sauve tout de même les apparences : tout est sauvé, même l'honneur ; mais quand le zzz boum arrive et que la terre vous retombe en pluie, le cœur vous saute 'comme un crapaud dans une valise,' j'aime bien mieux le petit sifflet des balles.

10 septembre.— Chère maman, Voilà encore un envoi de vous : tricot, caoutchouc, chemises, etc., tout à fait à point et je prends le tricot pour moi, car les nuits commencent à pincer, dans les ruines où nous campons. Que de rats, mes enfants ! Jamais je n'en ai vu autant ni de pareils ; notre chien de compagnie, Beauséjour (naturellement), en a une peur affreuse et nos écureuils sont en bien grand danger ; cette nuit, une de ces sales bêtes m'a réveillé, trifouillant dans mon oreiller de paille !

Scène émue ce soir : les deux premiers cités par moi ont paru au rapport ; je leur ai lu leur motif. Champagne le soir sur la planche où nous dînons, larmes, effusions, poignées de mains. Pauvres gars et si près du grand coup ! Un des deux avait un livret chargé, je ne sais quelle blague de faubourg, le voilà réhabilité par la croix. Il en étranglait d'émotion. J'en ai eu plusieurs comme cela, notamment mon chef de liaison, c'est-à-dire le capitaine de ma garde que j'ai fait citer aussi (ça va paraître) et qui le mérite vingt fois ; ce sont les meilleurs soldats et, une fois qu'on s'entend, dévoués corps et âme. Quoique tout le monde soit plutôt grave ces jours-ci et que les officiers ne se voient guère d'une compagnie à l'autre, je ne me suis jamais tant amusé qu'avec eux.

Journées splendides dans ce grand pays triste, mais beau tout de même. Pendant que la compagnie faisait un vague exercice, j'ai écouté la musique du régiment qui s'exerçait au fond d'une carrière abandonnée : des airs russes, la marche de la garde, etc. ; pas mal ; et, en l'air, une bataille d'avions au milieu des shrapnells, avec la voix des 'gros noirs' pour accompagner. C'était tout à fait agréable et poétique, sauf un mien camarade, instituteur radical, qui se meurt du cafard et dérangeait l'harmonie. Dire pourtant que la prochaine fois que j'entendrai notre clique, ce sera peut-être à Sedan ou plus loin encore ! Le sang vous tourne d'y penser ; on ne parle pas d'autre chose, du réveil à la soupe. Que de miracles feraient ces troupes-là, la victoire en main ! On en peut juger par le ressort qu'elles ont, malgré tant de massacres, de souffrances et de déceptions. Ce soir, tout le monde chante et rigole (et on n'a pas touché de vin) dans la ruine où nous logeons, les uns sur un débris d'étage qui n'a plus qu'un tiers de plancher, les autres dans un squelette de grange dont les Boches ont arraché la moitié des planches, et les rats, toujours, et les poux, et aucune paille (luxe réservé aux officiers), et la bataille qui vient. Mais on est content tout de même, heureux d'être bien aise.

Adieu, chère maman, j'ai du temps, ces jours de repos, et ne peux m'arracher de bavarder à bâtons rompus ; ne vous inquiétez pas de ne rien recevoir dans quelques jours, j'aurai un travail du diable ; santé parfaite d'ailleurs, et bras très suffisant. Tendres tendresses.

22 septembre. — Cher papa, le bombardement commence, ça y est. Quand vous recevrez ma lettre, *the battle shall be lost and won.* Je viens de réunir mes sergents, de leur indiquer notre ligne d'attaque : 4 kilomètres le premier jour, à moins, bien entendu, de déroute complète des Boches. Tout le monde est très ému ; nous sommes sous une voûte d'obus, dans un tintamarre sans nom. Deux jours d'attente ainsi, puis l'assaut, la plus grande bataille du monde : tout le régiment chargera de front, et le corps

d'armée, et d'autres encore à droite et à gauche, et cinq batailles de cette envergure sur notre front !

Hier soir et toute la nuit, travail en première ligne ; pas d'accroc malgré l'entêtement des Boches à écrêter les parapets de temps en temps, rafales furieuses des 75.

J'ai eu ma guitoune défoncée par un 105, mon sous-lieutenant enterré hier soir. Mais on s'en tire tout de même ; pas trop de casse, du moins jusqu'à l'assaut qui se prépare fiévreusement. Ce sera épatant. Je donnerai un fin cigare à chacun de mes quatre chefs de section ; on l'allumera trente secondes avant de jaillir, et on verra qui fumera le sien le plus lentement, signe de calme pendant la charge ; le premier brûlé payera le champagne.

Ambulance rue Bizet, 28 septembre 1915.—Chère Madelon (Comtesse de Bourmont).—A toi ma première lettre de la main gauche. J'ai eu deux balles dans la droite, plus une dans la cuisse, une dans mon revolver et une dans ma poche. Mais c'est donné pour ce que j'ai eu le bonheur de voir la magnifique charge de Beauséjour. Tout le corps d'armé déployé, le glorieux 20e, et courant aux Boches sur un seul front.

A 3 heures du matin, le 25, ma compagnie était rangée dans la tranchée de première ligne d'où elle devait sortir. A 5 heures, le grand bombardement commence : obus incendiaires sur les bois de sapins du versant d'en face, nuages de fumée noire traversés par des gerbes d'étincelles, crépitement des sapins allumés, silence morne des pauvres Boches.

6 heures. Ils commencent à riposter avec leurs gros '220,' juste sur ma ligne, — ça tombe à droite, à gauche de la tranchée, — le parapet se défait, nous sommes aplatis deux fois par le vent du coup, couverts de poudre, pas de mal, mais on attend toujours le suivant.

7 heures. Le commandant fait appeler les quatre commandants de compagnie : dernières recommandations pour l'assaut, réglage des montres pour qu'on parte ensemble ; heure donnée : 9 h. 15. Je retourne trouver mes gosses : le marmitage boche redouble, le nôtre aussi, le temps paraît long, on casse la croûte et on boit un coup de *pinard* (vin) et de *gniole* (rhum), enfin l'heure solennelle approche.

9 heures. Chacun s'est creusé un petit marchepied dans le parapet pour sauter plus vite par-dessus. 9 h. 5. Sac au dos, les fusils approvisionnés, chacun à son poste. 9 h. 10. Je monte sur mes gradins de franchissement, au ras du parapet. Les obus boches tombent toujours, mais personne n'y pense plus. Les pauvres gosses ne causent ni ne rient plus. Ils me regardent tous ; silence ; je fais alors le plus beau discours que je ferai jamais, pas long : 'Les petits gars, c'est pour la France !'

Puis je jette un coup d'œil par un créneau, à l'autre parallèle, d'où allait jaillir la 12ᵉ. Encore deux minutes : on voyait çà et là des têtes apparaître... Tout à coup, voilà une douzaine de capotes bleues qui sortent. En avant ! Je saute dans le champ, toute la compagnie derrière comme un seul homme. Course folle, 500 mètres, jusqu'aux fils de fer boches. Puis l'escalade des tranchées, magnifique, un élan sans nom, les Boches se terrent ou se rendent par tas ; il fallait voir les vilaines grenouilles vertes courir au-devant de nous, tête nue, bras levés et baragouinant des prières inintelligibles. Ils sont plats, dégoûtants de bassesse. Enfin, nous avons enlevé coup sur coup quatre lignes de tranchées avec leur contenu, une ferme, un poste de commandement de général de brigade avec tous ses papiers, un grand ouvrage fortifié de deuxième ligne.

Mais alors est venue la contre-attaque : la brigade était à bout de force, presque tous les officiers par terre, les hommes débandés par la course et la bataille — massacre, petite reculade — et personne derrière ! Deux kilomètres de plaine couverts de morts, et pas une troupe de renforts à l'horizon ! Avec quelques autres, j'ai pu rallier la valeur de trois compagnies derrière une route, et les sales têtes plates n'ont pu aller plus loin. Mais nous non plus.

Beauvoir, dimanche 1ᵉʳ octobre.—Chère Marthe, Comme on pense à vous entre ces deux anniversaires : la fête de Jacques et la Toussaint. Jamais peut-être, depuis que l'Eglise existe, il n'y aura eu de si belle fête de la Toussaint, ni de si glorieux jour des Morts. Cette année, c'est plutôt la fête de la jeunesse, de tout ce qu'il y a en France de plus noble et de plus brave et de plus vivant, qui est allé délibérément au-devant de la mort, montrant aux autres comme c'est peu de chose : un incident dans la vie. C'est sur nous qui restons dans la vie difficile et plate et ennuyeuse qu'on a le plus envie de pleurer, pas sur ceux qui sont entrés tous ensemble dans la vie glorieuse, notre Jacques en tête. C'est le jour de sa fête que mon père est parti pour l'Elysée, dans une auto à chauffeur militaire : premier conseil des ministres. Bonne date pour commencer un méchant travail, accablant, difficile, chargé de si graves conséquences.

III

Verdun. Hill 304

[After three months spent again in hospital, and undergoing a fresh operation to reknit the bones of the arm, shattered in 1914, for the result of which Augustin refused to wait, he left once more for the Front on Christmas Day, forgoing his sick leave. 'It's in excellent plaster' was his answer to M. Paul Bourget, who wished to keep him.

On the 25th of February the Twentieth Corps arrived in time to save Verdun. To Captain Cochin fell the honour of leading the front line of one of the counter-attacks which stopped the German advance. Wounded once more by a bullet in the shoulder and specially mentioned in despatches for the third time, he returned to the Front a month later, just in time to share with his company the dangers of the bombardment of Morthomme.]

9 avril 1916.—Chère maman, Bombardement fantastique depuis six heures. Evidemment nous serons attaqués ce soir. La fameuse côte où nous sommes n'a plus forme ni apparence définissable, elle ressemble à ces grandes fourmilières de forêts faites de petits débris entassés. Il y avait des bois, des champs, des ouvrages. Il n'y a plus rien qu'un chaos de débris, plus une motte d'herbe, plus une tige d'arbre, et là-dessus le grand soleil.

C'est bien le spectacle le plus sinistre qu'on puisse voir, et le bruit ! un roulement absolument continu déchiré de grands sifflements et des fracas des éclatements voisins. Tout cela est énorme, effarant, pas beau ni grand, bien boche. On attend, on s'ennuie, on compose des épîtres comme je fais en ce moment ; ce n'est plus le magnifique sport d'autrefois, car il n'y a plus ici qu'un cataclysme matériel, pas une âme sur cet immense paysage où il ne reste plus même d'arbres et de buissons pour arrêter les yeux, rien qu'un immense concassement de choses, et seulement de loin en loin, quand on met le nez hors de son terrier, on aperçoit une capote bleue qui court au milieu des trous de marmite : quelque agent de liaison qui court du trou de son commandant au trou de son colonel, ou un blessé solitaire qui se traîne vers l'arrière, pas d'autre mouvement que cela et les panaches brusques des marmites.

Affreuse guerre, infernale, faite à la mode d'une race qu'on méprise tous les jours un peu plus. Ils ont employé (pas ici) des obus cyanhydriques foudroyants, mais dangereux à faire presque autant qu'à recevoir. Alors, ils les font faire à des prisonniers ; bien boche, et c'est cela à chaque instant, pas un jour sans un exemple de ce genre. Ce peuple-là met toutes les petites vertus secondaires, bourgeoises (soin, méthode, suite) au service d'erreurs et de vices essentiels—ça fait un ensemble hideux ;—les grands vices avaient au moins jusqu'ici un certain romantisme, la beauté du diable ; le bochisme a des lunettes et un pépin.

Enfin, il vaut mieux penser aux grandes choses sereines et souveraines de la foi et prier, ce qu'on ne fait nulle part mieux que sur ce champ de mort et de dévastation où la vie des corps est terrée et détruite, et où seule demeure la vie de l'esprit sur tous ces déchets de la nature et du temps : tous les voiles sont tombés. La réalité de Dieu reste là seule, mais voilà, on n'a pas

de mérite à s'apercevoir de cela ici après trois jours de bombardement boche.

Je vous envoie le portrait de mon premier sous-lieutenant, de mon meilleur agent de liaison et de mon petit ordonnance,— une perle, je n'ai jamais vu un gamin plus brave, — dans notre trou d'hier; des nids à puces, ces trous, à vermine, on est sale! Je ne me suis pas déshabillé depuis huit jours, pas débarbouillé ni seulement défait mon ceinturon depuis trois.

Tendresses. On est dans la main de Dieu. Il ne faut pas s'agiter ni s'inquiéter.

10 avril.—Ah! chère maman, ça va de mieux en mieux,— encore une journée sous les marmites, comme à Douaumont, à la tranchée près. Huit heures déjà qu'on est couché dans le même coin de tranchée; je n'avais pas encore été bousculé, assourdi, empesté à ce point; une légère accalmie en ce moment, mais mes pauvres hommes sont à bout de nerfs. D'autant qu'après ces journées-là il faut passer toute la nuit à planter des fils de fer, aménager la tranchée, etc., pas question de dormir, on est rendu. Je n'ai encore que sept blessés depuis ce matin, véritable protection; hier la 11ᵉ a perdu quarante hommes, la 12ᵉ a eu une section détruite par un seul obus; j'ai vu le trou : un petit cratère. Les Boches ne savent plus maintenant que nous inonder de mitraille, pour énerver tout le monde et rendre les positions intenables. Pas d'autre tactique, et nous, nous répondons à coups de '75' (la lourde est toujours très inférieure) et surtout à force d'hommes. Pas beau, la ligne, le soir d'une journée comme celle-ci. Les morts, les blessés, les épuisés, les affolés (mon pauvre sous-lieutenant a tout à fait déménagé hier soir pendant une heure ou deux), c'est tellement énervant d'être là, sans rien pouvoir faire, des dix, douze heures durant, toutes les cinq minutes ou même toutes les deux ou trois, selon les moments, à quelques mètres d'un écrabouillage. J'avoue qu'aujourd'hui vers les deux heures j'étais à bout, et j'ai fait comme les pauvres loqueteux de l'évangile, j'ai demandé de ne pas mourir si bêtement, moi et mes pauvres *biffins* qui étaient à moitié fous: les yeux ronds, ne répondant plus quand je leur parlais. Pas militaire et pas philosophe non plus, mais au fond c'est bien là le vrai et le seul recours quand on est si près d'une telle mort, et j'ai toute confiance, et que de force et de consolation!

Je vous embrasse tendrement, chère maman; je ne vous cache rien car...

11 avril.—Je reprends, le lendemain soir, même place, même épreuve, des morts, des blessés cette nuit, ce matin, tout à l'heure, la moitié d'une section enterrée, une perle de petit agent de liaison tué à côté de moi; c'est vraiment infernal et si bête ces deux énormes artilleries tapant à qui mieux mieux sur deux mal-

heureuses lignes de fantassins ! On compte les hommes pour rien : les trous d'obus du voisinage sont pleins de blessés d'un, deux, trois jours que personne ne ramasse.

Je vous dis tout cela, chère maman, parce que je vous dis tout, et que je serai certainement relevé quand vous recevrez ma lettre, par cette bonne raison qu'on ne peut rester quinze jours dans une tranchée à vingt ou trente pertes par jour, avec une compagnie de cent trente hommes.

14 avril.—Chère maman, je sors de la plus rude épreuve que j'aie encore vue — quatre jours et quatre nuits — quatre-vingt-seize heures — (les deux derniers jours à tremper dans une boue glacée) sous un bombardement terrible, sans aucun abri que l'étroitesse de la tranchée, qui se trouvait justement trop large ; pas un trou, pas un abri de bombardement, rien, rien. Les Boches n'ont pas attaqué, naturellement, ç'eût été trop bête. Il était tellement plus commode de faire sur notre dos un bel exercice de tir. Ils l'ont exécuté tranquillement sans se presser, avec divers calibres d'obus : des petits pour régler, des gros percutants (éclatant par terre) pour écraser et retourner, des gros fusants (éclatant en l'air) pour achever les blessés ou les affolés qui jetaient leurs sacs, seule et si faible protection. Résultat : je suis arrivé là avec cent soixante-quinze hommes, j'en suis revenu avec trente-quatre, plusieurs à moitié fous. Et un peloton de petits chasseurs est maintenant à notre place. C'est le plat suivant ; il y en aura un autre à servir avant longtemps car l'ogre prend goût au jeu. Le tir du dernier jour, hier, était admirable ; j'avais le cœur gros en passant mes consignes et faisant faire le tour du propriétaire à un beau petit sous-lieutenant de chasseurs qui venait me relever : tranchées défoncées, cadavres partout (je n'avais pu que les aligner sur le revers du parapet), déballage sans nom de fusils, équipements, sacs émergeant de la boue ; le coin où j'étais (on ne pouvait appeler cela poste de commandement) inondé du sang des blessés qui venaient se réfugier auprès de moi comme si je pouvais quelque chose, hélas ! Nous sommes toujours sous les marmites (quelques-unes à peine de temps en temps, rien de dangereux), à 3 kilomètres à l'arrière et on dit que nous n'irions pas plus loin et attendrions là le renfort pour repartir ? Si, au contraire, nous allons plus loin et pour quelque temps, je prendrai quelques jours pour aller à Paris, sous prétexte du bras : je voudrais tant vous embrasser et papa.

Enfin, chère maman, Dieu m'a protégé. J'avais fait hier vers 2 heures mon sacrifice complet, au quatrième éclatement sur le parapet où j'étais adossé, deuxième sur celui d'en face, la tranchée retournée à quelques mètres à droite et à gauche ; je ne sais comment je suis ici.

16 avril.—Chère Marthe, Messe des Rameaux, ce matin, dans

une église encore intacte, aux vitraux près. Quel sens prend l'évangile de la Passion quand on regarde autour de soi toutes ces figures creuses et grises où il n'y a plus que des yeux! Ce n'est pas la raison qui tue la foi, c'est la vie bourgeoise et facile. Quand on rentre dans la grande vie, il n'y a pas un mot de l'évangile qui ne porte. Et quelle affection aussi autour de soi! C'est la consolation de nos misères.

Je suis installé au milieu de mes hommes comme un vrai père de famille; pas besoin de grogner ni de gronder, les petits services se font tout seuls.

IV

La Somme

4 juillet 1916.—Chère maman, bataille, bataille, ça va en somme. J'ai une trentaine de tués, vos chères prières me protègent. Epargné avant-hier au milieu de toute ma liaison massacrée, bousculé hier avec Robert par un éclatement en pleine tranchée, j'en suis quitte pour deux petits éclats dans la figure. Robert a tout pris dans son sac. Jamais je n'avais encore échappé d'aussi près. Les Boches flanchent visiblement; artillerie toujours terrible, mais des hommes misérables. Chez nous, beaucoup de lenteurs dans le commandement, dénuement, rien à manger, ni à boire, pas d'outils pour s'abriter ni de sacs à terre, mais le troupier tient bon; on chipe, on se débrouille, on est encore assez gai quoique rompu de fatigue, dormir est hors de question, manger très difficile, et l'énervement continuel du bombardement est dur pour des troupes si jeunes. Tendresses à papa et à vous.

Je crois qu'on nous relève ce soir; nous soufflerons bien cinq ou six jours; il faut d'ailleurs remonter sa troupe. Je redescendrai avec soixante-dix hommes, sauf malheur ce soir; je tâcherai d'aller à Paris vingt-quatre heures, mais pas sûr!

5 juillet 1916.—Chère maman, Toujours ce bois F... Voilà sept jours que je ne me suis passé une goutte d'eau sur le nez; on a à peine à boire. Aujourd'hui il pleut: c'est encore pis, sur des figures noires de crasse et même (moi par exemple) de poudre, avec ces marmites. On est fatigué à ne pas se tenir sur ses jambes, les hommes dorment par terre dans tous les coins.

Au fond d'un ravin, tout au bout du bois, dans des abris et des broussailles, il y a encore un nid de Boches qui nous font des pétarades au fusil et à la grenade trois ou quatre fois par nuit. Mais ils sont à peu près cernés dans leur fort et hors d'état de nuire, le bois est bien à nous. La charge a été splendide, le 1er, à travers les 800 mètres de tranchées boches qui séparaient le bois de nos lignes. Nous étions le bataillon de réserve ayant

mission de garder les premières lignes pendant l'assaut; j'ai eu sous les jeux, de nos tranchées, le magnifique spectacle de la charge, vu les lignes de tirailleurs courant de tranchée en tranchée jusqu'au bois, et même reçu les premiers Boches pris; délire de mes hommes, vous pensez; mais, après dix minutes de joie et d'émotion, arrivait sur nous le tir de barrage boche : massacre, nous avons eu plus de pertes que les troupes d'assaut. C'est là que j'ai perdu mon pauvre Clauss, et combien d'autres excellents. Depuis, les marmites (et françaises comme boches) auront encore tué pas mal de monde. On n'a pourtant pas l'air de vouloir nous relever et reposer, mais seulement mettre dans d'autres tranchées moins avancées.

6 juillet.—Nous sommes, pour l'instant, logés dans les ruines de leurs prodigieux travaux des forts et des villages souterrains. Quelle race d'ilotes et d'esclaves! Jamais la peur des marmites ni celle des punitions ne feraient faire le dixième de tout cela aux nôtres. Nous discutons là-dessus avec Robert, qui trouve que nous devrions copier cette discipline et ce soin. Je ne suis pas de son avis. Vive notre paresse, notre insouciance—où il y a bien de la fierté aussi—un soldat n'est pas une bête de bât.

(Dernière lettre reçue), 7 juillet 1916.—Chère maman. Zut, zut, zut. Quelle odieuse guerre, des jours et des jours dans des trous, ou plutôt des niches, chacun la sienne dans la paroi d'un boyau. Pas de casse : les Boches tirent obstinément trois cents pas plus loin, mais ce zzz boum continuel! Pas moyen de se laver naturellement, de délacer seulement ses godillots. Je me porte comme un charme, mais ce qu'on peut s'embêter! A notre droite, on perce; mais pas à gauche (les Anglais), et alors nous devons attendre à 1200 mètres du point de départ; l'attaque est remise de jour en jour. Effroyable tintamarre toute cette nuit du côté des Anglais, roulement de canon ininterrompu; attaque boche? victoire anglaise? personne ne sait. Nous moisirons encore longtemps peut-être ici.

Je suis au milieu des dépouilles boches et pourrais vous envoyer un tas de choses; mais il faudrait fouiller dans les abris pleins de cadavres, et je n'ai pas le courage. Je ramasse seulement les cartes postales qui toutes parlent du grand jeûne de la Bochie; c'est le seul sujet en dehors des politesses, qui tiennent d'ailleurs une place énorme : ' Comment allez-vous? Très bien, j'espère,' etc., etc. Rien de si plat que ces lettres, pas une qui soit drôle ou particulière, comme celles du moindre de mes troupiers. Affreuse, affreuse race; plus on les voit de près, plus on les abhorre. Les bandes de prisonniers sont ignobles à voir, bas, anxieux de se faire bien venir, ravis d'être pris. Il s'en est rendu hier plusieurs, débarquant chez nous leur calot à la main, tous les boutons de leur veste coupés, et portant un petit ballot de

provisions pour le voyage. C'est ennuyeux de se faire tuer de derrière les parapets par de tels animaux. Ils ont une odeur spéciale, très forte, dont on ne peut plus se défaire, quand on vit comme nous dans leurs lignes, des poux spéciaux aussi—les fameux grands poux à croix de fer.

J'espère que le doigt de Bernard va bien : un séton au petit doigt de la main gauche, voilà ce qui s'appelle la bonne blessure ! Et Armand? Et Jean? Et papa, surtout?

Adieu, chère maman; pardon de cette grande lettre incohérente. Je suis au fond de mon trou, à moitié endormi, au milieu de quel tintamarre ! Le physique va bien et le moral aussi, mais l'intellectuel n'existe plus.

Robert est épatant, tout à fait remis depuis qu'on est au feu, actif et efficace comme personne. Quand je vais faire des reconnaissances ou des visites à des voisins, c'est lui qui prend la compagnie, quoique j'aie un lieutenant; ça ne fait pas un pli, et je ne serais pas tranquille autrement.

9 h. 3/4.—Et le canon roule toujours, sans interruption, depuis une heure cette nuit !

AUGUSTIN COCHIN.

THE GOVERNMENT AND PROPAGANDA

LIKE ancient Gaul all propaganda may be divided into three parts: (1) intentional or organised propaganda, (2) unintentional or unorganised propaganda, and (3) the propaganda which your enemy does for you.

It is perhaps doubtful whether the third division is not the most important: it is fairly certain that both the second and the third are more valuable than the first; yet it is with organised propaganda that the Government is mainly concerned, and it is this particular form of propaganda which most people have in their minds when the subject is under discussion. Before considering some of the problems presented by the conscious endeavour on the part of the Government to organise its propaganda, it may be useful to undertake a brief examination of the two less obvious divisions of the subject.

But we had better begin by defining propaganda, and this is best done by defining its object, which is, broadly speaking, the creation in those whom it is desired to influence of a state of mind favourable to the particular cause which it is sought to promote. Napoleon and other great commanders have not only recognised but have insisted upon the importance of the moral factor in war. For the most part they had in their minds the morale of the soldier, of the actual fighting man; but the conditions of modern warfare have now so enormously increased the value of the moral factor that it is less a question of armies being arrayed against armies than of nations against nations—so that the civilian front is scarcely, if any, less important than the fighting front.

Obviously, in relation to the world-war, there is practically nothing which happens that has not a plus or a minus value as propaganda for one or other of the belligerents, and it is this which makes the subject one of supreme difficulty and affords room for the greatest diversity of opinion both as to the immediate object to be attained and as to the agency employed for its attainment. The division I have suggested does not pretend to meticulous accuracy, but it may serve as a working hypothesis for attempting a rough analysis of the factors which go to the creation of those currents of thought and feeling which influence action.

One or two general considerations it is desirable to bear in mind. In the first place it must never be forgotten that the propaganda value of any particular happening will vary according to the view-point of the person to whom it appeals, and in the second place that the same propaganda-event may have diametrically opposite effects on public opinion in different countries. In estimating propaganda values we have therefore to recognise that home propaganda, intended to sustain the courage and strengthen 'the will to victory' of our own people, must be judged by altogether different standards from those we apply to propaganda in enemy countries, and that another set of considerations arise when we are determining what form of propaganda is most suited for use in the countries of our Allies.

The third rough division—the propaganda which your enemy does for you—has received various illustrations during the War. It would be difficult to exaggerate the propaganda value to the Allies both for our own people and for neutral countries of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, of the murder of Captain Fryatt, and of the countless outrages committed by the Germans both in the countries which they have overrun and on the high seas. But beyond these obvious illustrations there is hardly room for doubt that much of the carefully organised propaganda carried out by the German Government in neutral countries, with a lavish disregard of the expenditure incurred, has given results diametrically the opposite of those which were intended. What was the result of the millions of money expended by Germany to influence public opinion in the United States? No completely satisfactory answer to this question is possible. It is indeed part of the difficulty of arriving at any agreed conclusions on questions relating to propaganda that there does not exist any simple test by which we can apportion effect to cause. We may, of course, point as conclusive proof of the failure of German propaganda to the fact that after remaining neutral for two and a half years the United States threw in their lot with the Allies. This is indeed the only rough test which the general public can apply, and ultimately it is the only test which can be applied by everybody with any degree of certainty. But the relative value of the factors which brought about this result must remain a matter of opinion. I am not, however, expressing my own view only when I say that not only were the millions of money spent on German propaganda in America thrown away, but they were largely instrumental in promoting the cause of the Allies and in alienating the sympathies of the American people from the Central Powers. As human affairs become more complicated it becomes more human to err. A good propagandist must be a good psychologist. But just as the best General is the one who

makes the fewest mistakes so the best propagandist is the one who make the fewest miscalculations as to the effect which a given course of action will have on a given public. No Government, no propaganda organisation, no people can claim immunity from the common lot, and while we have every reason to be grateful for the assistance which German propagandists have unwittingly given us, we have humbly to recognise that we ourselves have only too frequently returned the service.

Brief reference only need be made to the second division. It is profoundly true that 'victory is the best propaganda.' Marshal Foch, Sir Douglas Haig, and Sir David Beatty were the Allies' propagandists-in-chief. Nothing before the unconditional surrender of Bulgaria and the signature of the Austro-Hungarian and German armistices, had so raised the spirits of the Allies, depressed the spirits of the Central Powers, and impressed the people of neutral countries as the smashing series of victories gained by the Allies on the Western Front since last mid-July. It is not, however, only in the secondary and often unexpected results of great events, such as a naval or military victory, that we are able to recognise propaganda value of the greatest importance. There is scarcely any form of Government or individual activity which does not favourably or unfavourably affect the judgment of some section of mankind. The restrictions which the Allies placed on neutral trade may or may not have been justified by their ostensible objects, but no one who has been in a position to observe the fluctuations of neutral opinion can doubt that those restrictions exercised a profound and far-reaching influence on the attitude of neutrals towards the Associated Governments. It is at least open to doubt whether the general embargo imposed in October 1917 on the export of goods to Holland and the Scandinavian countries was justified by its avowed objects: there can be no doubt that it did, in fact, alienate from us the sympathies of large sections of the Dutch and Scandinavian peoples, and afford Germany an opportunity not only for very effective 'trade propaganda,' but for establishing commercial relations which the Germans hope, not perhaps altogether without reason, may be continued after the War. Every interned sailor or soldier, every visitor to a neutral or Allied country, every official, permanent or temporary, who is brought into contact with neutral or Allied peoples, is a propagandist for good or for evil. In their behaviour towards the natives of the countries in which they find themselves our fighting men were our best or our worst propagandists. In Mesopotamia, where the land which the Turk has desolated for centuries is being made to blossom and bring forth fruit, General Marshall has conducted a propaganda campaign far more efficient than any which lies within the scope of any official propaganda department. To have dowered Jerusalem

with a permanent supply of pure water is not only an admirable thing in itself but is splendid propaganda. The House of Commons laughed when Colonel Sir Matthew Wilson told them that if the prestige of the English name stood higher than it has ever done in Egypt it was largely due to the way in which the Australian soldier had scattered his money about in the country. Yet it is scarcely open to doubt that the conduct of the soldiers constituting the army of occupation was a more potent factor in the formation of native opinion than the Allied pamphlets which were scattered broadcast, or than the machinations of the German and Turkish spies and secret agents maintained at great expense by the Central Powers.

But it does not at all follow that, because we are all in a sense propagandists, or because not infrequently the enemy has been good enough to do our propaganda for us, the Government should not itself establish an efficient organisation to undertake deliberate propaganda. It is indeed one of the elementary duties of Government, and at the same time one of the most difficult. If we leave out of account for the present the thorny question of Home propaganda, and confine ourselves to the foreign propaganda we had to undertake during the War, including therein Allied as well as neutral countries, we still find ourselves face to face with a problem of extraordinary complexity. What is the proper relation of such an organisation to the rest of the governmental machine? The problem had not been thought out before the War, and when war came there was no time to do any thinking. What was in fact done was to improvise some sort of a machine which, through various transformations, ultimately materialised in a Ministry of Information, which quite recently formed the subject of a Report from the Select Committee on National Expenditure, and of a full-dress debate in the moribund House of Commons. Report and debate alike afford the most extraordinary evidence of the ignorance of Parliament both of what had in fact been done and of what was the true function of an organisation for propaganda. The debate followed naturally the lines of the Report. Parliament is entitled to look to the Reports of its Committees for an accurate and comprehensive survey of the subject they have been appointed to investigate, and if the debate in the House of Commons was unsatisfactory this result must, in the main, be ascribed to the fact that the Report of the Select Committee was neither accurate nor comprehensive. It is not, in fact, too much to say that no more inaccurate, no more childishly inadequate, no more mischievous Report has ever been presented to Parliament.

Before proceeding to state the grounds upon which I rely to justify this description, it is perhaps necessary that I should state what are my qualifications to be heard in support of this indict-

ment. I was for more than twelve months one of the Assistant Directors of the Department of Information, a position I resigned when the Department was transformed into a Ministry. I write, therefore, of what I know.

In its Report the Select Committee give the following account of the formation of the Department of Information:

> A Department of Information was constituted in December 1916, with Colonel Buchan as Director-in-Charge, assisted by an Advisory Committee consisting of Lord Northcliffe, Lord Burnham, Mr. R. Donald, and Mr. C. P. Scott. In the summer of 1917 Lord Beaverbrook became a member of the Advisory Committee. Shortly afterwards the Committee and the Department were placed under the supervision of Sir Edward Carson. Before that the Department would appear to have been responsible partly to the Prime Minister and partly to the Foreign Office.
>
> In addition, there was already in existence a Department called 'War Propaganda Bureau' under the management of Mr. C. F. G. Masterman. There was also a Bureau managed by Mr. Mair through the Home Office out of an Emergency Vote, which we were informed was drawn from the Secret Service Vote. Early in 1916 this Bureau was transferred to the Foreign Office under the joint management of Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Mair.
>
> The Treasury appear to have had no cognisance of these Departments beyond that of the War Propaganda Bureau.
>
> All these Departments have now [the Report continues] been absorbed by the Ministry of Information and placed under the control of Lord Beaverbrook in the Howard Hotel, Norfolk Street. This absorption has only quite recently been completed.

In this account there are almost as many inaccuracies as there are statements. The Department was not constituted in December 1916; it was constituted by a Minute of the War Cabinet in February 1917. Mr. Masterman was not in charge of a separate Department called 'War Propaganda Bureau.' Mr. Mair was not, at the time to which the Report refers, in charge of a separate Bureau. The Department was not, before it was placed under the supervision of Sir Edward Carson, 'responsible partly to the Prime Minister and partly to the Foreign Office.' It is not true that the Treasury 'had no cognisance of the expenditure of these Departments beyond that of the War Propaganda Bureau.' It is equally untrue that 'all these Departments' were absorbed by the Ministry of Information, since 'all these Departments' ceased to exist as separate entities when the Department of Information was constituted and formed part of the Department which was taken over by Lord Beaverbrook when he became Minister.

Perhaps the simplest and most effective method of dealing with this farrago of mis-statements is to state briefly what are the facts.

Shortly after Mr. Lloyd George became Premier he very wisely decided to co-ordinate the scattered organisations for pro-

paganda which had come into existence since the War, and selected Colonel Buchan as Director of the new Department, which was called the Department of Information. Colonel Buchan at once took over the work which had up to his appointment been carried on by Mr. Masterman at Wellington House, by Mr. Montgomery at the Foreign Office, and by Mr. Mair in Victoria Street. He completely reorganised the work and added new sections. He appointed four Assistant Directors—Mr. Masterman, Mr. Montgomery, Count (afterwards Lord Edward) Gleichen, and myself. Mr. Mair was retained as Manager of an important section. Sir Roderick Jones, the Managing Director of Reuter's, gave his services gratuitously as Cable and Wireless Adviser. It will thus be seen that so far from there having been separate Departments, the 'absorption' which the Committee ascribe to the Ministry of Information had been effected more than a year before by the Department of Information. Incidentally I may say that I had never heard of the 'War Propaganda Bureau' until I read of it in the Committee's Report—nor, I believe, had Mr. Masterman.

The same grotesque inaccuracy which disfigures the Committee's account of the formation of the Department of Information characterises its reference to the relations of the Treasury with the Department. As Assistant Director I was responsible to Colonel Buchan for three sections of the Department, and not only had the Treasury cognisance of the expenditure of these Sections, but I habitually minuted the officer in charge of finance for Treasury approval and obtained it. Moreover I had personal interviews with Treasury officials as to the form which the accounts of one of the sections should take. It is further within my own knowledge that on assuming responsibility for the Department Colonel Buchan adopted precisely the same course as that subsequently adopted by Lord Beaverbrook, and invited a distinguished Chartered Accountant to investigate the system of accounts and to lay down the lines on which the Departmental accounts should be kept so as to conform to Treasury requirements. It is also within my own knowledge that the Report prepared by this gentleman was submitted to the Treasury.

I have now, I submit, sufficiently established the charge of inaccuracy against the Report. Its childish inadequacy is obviously more a matter of opinion. But what is the position? A Committee of the House of Commons is appointed to report on the expenditure of a Government organisation. To be of any value such a Report must consider the expenditure of the organisation in relation to the work done. On this vital matter, which goes to the root of the whole business, the Committee is absolutely silent. They make a passing reference to reports

by Mr. Robert Donald and Sir Arthur Spurgeon, and although admitting that there may have been 'inaccuracies and errors' in these reports, express the opinion 'that there was considerable foundation for their criticisms, especially with regard to the lack of financial control and wasteful expenditure.'

It is not irrelevant to point out that Sir Edward Carson—who, at the time when these reports were made, was responsible for the Department to the War Cabinet, of which he was then a member—conducted an inquiry into the complaints made, and, with the Reports and the Reply prepared by the Director before him, arrived at the conclusion that the criticisms were not well founded. It would be interesting to know how many members of the Committee read the Reply or took any serious steps to form for themselves a judicial opinion upon the questions at issue.

So far as the Report enables us to judge, it does not disclose even the most superficial attempt on the part of the Committee itself to form an estimate of the work accomplished by the Department of Information during its twelve months of existence. It is true that the formation of such an estimate is not an easy matter. Opinions as to the value of the work done will naturally vary according to the knowledge, the predilections and the prejudices of the individual. It would be easy to quote the evidence of the enemy to the value of our organised propaganda. 'In propaganda the enemy is undoubtedly our superior' is the testimony of General von Stein, Prussian Minister of War. The point, however, is not our superiority or inferiority to the Germans as propagandists but whether, bearing in mind the abnormal conditions under which the work had to be carried on, the country on the whole received value for the money spent. But in place of attempting to give the House of Commons and the public guidance on this vital matter the Committee does not think it beneath its dignity to repeat the casual gossip—not given in evidence—of money spent on drinks and cigars in the entertainment of foreign journalists, or to put on official record that 'a gentleman was entertained at the private house of one of the officials of the Department to meet some members of the Cabinet, and a charge was made for the dinners not only of the guests but also of the host himself.' Naturally these choice morsels found their way into every newspaper in the Kingdom and constitute the sum total of the knowledge which thousands and tens of thousands of English men and women possess of the activities of the Department of Information during the whole course of its existence. Yet what attempt did the Committee make, before circulating these toothsome morsels of gossip, to ascertain the facts? What steps did the Financial Secretary to the Treasury

take to learn the truth before dismissing the incident of the dinner with the curt observation 'I do not think the case was a serious one,' and adding with smug satisfaction amidst the approving plaudits of the House 'and I may say that the gentleman mainly responsible is no longer at the Ministry'?

It is all very trivial. I knew nothing of the incident until I read of it in the Report of the Committee, but the facts are quite simple. The dinner was given at the request of the Government. It was not desirable that it should take place in a public restaurant. In the ordinary course it would have been given in the house of the Director at his own cost, but for domestic reasons this was at the moment impossible. The official of the Department at whose house the dinner took place was giving his services gratuitously, and had on previous occasions entertained distinguished visitors at his own expense. But on this occasion the dinner was an official one and a large one. The Director insisted that the cost should be charged to the fund devoted to entertainment. This was done and the cost was roughly about one third of what it would have been at the Ritz or the Carlton. And for this the 'official of the Department' is pilloried by the Committee for having charged the cost of his own dinner to the public funds, is held up to public scorn and contumely in every newspaper in the Kingdom, and the Financial Secretary of the Treasury—who either knew the facts or had the means of knowing them—did not hesitate to win the cheap applause of an assembly which, whatever its faults, is not ungenerous, by the chivalrous observation that 'the gentleman mainly responsible is no longer at the Ministry'!

The Dublin 'orgy' would scarcely deserve the tribute of a passing reference were it not that it has formed the text for innumerable homilies from which the uninstructed public would naturally infer that the main business of the Department was the consumption of strong liquors and expensive cigars. Here again I must confess my entire ignorance of the incident until I learnt of it in the Report of the Committee. But I have taken the trouble to ascertain the facts. A dozen foreign journalists were taken on a visit to Ireland. The time at their disposal was limited. Representative Irishmen of all parties were invited to meet them at their hotel. The bill for drinks and cigars covered not only the consumption of our twelve guests but the entertainment of all those who came to see them at their hotel. The amount spent may have been excessive. On this there is room for difference of opinion. In any case it was an error of individual judgment, and the view of the transaction taken by those responsible for the conduct of the Department may be inferred from the fact that the official in charge of the party was not sub-

sequently employed in a similar capacity. Yet the Select Committee on National Expenditure can find no more illuminating illustration of the activities of a great Department than this 'scandalous' episode fortuitously brought to their notice!

The same perverse disingenuousness marks the Committee's reference to the bundles of literature discovered by Sir Ernest Shackleton lying undistributed at Buenos Aires. Evidence was given before the Committee that while this literature was on the sea a strike broke out in the Argentine affecting the Transport Services, and that as soon as the news of this reached the Department all further consignments were countermanded. Yet, while the fact is published to the world, the explanation is suppressed.

But the gravamen of the charge which I make against the Committee is not that they have distorted and misrepresented the particular incidents on which for some inscrutable reason they have felt impelled to focus public attention; it is that they have brought to their task no intelligent appreciation of the national importance of the issues with which they were dealing. The essence of successful propaganda is that it shall be unostentatious; that it should produce the maximum effect with the minimum of visible machinery. Those to whom the Government confides the task of constructing and working the machinery of propaganda must be content to be misunderstood and misrepresented. They are working under conditions of exceptional difficulty. They must make experiments, some of which will result in failure. They must accept, or at least submit silently to, criticism to which they cannot reply without injury to the interests confided to their care. But when Parliament appoints a Committee to report on the work which they have done, they are entitled to ask that the inquiry by a responsible body shall be full and impartial, that it shall be conducted with an intelligent appreciation of the objects which it is sought to attain, and of the limitations imposed by the conditions under which the work must be carried on. The Report of the Select Committee not only furnishes negative evidence that they have failed to form the most elementary conception of their duty; unhappily it also furnishes positive evidence of their inability to realise that they may have contributed to defeat the objects which the organisation they were investigating was established to promote. But that is an aspect of the question upon which it is perhaps not in the public interest to be more explicit.

So much for this egregious Report from which the first lesson to be learnt is, I think, that our rulers have still much thinking to do before they will be able to evolve machinery reasonably efficient for propaganda purposes not only during but after the War. It is in any case a thankless task. Propaganda is one of

those things which every man is convinced he can do better than his neighbour. We are all critics, and it is only those of us who have some personal experience of the unsuspected difficulties which beset the path of the conscious propagandist who are disposed to temper our criticism with leniency. Lord Beaverbrook was a bold man to undertake the organisation of a 'Ministry of Information' under war conditions. He may or may not have been successful. That is an interesting question to which it may be possible to furnish an answer when the material for a considered judgment is available; but it is to be hoped that those who sit in judgment upon Lord Beaverbrook and his late colleagues will bring to their task a better appreciation of the issues submitted to them than did the members of the Sub-Committee of the Select Committee on National Expenditure.

It may not, however, be out of place even now to make one or two observations of a general character. I am not convinced that the creation of a Ministry of Propaganda or of Information was either necessary or desirable. Propaganda is a function of policy, and our foreign policy is the business of the Foreign Office. We cannot, or ought not to, have two foreign policies, but there is grave danger of this if policy is in the hands of one minister and propaganda of another. It is said that, by its constitution and traditions, the Foreign Office is not capable of controlling efficiently the work of popular propaganda, and that is probably true. The remedy, however, is not to set up a rival Ministry but to make the Foreign Office capable of discharging the new duties which the rapid democratisation of the world will impose on the Foreign Offices of all countries. That will undoubtedly entail a very drastic reorganisation of the permanent staff and perhaps also some change in the type of statesman entrusted with the direction of our relations with other countries. Our diplomatists will no doubt continue to be accredited from our own to other Governments, but they will tend more and more to become the representatives of the people of this country to the people of the country in which they are stationed. The new diplomacy must concern itself less with Courts and more with peoples, and this change of function must necessarily involve a corresponding change in our diplomatic machinery. The ideal arrangement would seem to be, not the creation of a separate Ministry, but the formation of a new Department in charge of a permanent Under Secretary responsible to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and working in the closest and most intimate relations with other Departments of the Foreign Office. Already the War has done much to break down the haughty isolation in which before the War our diplomatists and Foreign Office officials were wont to entrench themselves. They have discovered that the representa-

tives of great newspapers wield a power for good or for evil with which even the most powerful Government must reckon; they have heard of the Cinema; they are learning that the pamphlet and the lecture platform count for something in the establishment of cordial relations with the peoples of other lands, that to spread abroad a knowledge of our achievements in the fields of literature, science and art is to serve our national interests more effectively than by the completest mastery of the social arts and graces; they are beginning to understand the part which trade and commerce play in international intercourse, and to realise that some knowledge of international finance is a necessary part of the equipment of the complete modern diplomatist.

Before, however, our transmogrified Civil Servants can play their new rôles they must know where they are and what is expected of them. The machinery of government must be revised—and that is the task of our statesmen. It is not an easy task, but it is an urgent one, and it is at least open to doubt whether we are going about it in the right way or in a spirit of understanding. What is quite certain is that neither our statesmen nor our legislators will get any light or leading from the Sixth Report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure. The control by Parliament of the expenditure of public monies is a principle which it was never more vital to maintain than at the present time; but in the exercise of its functions as a controlling body it is surely incumbent upon Parliament to take reasonable precautions to secure that its delegated authority is exercised not only with dignity and a sense of responsibility but with some pretence to competence. The House of Commons has much practice in conducting inquiries into the shortcomings of other public bodies and institutions. It would be an interesting variation if it were to turn its inquisitorial gaze upon one of its own Committees, and to institute an inquiry how the Report on the Ministry of Information came into existence, who were the witnesses summoned to give evidence, and to what issues their attention was directed.

T. L. GILMOUR.

Postscriptum.—Since this article was written Parliament has been dissolved, and the Ministry of Information has been 'liquidated.' But its criticisms stand and do not call for revision or modification. It is understood that some portion of the Ministry's activities has been transferred to the Foreign Office; but no information is at present available as to the organisation which is being set up, and it is therefore premature to attempt an estimate of the new arrangements.

T. L. G.

DENTISTRY AND THE NATION

Of late years, the necessity for better care of the teeth has become impressed upon the public mind, which now acknowledges the action of diseases of the teeth upon other parts of the body, in addition to their discomfort and inconvenience, so that a proper attention to them is essential to the maintenance of healthy conditions. The Government, too, has begun to suspect that dentists are few to meet the need. But it is to be feared that the probable extent of the deficiency, the unnecessary damage caused by it, the nature and the possibilities of the services so much needed, are still insufficiently appreciated. We have now a Committee, appointed by the Lord President of the Privy Council, nearing the completion of its inquiry into the extent and character of the harm done by the unqualified practitioners, so that legislative measures may be taken for its restriction; and, further, into the possibility of increasing the number of trained professional men without materially lessening the degree of efficiency found in this class. These matters, vital to the dental profession and important to the medical profession, are also of great importance to the public, which, through its parliamentary representatives, will almost certainly have an early opportunity of considering and deciding. Outside purely professional circles they have been little discussed, and it is, therefore, opportune to state the conditions plainly and suggest a practicable remedy.

Easily recognised pathological conditions of the teeth prevail to an appalling degree. They cause, in different ways, enormous loss to the nation. They can and do lead, directly or indirectly, to a great variety of known injuries, whether limited to particular organs, or affecting the general health through them, which occasionally prove fatal. Also they frequently prevent recovery from other forms of illness. Damage may fall not only upon those who are attacked primarily; for certain diseases of the gum, arising from lack of sanitation, are probably highly infectious, and, certainly where parents suffer from defective teeth, the food provided frequently lacks the qualities required by the children. The liability of children to illness involving absence from school or inability to profit by attendance has been attributable largely to dental disease. In civil life there

are many men and women whose health has been so undermined through their dental condition that they cannot bear a proper share of the nation's burden. Many of them, indeed, are themselves a burden on the nation, if only because they require so much attention and are a needless source of cost to the medical charities. The War has drawn attention to the increasing loss to the nation through dental disease. It has also pointed out in a manner both forcible and unforeseen the comparative futility of the treatment with which the general public have been contented, which they have even preferred and certainly obtained. Though soldiers are not now required to bite the ends off cartridges, and the army diet is not so difficult to masticate as in the South African War, there is a greater demand than ever before for soundness of teeth. Military doctors have been convinced, by experience, of the interrelationship between defective and deficient teeth and disease. There was some surprise when they were found to prefer to risk these dangers and trust to defective natural teeth rather than sanction the resort to artificial dentures for soldiers. But this they did, not only upon the ground of expense and delay, but because of the untrustworthiness of artificial dentures which was more evident in this War than even in the war in South Africa. The prevalence of these diseases was shown by the rejection as unfit of many thousands of recruits at the early calls, although the standard would have admitted them with as many as nine defective or deficient teeth out of a possible total of twenty-eight teeth at recruiting age. The nation has had to make these men temporarily fit; it will be interesting to learn at what expense, and to what extent the deplorable conditions have necessitated the resort to artificial substitutes.

Of those private persons who recognise its value, relatively few seek, for themselves and their families, advice and regular treatment to prevent dental disease or check it in its earliest stages. For the workpeople at certain factories there has been provided, with profit to the employers and benefit to the workpeople, skilled dental treatment. In the school clinics, founded by certain education authorities, the children receive simple treatment which seems to be much appreciated alike by children, parents and authorities. But, for the rest, the treatment sought by the public is for conditions so far advanced as to be painful or unsightly or already to have injured their health. Toothache is but a late sign and one of the smaller penalties of neglect; when it occurs, disease has been allowed to make such headway that the preservation of all teeth is usually impossible, either actually or because of the time and expense it would involve. Some, often many, and far too often all, of the teeth must be lost immediately; the others, weakened by their isolation and by the pre-

sence of substitutes, can hold out only a relatively short time. Children, disfigured by irregularity in the position of their teeth, are taken by parents for treatment too late, and only because of their disfigurement. The importance of treating these conditions lies in improving the hygiene equally with the appearance of the mouth—for irregular teeth cannot be clean, and treatment, difficult enough at the most suitable age, rapidly becomes impossible and the consequent vulnerability is soon evident. The failure or inadequacy of the methods of hygiene practised by the public and of the treatment demanded is shown clearly by the conditions prevailing in spite of these efforts, and its measure is the number of teeth which are lost, or, whether through neglect or treatment such as crowning, etc., not having still their sensitive inner core healthy and safe from harm, are ever in danger of being lost. There has been a tendency to regard as inevitable generally the need for artificial substitutes for natural teeth. Whilst the provision of substitutes has stimulated ingenuity and technical skill of a high order to produce results equal if not superior to those shown by artificial substitutes for any other product of nature, the objections to this branch of dentistry are many. Except in cases of accidental injury or serious maldevelopment, resort to it should be unnecessary. Being chiefly the work of employees, more profitable and less tedious or responsible than conservative treatment, it constitutes too great a temptation for men with but slight experience, often without any, of this work, to go as unregistered practitioners, and, without any recognised training in operative work, inflict on their patients injuries of which probably the most serious and widespread are not those advertised by inquests or actions at law, but those which, arising from neglect of sanitary principles, insidiously undermine the health and may, after years of unexplained illness, have fatal results. There is a further objection equally serious—the temptation for operators to discourage conservative treatment or to do it unwillingly, carelessly, and too cheaply for it to be good, thus creating in the public mind a bad impression of all such treatment, and forcing other practitioners either to cater for only the well-to-do or to follow their own wrong methods. On the recognised members of the profession the effect of this is no doubt negligible, but even they may have been tempted, by the absorbing interest the subject of dental mechanics admittedly does possess, to devote time to this to the detriment of other branches of dental science.

The foregoing comprise the main facts to be remembered in estimating the value to the nation of the dental attention obtained in this country. They show that, owing to failure to seek it in the early stages of disease, proper treatment takes up an unduly large amount of time and becomes very expensive, and, because

too few are competent to give it, adequate attention is possible only to few. Therefore, in the case of the large majority, the treatment is opposed to modern ideals and fails to attain the most desirable objects—the preservation of teeth in a sound state, and the maintenance of those conditions which constitute an active barrier against disease. Through neglect, only one alternative remains possible. It is the extraction of teeth and the provision of artificial substitutes. This treatment is easier and more profitable; but as those really competent to administer it are already too fully occupied, a wide and lucrative field is left open to the wholly unqualified. Although, as a result of the growing appreciation of proper dental treatment, the demand for it is increasing rapidly, there is no corresponding increase in the number of those competent to give it; the number has, in fact, remained almost stationary these forty years, during which the population has increased by one third. If those who receive treatment did so regularly and from an early age, a great saving of time would result, but it would not suffice for the treatment of all who require it equally and yet receive none.

Remembering that forty years ago the treatment required took less time, and, being unpleasant, was avoided as much as possible, we see that the problem is serious, far-reaching, a national problem, yet most personal; and that not the least affected are those whose work it is to preserve the health of the nation. There are two requirements for the solution of this problem—a great further appreciation and desire for conservative dental treatment, and an adequate supply of competent operators. Granted these, I hold strongly that the profession of dentistry might be improved, alike for its members and for the public service, by a large alteration in the scheme of education and in the general arrangement of practice.

The central principle of my thesis is that, with very few exceptions, diseases of the teeth might be prevented if only the higher branches of dentistry were more carefully explored and practised by dental surgeons. I am not referring to the provision of departments for dental research conducted by isolated specialists, but to the general devotion of the profession to its scientific side. Many pathological conditions of the teeth and neighbouring tissues may be attributed roughly to one or more of these causes: (*a*) insanitary conditions in the mouth, including the common failure to secure the hygienic advantages of a proper diet and the adoption of proper artificial preventive measures; (*b*) accidental injuries, and (*c*) constitutional diseases which, interfering with the quantity or quality of the blood or saliva, injure the teeth during development, or, more rarely, later. The first of these causes is responsible in the majority of diseases; it is also responsible for the

seriousness of conditions due primarily to the others. That these conditions are not inevitable is proved by there being almost complete natural immunity in some persons and by the relative immunity of certain parts of the mouth, observation showing the relative susceptibility of different teeth. That they are not incurable is proved by the not infrequent establishment, without apparent cause, of a diminished susceptibility which, with little difficulty, can be induced by artificial means. Already known preventive measures do in many cases entirely ward off the attacks which lead to these pathological conditions; and where they fail either through adverse circumstances imposed by civilisation, disease, medicine or other causes, they make the attacks weaker and less frequent, but they must then be supplemented by curative and restorative treatment before pain, the collection of food, or sharp cavity edges make the damage evident to the patient. This treatment, which need not be painful by modern methods, must vary in extent in different cases—e.g. if the development of the dental tissue has been faulty, the treatment must be more extensive than if the tissues were normal—but if properly executed and in time, it is adequate. If it be neglected, disease spreads to other teeth and the sensitive inner part of the tooth suffers damage which most usually proves irreparable, even though, by tedious, difficult and highly expensive skilled attention, the loss of the tooth may be postponed some years.

This brief explanation of what nature of treatment can be regarded as adequate allows an estimate to be made of the number of operators required, and of the branch of dental science in which they must be competent. In a mouth normally healthy, the adverse influence of civilisation could perhaps be negatived by dental attention for one hour each year. If, then, all the needs of the population were supplied adequately, there would be employment for 26,000 dental operators, whereas the Dentists' Register contains the names of only 5300. This shortage, great as it is, can readily be explained. On the one hand, the period of training for a registrable qualification, now four years, and the expense attending it—which almost equals that for a medical qualification—no doubt close the profession to many. Some years ago, a reduction was made in the period of studentship from five years to four. The change—the telescoping of two years' study into one—involved a shortening of the training in dental mechanics, and in the rest of the course a compression which has left it in a state of congestion. The present course is certainly not capable of further compression without losing efficiency. Attempts at simplification have been made, but, in my opinion, they would affect very little the period and expense of the course, and fail to bring about any marked

improvement. On the other hand, the shortage may be explained by the greater attractions which other professions and occupations have had and still have for those able to undergo a curriculum of such severity, length and expense. The very idea of the surgical work, as it used to be and is commonly supposed to be now, is repulsive; then, on closer acquaintance, though this unfavourable impression weakens, the unhealthy indoor nature of the work, its strenuousness, tedium, and responsibility constitute a hindrance which those with experience cannot in fairness conceal; again, the remuneration, though not meagre, never approaches the alluring heights reached in other walks of life; and, further, the practice of this profession leaves little opportunity for advancement to public positions of distinction, for especial research or recreations physical and mental. Though the conferment of courtesy titles and the right to wear some form of academic dress—benefits easy to exaggerate—might prove an attraction and counterbalance many deterrents that must remain, they might cause extra confusion; and it must be admitted that there has been no considerable influx of candidates for the higher titled degrees in dentistry instituted latterly by some universities. Moreover, the social status of the profession is not very high in public estimation. It is not necessary to indicate any of the reasons for this; the fact operates to keep out of dentistry very many men whose accession to our ranks would be of advantage not merely to the profession but also to the national interest. It must be said, however, that—at any rate in my judgment—social status does not depend upon mere nomenclature. If 'a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' so the distinction, unpleasant from the dentist's point of view, will remain unless the essential conditions are altered. There is also the adverse effect of the association, in the public mind, with the unqualified practitioners, advertising providers of teeth, whose status and training are not such as we ought to find in professional men, or in any class of technical workers entrusted with functions so important to the health of the population as are comprised in the art and science of dentistry. Another hindrance to the increase of the desired class of men in the dental profession is, undoubtedly, the mechanical part of practice. You do not require a surgeon to be trained in the manufacture of wooden legs or of glass eyes; it is enough if he can amputate the leg, enucleate the eye—it is far better if his skill enables him to preserve for use the limb or the organ. It is notorious that nearly all qualified dentists place their mechanical work in the hands of trained mechanics who are not qualified dentists, but who have served an apprenticeship of five years in dental mechanics. The atmosphere can be only partly profes-

sional so long as the work consists so largely in the supply of artificial dentures.

With all these disabilities the preference for other professions and occupations is not surprising, but, although they are chiefly responsible for the shortage, their total removal at this late stage would by itself utterly fail to attract entrants in numbers sufficient to meet the needs of the public. It is not a question of numbers only, for, on the one hand, the districts where dental services are perhaps most required will not attract practitioners whose training has been so arduous and expensive as at present; and, on the other, there is ample room and great need for men of training more exacting and more scientific. It follows that there must be two grades of practitioners, both trained in conservative work and both under the professional control of the General Medical Council to safeguard the public. For the first of these to come into being in sufficient numbers, the essential is a suitable course of training much more economical in money, time, and effort, than is needed for the present diploma. For the other, the course of studies must be redesigned to make dentistry a more scientific profession. If the first be secured, unqualified practice can be restricted; mechanical dentistry will be less and less required, and the objectionable part of the surgical work gradually reduced—all of which will promote the interests of the second grade, whilst providing for the public need on the only lines which can bring permanent benefit to the nation. Though the present course for the diploma will not serve for either, it contains the essentials for the lower, and a foundation for the higher. If, without impairing efficiency, time can be so saved that, for the one, the course can be reduced to two years, and, for the other, two years can be freed for further studies on the scientific side, but little difficulty will remain.

It is my contention that the pupilage in dental mechanics presents opportunity for this economy. It has been my purpose to show, in the foregoing, the small relative value of this training in the public interest, the objections to it from the professional point of view, and its diminishing need in the future. If it be deleted from the course altogether, the student is spared the only part of the training that is rather that of a technical industry than of a profession, and he is spared in this subject an examination frequently both a poor test of ability in the work itself, and a cause of the student being referred back with loss of some months; he may save anything from 70 to 100 guineas in fees alone, he may save two whole years—half the time occupied in the present course. As has been shown above, the public do not require that he shall be trained or examined in this work; his career will be assured without it, and owing to his efforts the need for such work will decline rapidly.

Apart from these considerations, the training in dental mechanics, itself of doubtful suitability for inclusion in any university course, leaves the student but an indifferent mechanic, and it fails to equip him for giving the mechanics he may employ such instruction as they require of him in the higher science of prosthesis and what may be termed the mechanics of dentistry. The deletion of this subject as it is, means, then, the loss merely of such general manipulative skill as mechanical training might have created—an uncertain, varying quantity, of debatable value, for which compensation can easily be arranged in remodelling, as is desirable, the essential parts of the course.

At this stage, other changes need not be suggested. There is, apparently, no other way in which an equal economy can be effected, or compensatory attraction devised. The difficulty that the course has been too long and expensive, and inefficient for the profession, vanishes in face of this remedy, and of the two requirements in solving the national problem one is attained. The other requirement—an increased appreciation and desire for conservative dental treatment—is a matter of educating the public. In the past, this was regarded as a sufficient reason for letting it depend on voluntary effort. It now means the reverse; conservative dental treatment must be, like education itself, compulsory, so that no child or person may fail to reach a normal standard in oral health. Where school dental clinics have been established some time, the desire and rush for proper treatment cannot be met. But the demand at first is small, and depends upon the exercise of something very like compulsion. Compulsion, therefore, should be generally applied to children, so that they shall receive treatment to preserve the teeth, and instruction in hygienic measures, which, by training, may become a habit. Provision for adults may follow, as it logically should—conservative treatment being provided under some scheme such as a perfected form of national health insurance. There may at the same time be need for continuing public dental-service schemes where no other institutions can exist. These changes will render unnecessary those operations which, being disagreeable, are chiefly responsible for the public dislike for attention in general.

It remains but to secure the public against unskilful practitioners by making their practice illegal—allowing time for the elimination of those who may be in practice. By this alone can the lucrative field be closed to the adventurer, the public protected, and the improvement of the profession be made possible, so that proper control may be exercised over each and every one engaged in this work of national importance.

GEOFFREY A. PHILLIPS.

THE CARPATHIANS:

A SPORTSMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

The formidable mountain range which separates Hungary from Galicia has been the scene of much hard fighting during the Great War, and passing interest may be attached to some desultory notes of several sporting jaunts I made in bygone years into that then little-known region.[1]

My first visit occurred more than twenty years ago, and was the result of an invitation to shoot some of those famous giant stags for which the Carpathians have long been noted, but which, alas! have now, so one hears, become as extinct as the Dodo. The invitation was extended by the hospitable owner of one of those huge sporting estates that made the central, densely wooded Carpathians such an unsurpassed sportsman's Eden. The telegram that conveyed it appointed Budapest as the rendezvous where I was to meet my two fellow-guests, my host, with kindly forethought, wishing to make matters easy for the stranger by letting him complete his journey into the wilds in the company of men who were familiar with the country. One of the guests was Count X, a well-known diplomatist, the other Baron Bethmann-Hollweg, the late German Chancellor, but who was then still a hard-worked Prussian *Landrath*, or District Governor. But I was not to make the acquaintance of my fellow-guests quite so soon, for owing to a mistake in the telegram I reached Budapest a day too late, and I had to complete the rest of the journey by myself. The first twelve hours of it was passed in the Pest-Lemberg Express, replete with all the conveniences of modern travel, while it rushed me across the vast Hungarian plains into the foot-hills of the Marmaros Comitat, where it began to climb the Carpathians by the lowest of the three railway passes by which in those days Galicia was reached.

My host's estate, comprising something like 100,000 acres of dense beech woods, lay along the ridge of the mountains along which runs the boundary-line separating Hungary from that

[1] The somewhat belated appearance of these jottings is explained by the fact that the writer was interned by the Austrians, and was finally released on condition that he would not publish anything to the detriment of Austria while hostilities lasted. In justice to that foe let it be said that the considerate treatment he experienced was in strong contrast to that meted out by the Germans.

curious half-Asiatic province of Austria, Galicia. Still on the Hungarian side of the range, its vegetation, consisting primarily of beech, was that typical of the southern slopes of the Carpathians, for the northern declivities that bear the brunt of the icy winds sweeping down from the Central Russian steppes are clothed almost entirely with pine and fir forests.

Great, indeed, was the contrast that faced me on leaving the comfortable sleeper of the Lemberg Express at Szolyva-Harsfalva, the station nearest to my destination. Szolyva, though it looms big on the map, seemed to my inexperienced eye the most miserable conglomeration of human habitations I had ever seen, not even barring lately defunct mining towns of Western America. The houses, if so deserved to be called hovels made of sun-dried mud with thatched extinguisher-shaped roofs that came down to within four feet from the ground, with doors made of old packing cases and unglazed windows of diminutive size, lined a street which after some heavy rain was a stream of slowly moving mud as persistent in finding its level down the gentle slope as were it clear water. In this slush were playing hordes of practically naked urchins and some stray gaunt hogs covered with fluffy wool instead of bristles. Bare-legged women, clad in a single chemise-shaped garment that hardly reached the knee, and which garment, when it became necessary to ford the 'street,' was raised even higher, were some of the details that met my astonished gaze.

My host had sent a mounted guide with a spare cob on which I was to reach the central shooting lodge by a five hours' ride across country, while my luggage, consisting of a modest portmanteau, kit-bag, and rifle-case, quite filled the diminutive country cart that had been sent for that purpose, but which could not reach its destination for many hours after my own arrival. I was still in my town clothes, so it was necessary to change into a more suitable garb for my long ride. Fortunately my guide, a sturdy, merry-eyed Hungarian, understood my signs, and took me to the only inn Szolyva possessed, situated a little way up the mud river. Here experiences began to crowd in on me. It was a hovel of mud bricks containing two compartments; the front one, serving as kitchen and general sitting-room, was filled with a noisy crowd of Jews, dressed in the typical filthy caftans reaching to within a few inches of the ground, with skull caps on their heads and two corkscrew curls hanging down in front of their ears. There were no chairs, and on the only table in the centre of the room stood a young goat, which appeared to be the object of a deal, for the men stood grouped round it intent upon a close scrutiny of the shockingly thin little beast. The other compartment contained two in-

expressibly dirty, unmade beds, and was evidently the general bedroom. Here I had to perform my change of dress, and as there was only a curtain instead of a door the performance was watched by an audience of seven or eight Shylocks, whose heads filled the space where the curtain should have hung. So intensely curious were these Jews that nothing short of actual violence, not even a tumblerful of water flung in their faces, could drive them from their point of vantage. When they saw the contents of the kit-bag, where I had a few silver fittings, even force could not keep them out of the room, and I had them swarming round me, wildly jabbering and gesticulating. When I had at last effected my change, my belongings were lashed to the little cart that had drawn up in the meanwhile alongside the hovel, a precaution rendered necessary not only on account of the incredibly bad roads, but for other good reasons. Subsequently I also discovered why these carts were of such diminutive size: they had frequently to be lifted bodily over fallen tree-trunks or carried on the driver's back across impassable gulches or streams. When on leaving I distributed a few coppers among the crowd of urchins, it forthwith produced a rough-and-tumble, the like of which I have never seen.

The cob my host had sent was a sturdy, fast-stepping beast, so that we soon out-distanced the slower vehicle. For the first few miles we followed a *soi-disant* Government high-road skirting the mountains in an easterly direction over undulating foothills. Afterwards we took to mere cart-tracks that knew no bridges or grading, but still formed the sole means of communication between the villages we passed every mile or two. These consisted of clusters of miserable huts even more tumble-down in appearance than those of the much larger Szolyva. As we clattered past these hovels out would rush swarms of almost naked brats, adults being conspicuous by their absence, a fact probably explained by their being at work in the neighbouring fields. The latter seemed mainly devoted to maize, occasional patches of potatoes and pumpkins being also visible, but the crops, so far as one could see, were nothing like as fine as those on the plains over which the express had rushed me in the early hours of that day. Presently we reached a fertile-looking basin surrounded on all sides by densely wooded foothills. In the centre lay a larger village where even some whitewashed one-storied buildings, hidden behind groves of fruit trees, were noticeable. On the outskirts of this settlement, as my guide pointed out, lay the country mansion of my host surrounded by trimly kept grounds, stables, and outhouses. Here, as he subsequently told me, he passed most of the year when not travelling or making shooting expeditions to distant countries, but at the rutting season the whole establishment migrated to the

central lodge, an hour's ride up an inviting-looking glen running off at right angles towards the main range of mountains. Thither we now turned our horses' heads. We soon came to the last house of the settlement where a stout wire fence prevented roaming cattle from straying into a domain that in autumn was sacred to deer. Just before darkness set in we reached the central lodge, a most picturesquely situated big chalet-like timber structure in the centre of a green clearing upon which a number of shaggy ponies were grazing. It was surrounded on every side by gloriously wooded hills, the giant beeches beginning where the level clearing merged into the sloping ground of the foothills. The next minute I was being warmly welcomed by my host and hostess and taken into the delightful antler-garnished hall the floor of which was covered with skins of bears and wolves killed by my host, for these rare trophies were then still fairly plentiful, though obtainable chiefly in winter. One corner of the hall was occupied by a huge open fireplace where a bright beech log fire was burning. A few minutes later Bethmann-Hollweg, whom I had not met before, turned up, hot and dishevelled but very happy, having bagged a glorious sixteen-pointer on his very first stalk that morning, a bit of unusual good luck on which we all congratulated him.

One would like to remember more than one can, after an interval of some twenty years, of this man's mentality and conversation, for when once the ice was broken there was soon established the free and easy intimacy of the shooting lodge with its sharing of rooms and roughing incidental to sport in the primeval woods of Hungary, so that our intercourse was of the pleasantest. He looked a man of forty, very tall, spare of body and, to judge by the fact that for many years he took his brief holidays in thoroughly enjoying the rough sport of the Carpathians, a good sportsman in our English sense of the word. Indeed it would be difficult to imagine a man more unlike the usual type of Prussian bureaucrat, such as the 'bow-windowed' type of Bülow or Marschall von Bieberstein. One was struck, too, by a pleasing absence of Teuton idiosyncrasies, a fact partly explained by the circumstance that, as my host was by descent half an Englishman and a great admirer of everything British, he had selected his friends accordingly. The impression the tall, serious-faced Frankfurter left on my mind was that of a book-loving professor whose soft Frankfurt voice was still as free from the disagreeable Prussian snarl as his easy manners were unlike those of the upper crust of Berlin high officials or military swells. Though my host had told me that Bethmann-Hollweg enjoyed the personal friendship of his Kaiser, a friendship which dated back to their student days, one never dreamt what the future of this descendant of Frankfurt bankers would be, or one would have pigeon-holed some of his sayings.

Another thing that struck one was the simpleness of his dress, not at all what one expected in the case of a man who moved much in the Emperor's circle where, as everyone knows, special uniforms are worn for each kind of sport and the observance of intricate rules of venery and etiquette is strictly enforced. Just then, as I may add, a titter had rippled higher Austrian circles anent the theatrical garb in which the All Highest had stalked his first Hungarian stag at Belyea, the famous shooting estate of Archduke Frederick on the Danube below Budapest. All Austrian sportsmen, from Francis Joseph down to the humblest keeper, wore, when out shooting, rough homespun coats and leather shorts, or, in cold weather, knickerbockers, while the older and more battered the hat the more in keeping was it considered. But down Belyea way the All Highest went forth into the *Urwald* got up immaculately in the striking Hubertus uniform which he had decreed was the right thing to wear when deer shooting. Round his neck he wore the chain and grand cross of the St. Hubertus Order, the tale that he wore the Order of the Golden Fleece in honour of the Habsburg stags being probably an invention. Even his archducal host, it was said, could not refrain from mildly chaffing the great man, begging him to excuse the lapses of his unruly Hungarian stags if they omitted the goose-step and forgot to lower their antlers as salute.

Conversation with Bethmann-Hollweg, when we got to know each other a little better, turned, I remember, quite frequently on the one subject then occupying Anglo-German circles: Germany's colonial policy and England's jealousy of Teuton expansion on the Dark Continent. Though Bethmann-Hollweg had at that time nothing whatever to do with colonial affairs, he seemed to take considerable interest in the wider questions connected with them, and when he heard that I had recently been shooting with Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, then the leader of the Colonial party in the Reichstag, and knew Wissmann and other personages, both German and English, who were playing important rôles in making African history, there was no dearth of subjects for discussion. But on his part it was always more or less a harping on the old story of Britain's fear of German expansion, and our denying them a place in the sun, though that phrase was then still in the womb of time. It was, one must not forget, soon after the treaty of 1890, when the short-sighted complacency of Lord Salisbury had not only ceded Heligoland, 'that barren rock without defensive or military value,' but confirmed to Germany what is known as German East Africa, while Caprivi's famous declaration 'that no greater misfortune could befall Germany than to be presented with the whole

of Africa' had stirred up angry strife in the Reichstag, and demonstrated that even leading Germans, a score of years ago, failed to realise the vastness of the gift which a careless stroke of the pen had thrown into their lap. These discussions, of which the details have escaped my memory, confirmed the impression I had previously formed, that the average educated German knew infinitely more about the geography and natural features of our colonies than did Englishmen of the same standing. Here were three Germans, in no way connected, either officially or privately, with colonial matters, but who yet discussed the glories of the Kilimanjaro and the beauties of the Victoria Nyanza with surprisingly intimate knowledge. Alas! what inscrutable issues are occasionally shaped by life's ironies! Who could have foretold that on the shores of the great lake, the charms of which we had been discussing, a dear member of my own family was destined to fall as one of the early victims of treacherous German bullets fired in the most terrible war ever waged, instigated, though history will probably prove that he was his master's unwilling tool, by the man with whom I was casually arguing!

But we are wandering far afield, and it is high time to return to the tall deer in quest of whom I had traversed Europe. But before asking the patient reader to accompany me on a stalk, let me describe how these vast sporting estates were managed. In those days the untold wealth that lay in these endless beech woods was latent, for it was impossible to get the wood to market. Thus until wealthy sportsmen, willing to pay 80*l.* or 100*l.* for every good stag they kill, had been attracted thither by the reputed existence of the finest antlers in Europe, owners had naturally to seek other sources of revenue. This they did by letting out grazing rights. In the Marmaros Comitat the woody Carpathians attain a height of about 6500 feet, the tops of the hills being bare of woods and covered by vast expanses of grassland beginning at timberline which, roughly speaking, is to be found at an altitude of 4500 feet. Below it there are the dense beech woods, the home of the deer, and except occasional paths leading up to the passes from the plains below, no roads traverse the woods, which were then still in their primeval condition. Thus it happened that during the summer months thousands of wild-looking oxen were driven up from the plains below and roamed over these elevated grasslands, bears and wolves taking toll as of yore. By the end of August the oxen were driven back to the lowlands, and absolute solitude once more reigned supreme. This is an essential condition where deer are preserved, the rutting season in the latter part of September being the one period of the year when their haunts must remain undisturbed. As these deer keep instinctively to dense wood and rarely emerge, at any rate in

daylight, from their tangled haunts, they can be shot only during the fortnight of the rut when the stags betray their whereabouts by their weird roar by which they challenge their rivals. But for this call it would be as impossible to approach the ever watchful animals in these dense woods as to find the proverbial needle in a haystack. To a certain extent the sportsman is dependent upon climatic conditions, for in hot, murky weather stags refrain from uttering their challenging notes, while frosty bracing weather fills the woods with a grand concert that makes the Nimrod's heart rejoice. As it obviously would be impossible to shoot such vast areas of dense wood from one central lodge, the whole ground is subdivided into beats with strictly defined boundaries. As much as possible in the centre of each beat is the small log hut from which each individual gun shoots the beat assigned to him. These quite primitive little cabins, which become the home of the sportsman during the fortnight of the rut, are from two to four hours' ride from the central lodge. They have clay floors, a hay-filled bunk takes the place of a bed, a rush chair, a deal table, and a lamp complete the furniture, an open fireplace in one corner making a very cosy place of it in the chilly September nights.

And now a word about the natives. The Wood Carpathians, as the central portion of the range is called in distinction to the more rocky eastern and the slightly higher Tatra range extending towards the west, is inhabited by a wild-looking people, the Ruthenians or Little Russians. They really belie their looks, for they are a docile, sad-eyed race that have never emerged from serf-like conditions. Clad in sheepskin coats, generally barefooted, they are as hardy as a North American redskin, with whom they somehow share many traits, their long black hair falling down upon their shoulders in unkempt masses, and their dark complexions adding to this resemblance. They pass their lives in the most primitive conditions: thus the men employed as keepers by my host received a wage of 40 florins, less than *4l.*, per annum, which had to suffice to keep the man and his family, while, as a matter of contrast, every stag of twelve points and over in the man's beat was worth a *100l.* note!

These Huzuls, as they are called locally in the Marmaros Comitat, whose wages also in other walks in life were extraordinarily low, made capital servants preferable in many respects to lower-class Hungarians, who, of course, considered themselves far above them, as no doubt they are in intelligence and independence of character. Each gun was provided with several of these fleet-footed Huzuls, who brought up from the central lodge the day's provender, letters, and papers, and kept watch over their master's property during his prolonged absences when stalking.

In addition to the two or three Huzuls every guest was pro-

vided with a stalker, in my case a Czech, who proved to be an excellent mentor, a fair knowledge of German favouring intercourse. His anxiety to extend his lingual accomplishments by picking up English got to be, however, rather a bore, his persistence being truly wonderful.

Very different from Scotch surroundings is one's life in the Carpathian *Urwald*. Early hours are the rule, for it is essential to reach your ground before dawn, so that you get up at 3.30 or 4 o'clock at latest. Often during the height of the rut stags roar during the night in close proximity to the hut, but even on very bright full-moon nights it would be worse than useless to risk a shot. The point the sportsman and his sharp-eared stalker must reach before day-break is some elevated point where you remain seated listening to the morning concert which presently will greet the first streaks of day. The high tangle of underbrush proves a terrible nuisance, for it is generally so dense that it is impossible to approach game at all, hence it often is wiser to let the deer approach you rather than the reverse. Now, in spite of every advantage, the best of food, good shelter, and solitude, deer are by no means as plentiful, even in the best of grounds, as one might expect, or as one's Highland experiences would lead one to look for. For bears, wolves, and two-legged foes, the latter out for the substantial price fine antlers fetch, keep down their number, particularly of heavy-antlered beasts.

Long practice develops the sense of hearing, and the way my Bohemian 'took the note,' differentiating a youngster's loud braying call from the lower-toned growling challenge of a master stag, telling the distance to within a hundred yards or so, was most instructive, and unlike anything I had hitherto experienced when deer-stalking in the Alps, the Highlands, or in the Rocky Mountains. Having selected by sound the stag with the most promising roar, the next thing is to shape one's plans as best one can without betraying oneself to the ever-watchful hinds that act as their lord's sentinels and advance guard. Success, to a great extent, will depend upon whether the deer are coming your way or are feeding away from you. If the latter is the case, and the wind be not very favourable, pursuit is worse than useless, for in nine cases out of ten you would only disturb them, and probably cause them to leave your beat. If they come towards you your patience will be put to a sore test; every nerve in your body is tingling with excitement as the beasts gradually draw near you, the master's roar coming closer and closer. But what a hopeless outlook! In the dense undergrowth, which is much higher than any deer that ever grew antlers, one can rarely shoot further than a few yards, and even then only a reddish-brown patch is all one sees. If luck favours you a fallen giant

of the forest will enable you to creep along its prostrate trunk towards the spot where you think the deer are. If it is against you, and no sportsman need be told that this is only too often the case, you will stand there helpless, trembling with suspense, with pallid features, while the deer file along their trail perhaps only twenty or thirty yards away, but as invisible to you as were the Chinese Wall between you and them. The beast you are after, the master stag, not the youngster known as the *Bei-Hirsch*, who does his wooing on the sly when the master's back is turned, will invariably, except when in full flight, bring up the rear, herding the half-dozen or so of hinds which form his own particular harem, along the narrow track which generally leads to water of some kind. Probably the goal is some pool hidden away in the densest brush, in the mud of which the excited stag will wallow ere he retires for his forenoon siesta. As it would be entirely useless to attempt stalking while the deer are resting, and that gallant concert has temporarily stopped, you return to your hut at eight or nine o'clock for a snooze. By luncheon time the Huzul messenger has brought up from the central lodge a daintily cooked meal, served in dishes that fit into a basket specially devised for long-distance transportation. When you have done justice to it, letters and newspapers will occupy you until it is time to start for the evening's stalk, when the morning's strategical movements are repeated.

Days may pass before you get a shot; the rut may be a late one, sultry weather intervening, when the grand silence of these vast woods remains unbroken, or at best only young stags utter their challenge. Bad luck may dodge your steps when your chance does come: a change of wind at the critical moment, which, one knows, is a frequent occurrence at dawn and dusk, or a careless footstep snapping a dry twig; or, what is the most tantalising of all, the invisibility of the stag's antlers, may render futile the most careful stalk. You naturally have not travelled a thousand miles and more to slay a poor little six or eight pointer, and has not your host impressed upon you that a master stag of sixteen or eighteen has been marked down in your beat, the very beast that So-and-So bungled last season? The stag's shed antlers, picked up that spring by a keen-eyed Huzul forest guard, have been shown you, and you have vowed that you will bag that monster or perish in the attempt. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that you get a glimpse of his new 'attire' before you press the trigger at the brown patch passing through the dense tangle of brush, the swish of the antlers thrusting aside impeding branches betraying the whereabouts of your invisible quarry. As once happened to the writer, the youthful *Bei-Hirsch* pays the penalty for his undesir-

able attentions to his master's fair ones, and a miserable eight-pointer instead of a giant with double the tines teaches a lesson that sends the over-hasty novice back to his hut a very miserable and disgruntled sportsman.

The fortnight of the rut passes only too quickly, and lucky you may consider yourself if you get two really good beasts. Sometimes good fortune crowns the efforts of the tyro; thus that veteran sportsman, E. N. Buxton, on his very first visit to the Carpathians bagged in ten days, as readers of this Review will perhaps remember, six stags with heads that aggregated no less than seventy points![2] My own novitiate was nothing like as fortunate; it was days before I got my first chance, and then it was but a ten-pointer whom I caught napping on a slope cleared by a windfall, thus giving me one of the longest shots, if not the longest, I have ever had a chance of firing in the Carpathians. As only his head was visible to me I had to plant my bullet between his eyes at something like a hundred yards.

The only break in the twelve or fourteen days of isolation in the hut was the customary Sunday morning visit to the central lodge, where all the guests assembled. The joys of a hot bath were followed by a delightful luncheon and a lively exchange of experiences and swapping of yarns. If it was the height of the *Brunft* or rut, one left the hospitable roof in time for the evening stalk in one's own beat; otherwise one stayed for the night, sharing bedrooms and thoroughly enjoying long chats in front of the wide fireplace in the antlered hall. The guests who had the more remote beats returned to them by the light of lanterns so as not to miss the morning stalk.

Such were the strenuous experiences of the sportsman seeking the forty-stone giants in the Carpathians twenty years ago. Since then changes and reforms have been introduced, though the main features of the country remained untouched up to the outbreak of the War. Except in the larger towns there was no middle class: between the princes and counts dwelling in country mansions scores of miles apart, for the estates in Hungary are of enormous size, and the serf-like peasant, and even more abject Jews who batten on the latter, there was no intermediary class. The changes I am referring to were brought about by a more intelligent exploitation of the country's wealth, of its forests and its minerals. Numerous narrow-gauge railways have been built up from the plains into the heart of the mountains, and with these improvements came a rush of wealthy sportsmen from all parts of the world who vied with each other's long purses to secure shooting rights. As a consequence, during the last two or three *ante bellum*

[2] See 'Timber Creeping in the Carpathians,' by E. N. Buxton, *Nineteenth Century*, February 1897.

seasons, only rich men were able to slay Carpathian stags. Of these changes my subsequent visits to these districts made me aware. It was during these visits which took me to other preserves, rented by my own countrymen, lying to the west of the ground I have attempted to describe, that I became better acquainted with the range of hills that forms the tail end of the Alps of Central Europe. On these visits I changed the day's venue a trifle by not returning after the morning stalk to the hut, but, instead, seeking the grassy uplands which, as I have already mentioned, extend above timber-line. There, if the weather was propitious, glorious views were to be had over vast expanses of country lying on either side of the range, four or five thousand feet below one.

Ensconced in a little dip in the soft hummocky sward on the very top of the main ridge of hills—mountains would be rather a grandiloquent term—one could see down both sides of what is practically one of Europe's most important watersheds. The waters flowing down the southern slopes join the Theiss, which flows into the Danube, while yonder tiny spring, a few feet from where one is standing, sends its water down the northern slopes on an equally long but far drearier journey by way of the Vistula, through the interminable Russian plains, into the Baltic. And another stream which one perceives in the distance is one of the headwaters of the Dniester flowing into the Black Sea. Looking southwards, the eye travels down innumerable densely wooded hills of gradually decreasing altitude, until finally it is arrested by the filmy haze that hangs over the vast Hungarian plains many thousand feet below us and fifty miles away. Turning one's eyes northwards, a somewhat different and more confined view is to be seen. In broken, terrace-like masses, divided by steep, rocky gulches, the northern declivities fall away. The luxuriant growth of beech and oak is replaced by melancholy pine and spruce woods, for the polar blasts sweeping up from the Russian Steppes in winter do not permit a more delicate arboreal vegetation to flourish.

Not a single sign of human habitation or presence disturbs the glorious panorama steeped in bright sunshine. The only sound one hears is the occasional roar from some lovesick stag or the cry of the golden eagle circling in the blue overhead. At dusk and dawn other sounds strike the ear—the howl of hungry wolves, out on their nocturnal raids, and the grunt of Bruin himself, the master of all so far as strength is concerned. When your eyes have had their fill, and the glorious solitude and silence have duly impressed themselves upon your senses, the contents of a capacious *Rücksack* furnish less ethereal pleasures, and the pipe that follows—completes mortal content. Many a 'nooning' of

like character had I enjoyed years before in the matchless hunting-grounds along the ridges of the Rockies in Wyoming and Montana, the only regions known to me that could be likened to these Carpathian places of bliss. In those trans-ocean hunting-grounds wild nature had succumbed, railroads and settlements had wiped out the great herds of bison and wapiti, but here, in the very heart of Europe, an even viler agency has been at work, cannon, poison-gas and machine guns not only sweeping from the face of the earth the splendid beasts that yesterday peopled the Carpathian *Urwälder*, but also destroying man, woman, and child with the grim cruelty of modern warfare.

WILLIAM A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

THE FREE NAVIGATION OF THE RHINE

THERE are plenty of signs that the present century will become the age of the water and the air as the bearers of inland passenger and goods traffic, and of water as the source of electric power, which will largely supersede steam. The countries which command the greatest supply of *l'houille blanche* will no longer be famous for the mere scenery of their waterfalls and rivers, but also for the advantages which these physical features confer by facilitating industrial enterprises with comparatively cheap sources of power and with the healthiest conditions for labour. Scandinavia and Switzerland have already been setting their houses in order in respect of these resources, and during the War Germany, especially Bavaria, has been following their example.

The Rhine is remarkable among the great rivers of Europe both for the immense facilities which it affords for inland navigation and for the opportunities which its course between the Lake of Constance and the City of Basle offers for the utilisation of water-power and the production of electric force. The changes which the War has effected and is about to effect in the territorial map of Europe and, particularly, in the position of Germany and the German States bring the Rhine, both as an inland waterway and as a power-source, into the forefront of international interest. The troops of the Associated Powers have occupied its left bank and at the principal bridgeheads are beyond it. They are all concerned during the period of the Armistice with the practical duty not only of policing the occupied German towns and territory but also of regulating the river traffic, which, so far as it was maintained during the War, was, above Emmerich on the Dutch frontier, entirely under German control. France, by the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, has once more become a riverain State and has shown a sense of her responsibilities by proposing to place on the Rhine a flotilla comprising gunboats, scouts and chasers, which will be divided into five groups under the supreme command of a naval captain. This is, doubtless, to be regarded as a provisional measure, since the policing of the river and the regulation of its traffic are matters of international concern and have formed the subject of treaty arrangements. These arrangements will inevitably constitute one of the most important subjects of dis-

cussion at the Peace Conference and may either be submitted to revision or else be altogether superseded by new conventions. Even if there had been no war, and if Alsace had not been reunited to France, a revision of the Treaty arrangements affecting the Rhine would have been very desirable in the interests of two of the riverain States, Holland and Switzerland. Germany, before and during the War, was openly or insidiously encroaching upon their rights and was at the same time prejudicing the rights of those non-riverain States, particularly England, which have an interest in the physical and legal freedom of Rhenish navigation. It may be taken for granted that France, now happily once more a riverain State, will associate herself with all the interested parties in the effort to arrive at a just and stable settlement of the questions affecting the future of the Rhine as a great international waterway.

The status of the Rhine as a river free to the ships of all nations was consecrated by the Treaty of Vienna in Articles CVIII to CXVI, and in the Articles of Annexe No. XVI. This status had in theory existed from time immemorial. The Holy Roman Empire, as represented by Frederick the First (Barbarossa), recognised (by an Act of 1165) the character of the Rhine as a *libera et regia strata*, a King's free highway. The action of multifarious riverain lords, temporal and spiritual, who in succeeding centuries levied tolls or raided shipping, was always regarded as illegal and oppressive by the Rhenish cities from Basle to Rotterdam, and there was a succession of conventions and leagues with a view to securing freedom, or comparative freedom of navigation. The Treaty of Vienna, to which Great Britain was a party, recognised the justice of this claim and established the general principle that not only the Rhine but all 'international' rivers are free to the shipping of all Powers. Article CIX of that Treaty says:

> La navigation dans tout le cours des rivières indiquées dans l'article précédent, du point où chacune d'elles devient navigable jusqu'à son embouchure, sera entièrement libre et ne pourra, sous rapport de commerce, être interdite à personne; bien entendu que l'on se conformera aux règlements relatifs à la police de cette navigation; lesquels sont conçus d'une manière uniforme pour tous, et aussi favorables que possible au commerce de toute nation.

The previous article (CVIII) had laid down that

> Les puissances dont les états sont séparés ou traversés par une même rivière navigable s'engagent à régler, d'un commun accord, tout ce qui a rapport à la navigation de cette rivière. Elles nommeront à cet effet des commissions, qui se réuniront au plus tard six mois après la fin du congrès et qui prendront pour bases de leurs travaux les principes établis dans les articles suivans.

It would lead too far to trace here in detail the manner in which the Articles of the Treaty of Vienna guaranteeing the

free navigation were applied or fell into desuetude during the next fifty-five years. Attempts were again and again made by the Germanic States, and more especially by Prussia, to infringe the rights both of other riverain and of non-riverain States. It has even been maintained in some quarters that Article CIX of the Acte Final of the Treaty of Vienna, as quoted above, was so drawn as to exclude non-riverain States from the right of free navigation and that the words 'sous rapport de commerce' were inserted with that object. Prussia, so often an underhand adversary of England, declared in 1857, by the pen of Baron Manteuffel, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, that, 'according to the negotiations of the Congress of Vienna, it is not doubtful that it was not in the intention of that Act to grant to non-riverains a right of navigation on the rivers which form the subject of this Convention' (*fleuves conventionnels*). Be this as it may, the right of free navigation for the ships of all nations was acknowledged in a subsequent Convention, the Treaty of Mannheim, concluded by all the riverain States, with the exception of Switzerland, on the 17th of October 1868. Article I. of that Convention declares:

> La navigation du Rhin et de ses embouchures, depuis Bâle jusqu'à la pleine mer, soit en descendant, soit en remontant, sera libre aux navires de toutes les nations pour le transport des marchandises et des personnes, à condition de se conformer aux stipulations contenues dans la présente Convention et aux mesures prescrites pour le maintien de la sécurité générale. Sauf ces règlements, il ne sera apporté aucun obstacle, quelqu'il soit, à la libre navigation.

The States which were signatory to this Treaty were France, then (1868) in possession of the Alsace bank, Baden, Bavaria, the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the Netherlands, and Prussia. In 1871, Germany, as the supplanter of France in Alsace-Lorraine, virtually took over France's rights as a Rhenish Power by declaring them to be vested in Alsace-Lorraine as German Reichsland. Switzerland was not a party to the Treaty of Vienna or to the articles of it and of its Annexe affecting the navigation of the Rhine. But Switzerland contends that, as a consideration of the circumstances in which her delegates did not sign the Treaty of Vienna shows, the provisions of that Treaty affecting her interests, such as the regulations dealing with the navigation of the Rhine, give her all the rights which are guaranteed to the other riverain States, whether like France, the Netherlands, Bavaria and Prussia, those States were then in existence, or, like the late German Empire, came into existence afterwards. This point is of real importance, because it legally justifies the objections of Switzerland to certain provisions of the Convention of Mannheim (1868) which, it would seem, are also opposed to the interests of

England and other non-riverain States. As a matter of fact, Switzerland does not recognise the Convention of Mannheim. Nevertheless, by asserting her rights as a riverain State in the sense of the Treaty of Vienna, and also by virtue of the fact that she possesses in the practical control of the water-power of the Rhine above Basle a lever with which to put pressure upon Germany, she has managed to maintain, until the outbreak of war, her rights of navigation from Basle to Rotterdam and to frustrate most of the German attempts at infringement or obstruction.[1]

Holland, which is a party to the Mannheim Convention of 1868, has likewise had occasion to protest against arbitrary violations of that Convention by Germany. In 1911 the German Reichstag passed a Law dealing with shipping dues on inland waterways, of which Germany possesses a system that is unrivalled in Europe in respect both of their number and their excellence, whether they be natural, like the Rhine, the Main, the Elbe, the Weser, the Oder, and the Vistula, or artificial, like the great network of canals uniting these rivers. The Law of 1911 imposed tolls on the Rhine and the Elbe, although they are 'international' rivers in the sense of the Treaty of Vienna, and although the Rhine is further guarded by the Convention of Mannheim. It is true that the provisions of the 1911 Law were not immediately carried out, so far as these two rivers were concerned, in consequence of the opposition of other riverain States, the Netherlands on the Rhine and Austria on the Elbe. When the measure was under discussion in the Committee of the Reichstag and some reference was made to the opposition of Holland, Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, stated that 'he did not take the (Dutch) opposition very tragically.' This semi-private utterance of the Foreign Secretary's having been bruited abroad, a characteristically cynical *démenti* was issued to the effect that he had referred solely to the protests of the foreign commercial circles and not to the opposition of any foreign Government. It was nevertheless patent that the Dutch Government was determined to uphold the interests of shipping and commerce, and M. van Swinderen, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, speaking on this subject in the States-General, declared that 'he hoped at all times to be able to look the nation in the face, conscious that he had stood firm for the nation's wishes.'

An occasion for a still more emphatic Dutch protest must have arisen during the last stage of the War. The *Frankfurter*

[1] On Switzerland's rights, interests and policy in this regard see J. Valloton, *La Suisse et le droit de navigation sur les fleuves internationaux* (Lausanne, Payot et Cie, 1914); and the same author's *Du régime juridique des cours d'eau internationaux de l'Europe Centrale*: extrait de la *Revue de Droit International et de législation comparée*, Deuxième Série, Tome XV. 1913.

Zeitung of October 30, 1918 (evening edition), stated in an obscure part of the issue, at the end of its commercial article, that the Dutch Government was protesting in accordance with Article III of the Convention of Mannheim against duties imposed by Germany upon goods and passenger traffic on the Rhine.

Germany, and, in particular, the Grand Duchy of Baden, has recently been attempting to interfere in a still more serious manner with the treaty rights and the vital interests of the other riverain States. An ambitious scheme has been proposed with the alleged object of improving the navigation between Strasbourg and Basle and at the same time utilising the water-power of this stretch of the river for electrical purposes. It was the second aim that predominated in the German plans at the cost of the first. The project, as regards the production of electric power, directly concerned Baden and Alsace-Lorraine; but it was proposed that, in addition to these States, the German Empire, Prussia, Bavaria, Württemberg, Hesse and Switzerland should together initiate a society for the study of the scheme. The great German Electrical Companies, the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft, and Siemens and Schuckert in Berlin, the Oberrhein Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft in Mannheim, and the firm of Holtzmann and Co. in Frankfurt, were to participate. According to a Berlin estimate the total cost of the scheme was to have been 12,000,000*l*., of which 5,500,000*l*. would have represented expenditure on canalisation and 6,500,000*l*. the cost of the electric-power works.

This scheme, it is true, extended to the Rhine above Basle, and it was believed that 300,000 h.p. could easily be obtained from the section between Schaffhausen and Basle alone. But it also contemplated the canalisation of the Rhine below Basle, that is to say the construction of barrages, lateral canals and locks, and the utilisation of these works for obtaining electric power. To this project Switzerland offered the most strenuous opposition. It was pointed out that the execution of the scheme would entail the total interruption for many years of the river traffic between Strasbourg and Basle. Once the canals were constructed, they would form the sole navigable channel, the river itself being obstructed by the barrages and rendered too shallow for navigation by the withdrawal of water. At present the upward river journey from Strasbourg to Basle for towed barges and steamers takes three days. Transit by the proposed canals would, it is estimated, occupy seven days. The cost of the canals, barrages and locks would have to be defrayed by the imposition of German tolls, which would be levied in violation of Article VII of the Convention of Mannheim, to the effect that 'the transit of all

merchandise shall be free from Basle to the open sea, unless sanitary measures give occasion for exceptions. The riverain States shall not levy any dues upon this transit, whether directly, or after transhipment, or after warehousing *en route*' (*après mise en entrepôt*).

The material obstruction and the delay to traffic which have been mentioned above would likewise constitute a violation of the provision in Article XXX of the same Convention that navigation shall not be obstructed or delayed by mills or factories, or by bridges 'or other artificial works constructed on the river.' And Article XXIII imposes upon each of the contracting Powers the obligation to keep the channel of the Rhine 'in good condition' throughout the extent of its territory.

The Swiss contention, which is understood to be supported by Holland, is that in every regard the canalisation scheme is objectionable from the point of view of the States interested in the free and unobstructed navigation of the Rhine from Rotterdam to Basle. The Swiss have a scheme of their own for the improvement and regulation of the channel between Basle and Strasbourg. It would involve a very moderate outlay—about 1,200,000*l*.—and would not obstruct navigation while in process of execution. The cost of the German scheme of canalisation for this stretch of the river would, according to Swiss calculations, be about seven or eight times as much as that of the Swiss scheme, apart from the very heavy loss owing to the obstruction to navigation, temporary and permanent, which the former would entail.

Swiss, Dutch, and British interests would seem to be in this matter practically identical, and it is hardly open to doubt that the interests of France, now happily once more a Rhenish Power, must coincide with them. In an article in the *Observer* of December 15 on 'The Left Bank of the Rhine' M. Philippe Millet says:

> We must remove all barriers which prevented the Rhine from flowing towards the sea and made it dependent upon the Central German system. The Rhine and the rivers flowing into it, such as the Moselle, must be made a free waterway by which a barge starting from Newcastle may bring its coal as far up as Strasbourg or the ironfields of Lorraine.

As a matter of fact, barges, or rather steamers, from Newcastle, or at any rate from Grimsby or from the Thames, can already go, not merely as far as Strasbourg, but as far as Basle. It is on record that some of the County Council's steamers, when taken off the Thames some years ago, were purchased by a Swiss company and successfully navigated up the Rhine, with Basle as their destination. There has been a regular water-borne trade, without breaking bulk, between British ports and Cologne, and there is no reason why it should not be extended to Stras-

bourg and Basle. Swiss imports from and exports to England—among them, cotton, coal, and machinery, on the one hand; lace, silk, chocolate, condensed milk, cheese, on the other—would naturally take the Rhine route, thus greatly reducing the cost of transport and consequently the price of the goods at their destination. The Swiss Government has, further, a scheme for the improvement of the port of Basle, which would make it the great emporium for the water-borne trade of Northern and Eastern Switzerland.

The improvements of the channel above Strasbourg in accordance with the scheme favoured by Switzerland would make the Rhine navigable to Basle for vessels of 2000 tons during practically the whole year. The German plan contemplated locks which could not pass vessels of over 1000 tons. Together with the delay and obstruction already referred to, this diminution of tonnage would practically have doubled the cost of transport, apart from the illegal dues which would have had to be imposed, in order to defray the cost of construction. It is noteworthy that, while the German and Baden Governments for reasons of their own, promoted schemes of canalisation, German shipping circles at Strasbourg, Cologne and other Rhenish ports favoured the plan of regulation of the channel as advocated by the Swiss.

One of the German contentions is that the conditions for producing electric power—a main object of the canalisation scheme—are the same below as above Basle. The Swiss engineers have no difficulty in showing that the river above Basle is incomparably better adapted for barrage and electric power works. Already, between Schaffhausen and Basle, the great electric works at Rheinfelden, Augst and Weylen produce 183,000 horse-power and represent an invested capital of considerably over 1,000,000*l.*; but this is estimated to be only 25 per cent. of the power that could easily be produced on this stretch of the river. Moreover, the barrage of the Upper River, which is required for electric-power works, is at the same time essential for rendering this section navigable by means of locks, which are here indispensable on account of the rapid fall. From the foot of the Falls of Schaffhausen to Basle, the fall is 120 mètres (nearly 394 feet), or one mètre per kilomètre. The Falls themselves, 32 mètres (about 105 feet) high, could be negotiated by means of lateral canals with locks or lifts. The engineering problem of rendering the whole stretch from Basle to the Lake of Constance navigable for vessels of 1000 tons register is not a novel or a difficult one, and has, incontestably, been solved by the Swiss engineers' plans. The cost of canalisation has been estimated at 1,600,000*l.* The essence of the Swiss case is that the technical aspects of the problems above and below Basle are respectively of such a nature

that above Basle canalisation is indispensable both for navigation and for the production of electric power, while below Basle it would seriously obstruct navigation and would produce a very inferior amount of power at a much greater cost.

The total distance from Rotterdam to Basle is 828 kilomètres (517½ miles). Vessels of 2000 tons can reach Cologne at all seasons of the year, except when the river is frozen over, which only happens in severe winters. A direct sea-service from England was established in 1885 and continued up to the outbreak of War. The stage from Cologne to Mannheim presents no difficulties except from the swiftness of the stream at the sharp curves in the chasm of the Bingerloch, the scene of the ship-wrecking exploits of the Lorelei. Barges, towed by tugs, and river-steamers, go to Mannheim, but there is no sea-going traffic to or from that Rhenish port. The stretch from Mannheim to Strasbourg, 131 kilomètres (81½ miles), has been developed since 1882, and there is now traffic all the year round. The section from Strasbourg to Basle, 127 kilomètres (about 79 miles), has only been improved since 1902, and, when the work was completed in 1904, the traffic for the succeeding year only amounted to some 3000 tons. But by 1913 it had increased to 96,000 tons, and in 1914, when navigation was suspended on the 4th of August, 90,000 tons had been transported; so that, allowing for periods of the year unfavourable for navigation, it was estimated that, but for the War, the traffic would have reached 120,000 tons. If the channel were improved according to the Swiss scheme, there would, in the opinion of competent authorities, be a certain prospect of a ten-fold increase of traffic in the first year of the developed waterway, while estimates which are not too sanguine place the ultimate possibilities of Rhine-borne commerce with Basle as high as 10,000,000 tons a year.

The immense importance of the Rhine for British commerce and British shipping is not to be calculated solely on the basis of prospective traffic with the Rhine ports, French, German and Swiss. Switzerland has in pre-war times been described as the 'turning-table' of a great mass of Central European traffic. Her international railway routes, especially the Gothard and the Simplon, have vastly raised her importance as a transit country and as an European clearing-house. In 1912 German exports alone to Switzerland and Italy amounted in value to upwards of 46,000,000*l*., while German imports from Switzerland and Italy amounted to more than 25,500,000*l*.

The development and regulation of Swiss water-ways, recently declared by the Federal Council in its message of October 29, 1917, to be within the legislative domain of the Confederation—it was formerly the separate business of the interested Cantons

--will, if supported by wise and far-seeing decisions of the Great Powers, lead to a far greater industrial and commercial future. In this connexion there is only space to make a mere mention here of the projects of a Rhine-Rhône Canal from Coblenz above Basle to the Lake of Geneva and of another waterway from that lake to the navigable reaches of the Rhône above Lyons. The realisation of the Rhône project would give Switzerland a second outlet to the sea at the great port of Marseilles. The scheme of a Canal from the Lake of Constance *via* Ulm to the Danube at Ratisbon is likewise perfectly feasible; and there is also the great Italian scheme for a ship canal from Lake Maggiore—where Switzerland has a port at Locarno—*via* the Ticino and the Po to the Adriatic on the one hand, and to Milan and possibly Savona on the Gulf of Genoa on the other. For British coal and manufactures and for American grain, the Rhine offers the most direct and the cheapest route to the heart of industrial Europe. For Switzerland herself the advantage of the real freedom and the commercial internationalisation of the great river has been rendered manifest during the War, when Germany was unable or unwilling to send her adequate supplies of coal and iron, and America could not do more than deliver grain for her at Marseilles or Cette, whence the land transport over French lines was rendered precarious by the inadequacy of the available rolling-stock. There would certainly seem to be many and cogent reasons why the Peace Conference should devote its most active attention to the freedom of the navigation of the Rhine.

GEORGE SAUNDERS.

THE KAISER AND 'THE WILL TO . . .'

THE NEED FOR UNIVERSAL RECONSTRUCTION OF MORALS

ONE of the minor manifestations of the prevailing Teutonic spirit which led to this War is to be found in the invention of a comparatively new phrase and its constant use by those who were directly responsible for the War in the period preceding its outbreak and throughout the whole of its duration.

The phrases—'the Will to Deeds' (*der Wille zur Tat*), 'the Will to Might,' 'the Will to Victory,' 'the Will to Unity,' even 'the Will to Defeat,' or, as ascribed to their enemies, 'the Will to Destruction,' occurred in nearly every pronouncement or speech made by the Kaiser, his statesmen and generals since 1907. The constant reiteration of such phrases and what they imply, and their continuous repercussion upon the ear of the public, not only of the German people, but of their enemies and of neutrals, have so thoroughly familiarised the world with this unusual and illogical phrase (which, moreover, runs counter to the vernacular character of the German as well as of the English language), that similar phrases have found their way into our own language in these latter days or, at least, into that insidiously dangerous and demoralising sphere of our language, the 'Journalese.'

A critical investigation of the meaning, origin and import of these phrases will repay some attention; and will not only throw light upon the origin and conduct of this monstrously irrational and immoral War, but also upon the all-important problem of the future reconstruction of civilised society, far beyond the ordinary weight which we might attach to a mere phrase.

That before our days the use of the word 'will' in an abstract, almost cosmical, significance, beyond its designation of one of the several faculties of the human mind, is contrary to the significance attached to it in ordinary vernacular, will hardly be disputed. Still less usual, and still more contrary to the spirit of our thought and language, is its use as a substantive, with the preposition 'to' immediately governing another substantive, though the substantive may imply some form of activity.

The form in which it has hitherto been used—and rightly used—is to govern some verb expressive of the definite activity arising out of the will or directed by it. We thus have a will to

act, to rest, to work, to play, to fight, to give in, etc. It clearly denotes that one of our several faculties is directed towards a definite action; the more definite and individual the action, the more clearly does this human power manifest its nature and strength and the clearer is the meaning conveyed; the vaguer and more confused, general and abstract, the less clear becomes the meaning to be conveyed, until it ends in nonsense. Thus we may have a will to fight, and we generally do fight to win; but we do not add to the clearness of expression by maintaining that we are generally moved by the 'will to victory.' The phrase may imply a whole world of activities and consequences and of implied meaning, and is either a platitude or a confused mystical suggestion clad in the garb of bombastic rhetoric. Still more is this the case when the German word 'will' is not applied to the individual human mind, but to the collective mind of a whole nation. Even then this German phrase does not end there in its comprehensive pretentiousness. It connotes beyond and above the human mind —not the Divine will—but some kind of cosmical force infused into the world of nature and of mankind by human intelligence. It is thus raised to the dignity of a metaphysical principle, however much it may be flattened out and lowered down to the practical use of the market-place, the political stump speaker's platform, the barracks' drillyard and the world's battlefields. As a matter of fact, as we shall see, it thus has its primary, though more remote, origin in the metaphysics of Schopenhauer, the title of which is *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung.*

In Schopenhauer's system the word 'will' conveys the widely metaphysical meaning corresponding to force, to emotive power in some degree cognate to the ancient Greek Hesiodic conception of Eros or Love (not the later boy—Cupid), the oldest of gods, the force out of which the world grew. Still more remote and more vaguely influential was the Hegelian conception of the State as a fixed and final entity in the life of humanity, above reason and morality, which has to some degree led to the establishment by German publicists of their conception of the State and to the rule of German *Politismus* by publicists and political writers. At all events, whether vaguely suggested or clearly apprehended by those who have used this modern phrase, the suggestion of such an extra-human or cosmical conception is conveyed in their use of the term 'will.'

Now we have always been aware of the importance of will and will-power, not only in the formation of perfect human character, but also in its effect upon achieving human design and purpose in the usual world of events and things about us. Will-power has always been and will ever remain one of the chief factors in human life. With some poetic license and in the form of epigrammatic

exaggeration in order to impress our meaning, we have always insisted upon the power of the will to achieve whatever purpose it sets itself: 'Where there's a will there's a way' is one of the oldest commonplaces in our language. The supreme importance of concentration of thought and action, of rapid resolution or continuous perseverance, of energy, and of conviction which underlies the concentrated energy to act—all these conceptions have been admitted and emphasised as principles guiding our life and as injunctions in the preparation for life in our education. Wordsworth praises

> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.

In our conception of will the human faculty is always coordinated with the other factors of human intellect and character. Above all, it is subordinated to the wider ethical and social elements of reason and morality. Will divorced from these is either mere animal instinct or passion. In civilised society we soon learn to respect the wills of others while asserting our own independence, and both wills are subject to justice and truth. However much we may respond to the will of others, this spirit of freedom and justice in us will never subject itself to arbitrariness or license on the part of others. In the words of Sir Henry Wotton:

> How happy is he born and taught
> That serveth not another's will,
> Whose armour is his honest thought
> And simple truth his utmost skill.

In our civilised life the universally accepted principles of social morality, which underlie the individual will and the collective will of nations and of mankind, are based, not only upon reason and justice, but upon love or charity as well. The motive force in man, whether instinct or passion, energy or self-realisation, is inseparably interwoven with these principles, which act as the directing power to such vital energy. In the imaginary world we can only conceive of one sphere where reason and justice leave the will uncontrolled, and where love is replaced by hate, namely —in Hell. It is Lucifer who gives supremely beautiful expression to the principles ruling his domain:

> What though the field be lost?
> All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield.[1]

What governs the individual will also applies to the collective will of the State or Sovereign. In the States composed of free-

[1] *Paradise Lost*, i. 105.

men, Democracy, in the conception of the ancient Greeks and of the free people of our own times,

> Men their duties know,
> But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain
> . . .
> And sovereign law, that State's collected will,
> O'er thrones and globes elate,
> Sits empress, crowning good repressing ill.
> (SIR WILLIAM JONES.)

But, in the sham-cosmical conception of will in the phrases as used by the Kaiser and his learned or unlearned henchmen, his own will or the will of the State and the German nation is divorced from reason, justice and charity, as the State and the sovereign are supreme and are raised above morality. Might becomes right, and the 'will to might' is the dominating principle of State action and of the citizens composing the State. These principles embody the latter-day system of morality dominating the political and social life of the German people, which led to this War and which established the barbarous methods by which it was carried on. They differ as much from the principles regulating the life of the older Germany as the ethics of Kant differ from those of Nietzsche. It required nearly fifty years for the Nietzschean ethics to percolate to such a degree through the moral consciousness of the German people, and for the German publicists, writers and teachers to pave the way for the Kaiser with his bureaucrats and militarists to advance to those heights of popular influence from which he could make the most definite practical application of these principles in order to lead Germany to world-dominion.

In tracing the widespread introduction of these definite phrases, we are able to fix the exact date when, by supreme sanction of the Over-Lord, they are used as a watchword for the political regeneration of his people and for the establishment of Pan-Germanism throughout the world. The first time the Kaiser used such a phrase was in his Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Reichstag in February of 1907. His peroration ran thus:

> And now, gentlemen, may our national sentiment and our Will to Deeds (*Wille zur Tat*), out of which this Reichstag has sprung, also dominate its work—for the salvation of Germany.

When we recall the Willy-Nicky telegrams of 1904-5, the phrase might have run 'Der Wille zum Tag'!

This is, as far as I can ascertain, the first time that the phrase was used in a public pronouncement. The Kaiser's use of the phrase is thus the first application of this more or less philosophical

term for definite practical purposes in the political life of the German nation. The date 1907, when taken in connexion with the general trend of international politics of those days, is most significant. 'The Day' (*der Tag*) was already a watchword in the Army and Navy. From that day onwards it recurs again and again in German political speeches, especially in reference to the foreign policy of the German nation and its need for expansion; until, during the period immediately preceding the War, and also during the War, hardly any speech has been made by the civil and military authorities without the obtrusion of some reference to the 'Will to war,' 'to victory,' 'to power,' etc.

We have already indicated by anticipation the source whence this form of expression, and the idea it conveys, is derived. Ultimately, it originates in the philosophical writings of Schopenhauer, combined with the theories of Hegel concerning the State, its nature, and its powers—especially in Schopenhauer. But directly it owes its origin to Nietzsche, whose brilliant literary expositions as, perhaps, the greatest of German writers of passionate prose, effectually familiarised the wider public with the phrase and the ideas it conveys in every class of German society.

The truth of this statement will be admitted by the German authorities themselves. Georg Büchmann, in his popular book *Geflügelte Worte* (edition of 1912), in dealing with the phrase '*Der Wille zur Tat*' (the Will to Deeds or to Action), says: 'The forging of this term, first used in Nietzsche's *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth* (1876), was beyond all question influenced by Schopenhauer's *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*.' As we maintained above, Schopenhauer's use of the term 'will' and, even in its application to human life, the phrase 'the Will to Life' (*Der Wille zum Leben*), partake more of an abstract and metaphysical significance.

In Nietzsche, however, it is directly concerned with man's social and moral attitude towards his fellow-men, and aims at becoming a direct and fundamental guide to moral (or, rather, unmoral) human existence. With him the phrase is essentially connected with his theory of the Superman. This term, so much used of late years in every part of the world, did not originate with Nietzsche. In fact it goes back to the ancient Greek poets Homer, Hesiod, and Lucian, in whom the terms ὑπερηνορέων ὑπερήνωρ and ὑπεράνθρωπος occur. In Seneca we have the phrase '*supra hominem est.*' In German the term '*Uebermensch*,' besides occurring in the writings of Hippel, Jean Paul, Grabbe, and others, is found in two famous passages in Goethe's *Faust*. Goethe probably derived his use of the term from Herder, who again borrowed it from the numerous theological writers of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. These

theological writers used the term in a very different—in fact, in an opposite, significance to that attached to it by Nietzsche. Thus in a Book of Devotions of the seventeenth century by Heinrich Müller we read that 'in the new man thou art a true man, a superman, a man of God, and a Christian man' (*Im neuen Menschen bist Du ein wahrer Mensch, ein Ober-Mensch, ein Gottes- und Christen-Mensch*). The term is used in various forms with the same significance in other devotional literature, once even as early as in a letter by the Saxon Dominican Hermann Rab, dated 1527, down to the nineteenth century. In this last instance it is even applied to the Saviour Himself in a book published anonymously in Berlin in 1807, 'The Life of the Superman Jesus, the Christ, the Great Man from Palestine' (*Lebenslauf des Ober-menschen Jesus des Christus des Grossen Mannes aus Palästina*).

Now, Nietzsche's conception of the Superman is vastly different from that of these theological writers. To quote Büchmann's admirable summary [2]:

> The term Superman has only become a commonplace in the modern sense through Nietzsche, who sees in him a forceful being to whom nothing is good but what he wills and who overthrows ruthlessly whatsoever opposes him. No doubt the conception of 'Rulers-morality' and of the 'Blond Beast' was introduced by others. Nietzsche himself saw in the Superman only a higher ideal step made by humanity, which was thus to develop in the same degree as is found in the step from animal to man. In his most popular book, *Also sprach Zarathustra* (1883), he says: 'I teach to you the Superman. Man is something that must be overcome. All beings have hitherto created something above themselves; and you wish to remain the ebb of this great flood-tide, and rather to return to the animal than to overcome man? What is the ape to man? Laughter and painful shame; and just so man is to be to the Superman—"laughter and painful shame."'

In spite of Büchmann's attempt to attribute to others the conception of 'Rulers-morality' and of the 'Blond Beast,' he himself refers to the undoubted introduction of these terms by Nietzsche in his Essay *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886), where he asserts that there exists 'a morality for Rulers, and a Morality for Slaves' ('*Es gibt Herren-moral und Sklaven-moral*'); and further maintains that 'morality in Europe is to-day the morality of herded animals' (*Moral ist heute Herdentier-moral*). Furthermore, in his Essay on the *Genealogy of Morals* (1887) (probably influenced by de Gobineau), he refers to the 'need of all aristocratic races' to compensate themselves for the social constraint, which in times of Peace they must impose upon themselves, by

[2] *Geflügelte Worte*, p. 262.

means of cruelty to other races; and thus, as exulting monsters, to return to the innocence of the predatory animals (*Raubtier Gewissen*), as the glorious 'Blond Beast,' lustfully roaming about in search of prey and victory; and this term of the Blond Beast especially refers to the German nation as that of the Blond Germanic Beast (*Blonde Germanische Bestie*). Nietzsche's last literary effort, begun in 1886, and left unfinished, was posthumously published in 1895. It bears the significant title 'The Will to Power' (*Der Wille zur Macht. Versuch einer Umwertung aller Werte*).[3]

Now the influence of such doctrines upon the mentality of the German people, who deliberately began this world-war, and have carried it on with the ruthless bestiality and deceit—not of supermen, but of savage beasts—is so manifest that it requires no further exposition. It must, however, be admitted that, though Nietzsche's ethical philosophy fails chiefly through a complete misunderstanding and misapplication of the Darwinian principle of evolution, there are aspects of it which distinctly make for an advance of the human species. I even venture to believe that he would have been the first to repudiate the policy, and the methods of realising it, adopted by Germany in these latter years, as he would have been horrified by the ruthlessness and treachery which have been displayed. His own estimate of the specific character of German mentality and of German politics was a very low one. I also believe that his own personality, in so far as it was not warped and distorted by his pathological condition ending in insanity, with premonitory symptoms throughout the whole of his life, was refined and noble, actuated throughout by higher beneficent ideals. His works abound in deep and brilliant thoughts,

[3] No doubt one of the most influential factors in familiarising the German people with the philosophy of Schopenhauer was the widespread popularity of Wagner's Music-dramas, especially *The Ring of the Nibelungen.* Wagner was, during the greater part of his life, a direct and convinced disciple of Schopenhauer, and consciously embodied the leading principles of his philosophy in his own artistic creations. The central figure of Siegfried ('who knew not what fear meant') as a personification of will-power, the only force which rules life, represents his conception of Schopenhauer's Will. How popularly-effective this artistic teaching has been is illustrated by the simple fact, that, after the Hindenburg-line, the chief remaining trench-lines of German defences were all named after these heroes of the 'Blond Beast' as embodied in the Wagnerian rendering of Nordic mythology. In addition to the Siegfried-line were the Brünhilde-line, the Hunding-line, the Wotan-line, etc. It is true that in his later life the claims of Christian charity and humility were admitted by Wagner in the creation of the inartistic, undramatic and unheroic figure of Parsifal. For the *Reine Thor* (the pure dolt, who ineptly answers 'I do not know') can never impress an audience with his heroic character, any more than sacrifice and humility can be artistically conveyed by mere iteration of their virtues. The great critic Lessing, in the eighteenth century, had already shown that, while the figures of the Old Testament were as dramatic as those of ancient Greek mythology, those of Christian martyrology were essentially undramatic.

sometimes clearly expressed, but often bedimmed and confused by emotions and pathological impulses over which he had no control, and frequently, if not generally, placed in a setting of irrational and exaggerated diction and reasoning which robbed them of truth and effectiveness. The value of his works, however, rests chiefly upon their literary and artistic qualities, which have ensured the wide popularity which they enjoy. *Zarathustra* will ever remain a masterpiece of German prose; though it contains much crude and nebulous thought—at times even insane nonsense—all the more deleterious to the mind of the reader because of the artistic beauty and force of its diction.

Now, it must be admitted to be incontrovertible that the philosophical and ethical writings of Nietzsche have directly produced the phrases indicated in the title of this article and what these phrases imply in regard to the mentality of the German nation. Since the War began, however, frequent attempts have been made in Germany, with a definite political purpose, to deny the great influence which Nietzsche has had upon the mentality of the present generation. We can understand the reasons for such an attempt, but we do not admit its truth. It would be difficult to find any book which has enjoyed such enormous popularity in Germany as *Zarathustra.* I can only record my own personal experiences during the occasional visits I paid to Germany in the 'nineties of the last century. I then found that among many of the young men, and even the young women, whom I met, Nietzschean ideas of morality were widely prevalent and were actually adopted as guides to conduct. The same attempt has frequently been made to deny the influence of the writings of Bernhardi, as well as the writings and teachings of Treitschke, whose responsibility in fashioning the mentality of the German nation for this world-war, with its methods of deliberate ruthlessness, has been amply demonstrated by numerous competent writers. Not only in Germany have such attempts been made to minimise their influence, but in neutral countries as well. So, for instance, the reviewer of my book *Aristodemocracy*, etc., in the *New Republic* of New York attempted to refute my own affirmation of the great influence of Treitschke's teaching, and maintained that his *Politik* (I am not aware that he ever published such a book, though his popular lectures on that subject for many years drew large audiences) did not enjoy a wide circulation. My reply to such an assertion was, and is, that all the historical and political writings of Treitschke did have a comparatively wide circulation in Germany, and that, as editor of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, he had greater facilities for reaching a wider circle of German readers than any other publicist or historian in that

country. But it must never be forgotten that a Professor in one of the great German Universities has more direct means of transmitting his opinions throughout the whole nation than in any other country. In the first place, all schoolmasters are obliged to pass a 'State examination' in order to follow their profession, and must have attended courses of lectures in the Universities. For at least forty years, thousands of these students attended Treitschke's lectures, thereafter transmitting his opinions and principles among their own pupils of every class and in every part of Germany. But, not only these schoolmasters, jurists, politicians, and bureaucrats, but university students of *every* branch of study were eager listeners of his forceful and eloquent lectures. During the three and a half years (from 1873 to 1876) when I was a student at German universities, I remember how, at Heidelberg, his more popular lectures on *Politik* were attended on an average by about five hundred students from every Faculty, out of a total number of less than a thousand students then attending that University. These numbers were greatly increased after he became a professor at Berlin in 1874 and was made a member of the Reichstag.

It need not be insisted upon how effective such a personal agency for the transmission of opinion and doctrine is in a country with such an effective educational system, in which, moreover, the willing receptivity for intellectual teaching among the whole population is a leading characteristic of decided national advantage. What thus applies to the teachings of Treitschke also applies to the more abstract philosophical teaching of pure philosophy, such as that of Hegel, which filters through the mentality of the student who becomes an official or professional man or an educated man of affairs, and through them even into the minds of the illiterate persons with whom they come in contact and over whom they have some influence. Moreover, it was especially the class to which the average schoolmaster belonged which consisted of the most faithful readers of Nietzsche and became his most ardent disciples.

II

The foregoing remarks on the philosophic and ethical systems prevailing in Germany before the War were not made for the purpose of summarising their distinctive characteristics, nor even of proving that they had a considerable influence in producing this war. Similar attempts have already been made by several competent writers.

My chief central aim in this article has been to illustrate with

emphasis, by means, in the first instance, of the origin and frequent application of that unusual and popular phrase 'The Will to . . . ,' the direct and most effective influence of the highest abstract theory and philosophy upon the mentality and the actual life of a whole nation. That the German people is thus peculiarly receptive to such an intellectual and moral process, is probably true; and, whatever their most reprehensible weaknesses and vices may be, this remains one of their chief qualities and virtues as a nation. But it would be the greatest and most vital error to believe that they represent a unique instance of this national characteristic among the nations of our day, or of any other period in history. Every nation is thus influenced by the supreme expression of philosophic and religious thought in the generation preceding it, and in its contemporary life. Philosophy holds the mirror of intellectuality, of thought, of principles and motives before the eyes of the peoples of each age. Its immediate function is—to use the language of our enemies—to bring their *Zeitgeist*, their Time-Spirit, to the consciousness of the people. It is more than a platitude to maintain that 'to know thyself' is the first step towards rational and beneficent action and progress. The higher the civilisation and the more real the true democracy, the greater is the effectiveness and power of such a *Zeitgeist*, as well as the need for its correct formulation, and the more direct becomes its action. With the growing diffusion of knowledge, since the invention of the printing press and other inventions which have facilitated rapid transportation and inter-communication, the gap between the formulation of truth and higher ideas and ideals, on the one hand, and their realisation in the life of a whole nation, on the other, becomes shortened and effectually bridged over. This has been the case in the past, and will be still more so in the future. In mediaeval society the Church was mainly effective in performing this supreme purpose of national education. The doctrines and dogmas of the Church, as well as its ethical teaching, were transmitted, not only through the ordained and authoritative priests, but through that wide and influential class called 'clerks,' i.e. those possessed of letters and learning among the mass of the illiterates. Throughout the whole world there was a vast fraternity of the learned linked together into effective unity by one universal language, Latin. In the whole history of civilisation, no three men more fully understood and appreciated the value of true philosophy, morality and religion, and especially the direct and supreme force of education, than did Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, and Colet. Their conception of a true reformation was entirely based upon Humanism, beginning with the clerks, and, through them, of all the peoples of Christendom. If this were true in the age of the Reformation,

it is true to a still greater and more intense degree in our own immediate age, the Great Age of Reformation for the future.

But if we are right in ascribing such direct power to what, in one word, we must call Philosophy, it becomes still more urgently true that the highest exposition of our 'Time-Spirit' should be the right one, the true philosophy, the true morality. For it was the false philosophy (or at least the distorted understanding and application of it) which has brought ruin to Germany and unspeakable disaster to the world. Above all, our system of morals must not lag behind the consciousness and the needs of our age; but must, on the contrary, summarise what is best in the conception of our higher ideals, and prepare for, facilitate and accelerate progress in the direction of these ideals. This is the primary and essential requisite for a Moral Reconstruction of our age, and for the preparation of a glorious new age for posterity.

In spite of the many national virtues of which the British people, with all due modesty, may be justly proud, it is in this sphere of public life and of national education that we are singularly at fault. Our national spirit of conservatism, coupled with our keen appreciation of the actualities of life, of experience, of the unbiased use of common-sense in dealing with the facts and problems before us, our straightforward energy, courage and perseverance in facing the difficulties to be overcome, as we faced our enemies in fight, our consequent hatred of sham and of cant (whether patently manifest or hidden in the garb of rhetoric or deep philosophy)—all these, and much more, have made us suspicious of abstractions, of higher thought, theory and philosophy, until at times we even hate or despise them. These are the facts which led Meredith to summarise this national idiosyncrasy in the phrase 'England's Hatred of Thought.' This is true in spite of our having actually produced, perhaps, the greatest individual thinkers of the world. Not so the French with their courageous, nay, passionate, almost artistic, love of ideas, of new ideas, and their child-like exuberance and boldness in at once daring to carry them into realisation with heedless and fearless disregard of the existing order of things. Not so the Germans with their love of systematic thought, their almost mystic and romantic attachment to deductive generalisation, and their patient docility in penetrating and marshalling the world of facts in their true order under the supremacy of a regulating and dominating idea. The idea and the system become great realities to them, and they exact submission to their autocratic sway, as for many generations they have been trained to obedience to their master and their over-lords in their political and social life. Civil obedience and military discipline may bear supremely good fruit when in peace we have the perfect benevolent and sane autocrat,

and in war the courageously wise and wisely energetic general. In the spiritual world of the mind and character the persuasive rule of true philosophy also becomes a wholly beneficent autocrat.

If Germany has suffered, and still suffers, from the tyranny of its false philosophy, we suffer, and will suffer, from the absence of any philosophy.

I cannot refrain from recording my own personal impressions of the national characteristics with which we are dealing. When, more than forty-two years ago, I settled in this country, having been born and bred in America, and having studied for over three years at German Universities, what struck me most as the leading and national characteristic of this country and its people, in contradistinction to that of the German people among whom I had been living—to summarise it in one phrase—was 'The Force of Tradition.' Tradition was all-powerful, and could only be modified by a process of organic evolution, in no way manifestly subject to even those leading thinkers and workers who might directly or indirectly have effected the evolutionary change or given it direction. In Germany and also in France, and even in the United States in certain departments, the process of change and innovation was directly identified with some leading personality and his work. But in Germany it was the philosopher and professor; in France the political writer and orator, as well as the poet, the man of letters; and in the United States, it was chiefly the business-man. In England the great formative causes appear to me to be the political traditions, more or less adequately represented by parliamentary parties and the national institutions and customs arising out of the continuous life of the people and reacting upon it. By a natural process, if not a 'Social Law,' the occupations which conferred the greatest social distinction and prestige attracted to themselves eventually, both in quality and in quantity, the talent of a nation or of a community: so, at least in those golden days of the immediate past, politics seemed to attract the talent and genius of England, as it also conveyed the greatest influence and prestige. In the Germany of those days the universities and the army conferred the same prestige. As years went by, the army encroached upon the universities with the Bureaucracy holding a good second between them. But in England I was chiefly struck with this directly effective 'force of tradition' in the customs emanating from, or grouping round, the different communal and social organisations and their manifest corporate bodies; and this was so in both serious work and lighter play. As regards the latter, the whole world of sport, with its varied manifestations in all forms of physical enjoyment and its corporate organisation, appeared to be, and appears so still, one of the most potent formative elements in giving direction to the

social life of the entire community, as well as to the character of public morals. I have more than once in the past (a year and a half ago in the pages of this Review)[4] insisted upon the supreme influence of athletics, the sports and pastimes of England, upon the character of the British people. May the good that is in them always survive and be retained for the welfare of the English nation and of the British Empire!

In all these organisations the immediate force of tradition is supreme and manifest. It applies, not only to the various County teams and Clubs, which are good or bad as their corporate character and atmosphere are confirmed or maintained or changed by gradual and imperceptible evolution; but in every other corporate body. Schools and universities with their houses and colleges, ships and regiments, and even their companies, boroughs and counties with their several organisations for work and play, societies and clubs, even factories and the business firms, are all ruled by certain traditions, firmly established and directly effective, advancing or degenerating by a gradual process, the immediate personal origin of which may not always be distinguishable,—but all of them subject to the Force of Tradition. Now this is a great force and a great asset to a nation, if its effectiveness tends to the good; but it may become a weakness, a stumbling-block to improvement and progress, a negation even of the original purpose for which the corporate body was called into existence. If it tends to the bad, still more so if the tendency is clearly evil, even if the activity and the tradition by which it is dominated and directed no longer conform to the actual need of the social life in which the corporate body acts, the slow and organic process of change has its undoubted advantages. But in this long and halting period of adaptation intervening between a crying need and its realisation or amendment, much irreparable harm may be done and suffering undergone. '*On a toujours les défauts de ses qualités*' is undoubtedly true. But in spite of the *qualities*, the *faults* remain faults, and may be most maleficent. We must see to it that the forces which fashion our national life, whether by tradition or by conscious design, theory, and law, harmonise with the consciousness of the age in which we live, respond to the needs of the actual times, and, above all, prepare the way for a better future.

Now, if I have succeeded in showing how direct is the influence which German philosophical theories of ethics had in the making of Germany, and in producing this world-war and its methods of warfare, we can realise how, even among other nations, including our-

[4] See the *Nineteenth Century and After* for December 1916, 'The Social Gulf between England and Germany,' and April 1917, 'Morality and German War Aims.'

selves, the theoretical foundations of national consciousness and morals are of supreme importance and effectiveness. Above all must we realise how supremely important it is that our ethical philosophy should be the right one. It is because of this that 'Moral Reconstruction' constitutes the most crying need of our age, not only for Germany, but throughout the world, and especially so in this country.[5]

I wish at once to make it quite clear that, though I hold (and have endeavoured in *Aristodemocracy* to prove it) that ethics and religion, never divorced, can never replace each other, I am equally convinced that religion, which is concerned with man's communion with his ultimate ideals, forms the foundation of moral and intellectual activities and strivings in the whole spiritual life of man. But religion does not then mean merely its doctrinal, sectarian or ritual (in the widest acceptation of the term) manifestations. All philosophy and all science lead up to, and are ultimately based upon, man's religion. But philosophy and science, in their specific development and their application to mental and material life, must be elaborated and advanced independently and with conscientious thoroughness in every age. The same claim must be made with regard to our system of morals.

Now, what may be called the 'system of catechismal ethics' is no longer adequate or effectual, first, because the catechism is overshadowed by doctrinal teaching; and, while therefore confusing the youthful mind in the grasping of the elements of practical ethics of even the believers in the respective sectarian religions, it can in no way become a guide to the non-believers. These latter will therefore often enter life without any ethical instruction whatever. But, in the second place, it is no longer adequate, because each age develops a new form of ethics corresponding to, and completely harmonising with, the phase of social evolution attained, the needs which the actual times produce, and the adaptation to the new conditions of progressive activity in preparing for a future age. It hardly requires lengthy and insistent demonstration to prove to every thoughtful person that the conceptions of truthfulness, honesty and honour, participation in public and political work, etc., etc., differ and advance or decline during the several ages of history, and even within a few generations. Theory and education must therefore keep pace with these historical changes; and it is all-important for national sanity, truthfulness and progress that this should be so.

[5] I have developed my views on this subject in my book *Aristodemocracy, from the Great War back to Moses, Christ and Plato* (1916); in *Patriotism, National and International* (1917); *What Germany is Fighting For* (1917); and in my forthcoming book, *Truth, an Essay in Moral Reconstruction*. Such books as Mr. A. Clutton Brock's *The Ultimate Belief*, with its simple and yet exalted style and tone, serve as very useful moral and intellectual stimulants.

As regards reconstruction in ethical theory—in spite of the establishment and advance in our times of the study called Sociology—it still remains an urgent necessity that the purely philosophical study of Ethics, pervaded by the highest philosophical spirit and method, should be essentially modified. This modification must take place in one definite direction. Hitherto, the philosophical study of Ethics has been almost exclusively concerned with the fundamental principles on which all Ethics rest, and, if not purely deductive or introspective, metaphysical and psychological, it has not been essentially inductive, observational and experimental—in spite of the fact that Kant distinguished the ethical department from all others in philosophy by assigning to his work on that subject the title *Critique of Practical Reason* in contradistinction to the *Critique of Pure Reason*. The main task for the ethical student of the future will be to discover, establish and formulate, in the purest spirit of philosophy, the actual moral consciousness of the age in which he is living and, on the ground of inductive and thorough observation, and even experiment, to base his ethical generalisation on these. Having performed this primarily necessary task, he can turn back to more complete coordination with psychological and metaphysical principles, and push forward to their application in order to produce a more perfect life.

A whole field of vital and interesting study and discussion is opened out to the philosopher—the field of definite inquiry into life, private and public. Hitherto this domain of inquiry has been left to the casual attention of the literary essayist, and even of the poet and novelist, or to the philanthropist, and social reformer. The work of the modern novelist, beginning with Dickens, Zola and the American writer, Norris, has often been inspired by the aim to expose great social evils and needs, and to advocate their reform. What is required from the philosophical moralist is, that he should, with all the highly accurate apparatus of his methods, apply himself to the establishment of the dominating and valid ethical principles in the life of his age. Truthfulness, Honour, Honesty (including commercial and political honesty), Cleanliness, Charity—in short the principles guiding human action in every department of modern life, should be established in their adequate modern form by unbiased and searching observation and inquiry and co-ordinated with the whole ethical system of our days. The controversies turning round the fundamental bases of morality, in the metaphysical, or psychological spirit, whether it be idealism, realism, egoism or altruism, are not to absorb the whole or the greater part of his study and work; but the actual establishment, for instance, of commercial and industrial morality, in the practices of finance and the Stock Exchange,

the promoting and the working of great Stock Companies and syndicates, the differences between investment and speculation on margin, etc., etc., these and similar problems should be subjected to the most thorough and unbiased ethical investigation by men best fitted for such work by natural ability and thorough training. So, too, the duties of the citizen (which I am pleased to record have already received considerable attention from competent thinkers and writers) are to be impressed upon the people in all phases of public education. These and innumerable other instances are those which truly concern us in our times; and in a simple and intelligible form are to be summarised so that they can be brought home to the average understanding and can be effectually incorporated in our educational system. Catechismal ethics leave us entirely in the dark on these important issues in modern life. The moral consciousness of the public must be brought up to date.

Now, leaving the theoretical side, we finally come to the practical department of education. It would be unfair and disingenuous were I, from the outset, to be met by the commonplace and superficial objection : that knowledge of ethical terms or of ethical practical principles conveyed in text-books, cannot of themselves make a man good; as mere learning cannot make a man wise. But even Nature's wise man is not turned into a fool by being made acquainted, in his early or later education, with the rudiments of learning and science, which effect the whole of our civilisation. Reading and writing, grammar and arithmetic, history and geography, will not destroy the intellect and its efficiency of even a man born with mother-wit and brain-power and possessed of ordinary common-sense. The child favoured at birth with a nature tending towards virtue, kindliness and strength of character ought to be instructed in what the society about him considers right and wrong, and ought not to be left to his instincts and passions. More than this, he must be made acquainted with the highest prevailing moral tenets of his own age. This the catechisms of the present day as published by every one of the religious sects cannot do adequately. Above all, it is necessary to remember that a large proportion of children in our large towns and country villages do not attend Sunday school, and are not even instructed in existing catechisms. Nor have they homes in which, by definite instruction or by commendable example, their morals are instilled and improved. To suggest but one instance, the supreme duty to be truthful. In millions of cases this fundamental injunction has never been adequately and convincingly impressed upon the child, either in town or country. It remains one of the most crying needs that modern and thoroughly adequate and efficient Ethics and Civics be taught, and that every

citizen be, at some period of education, instructed in the morals of his own age. It goes without saying that such instruction should not be philosophical or theoretical, but eminently simple and practical, that abstractions and generalisations be avoided, and that every injunction be brought home by telling instances and illustrations appealing to the personalities of the pupils. Honour and Truthfulness, Manliness and Courage, Cleanliness of body and of mind, Industry and Self-control, Generosity and Thrift, Public Duty and Public Spirit, can and must thus be inculcated in the young and developed in the adult population. Every teacher of average intelligence will be competent to do this, as well as every clergyman or minister. All sects are surely agreed with regard to such moral injunctions; but the clergyman or minister must appear in the school as the teacher of the Ethics which are universally admitted, and not as the upholder of a definite set of religious doctrines, which might antagonise, or exclude from his teaching, the pupils who are to be instructed in the Civics and Ethics of a civilised community. 'By their fruits shall ye know them'; and such fruits will come abundantly to the nation which cultivates both fruit and flower in its national life.

This is one of the most vital needs of National Reconstruction, and, if not more pressing than our economic reconstruction, is at least of equal importance with it for the future health, peace and progress of the Empire.

CHARLES WALSTON.

The Editor of* THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.

According to a recent Order, no copies of publications issued after June 24, 1918, and left unsold can be returned to the publishers. The Editor therefore would impress upon readers of this Review the importance of placing their orders in advance.